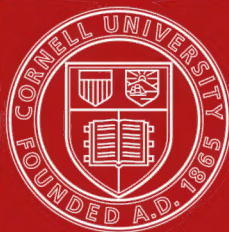


DWIGHT L.
MOODY

HIS LIFE
HIS WORK
HIS WORDS



Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY



3 1924 052 629 643



D. L. Moody

DWIGHT L. MOODY


ILLUSTRATED




**His Life
His Work
His Words**

*CONTAINING A COMPLETE STORY OF HIS
REMARKABLE CAREER, SKETCHES OF HIS
CO-WORKERS AND OF THE INSTITUTIONS
WHICH HE ESTABLISHED. HIS SERMONS,
HIS ANECDOTES, HIS BEST THOUGHTS, ETC.*

By...

EDWARD LEIGH PELL, D. D.

Author of Several Books on Bible
Study, Notes on the Sunday-
School Lessons, etc.

RICHMOND, VA.:
B. F. JOHNSON PUBLISHING CO.,

1900.

COPYRIGHT 1900,
BY
B. F. JOHNSON PUBLISHING COMPANY.

PREFACE.



IN this volume I have tried to tell the story of the most influential life of our time. It is a story of a life, not a study of the influence which that life has exerted. No man, I am persuaded, has left a more profound impression upon his age than Dwight L. Moody; but any attempt at this early day to get at the depth or breadth of his influence, or to form an adequate conception of its character, must in the nature of things result in failure. A small man may be measured in a day; a great man may not be measured in a generation. We cannot attempt to get a full length portrait of a man whose life is bound up with the life of his epoch, as Moody's was, until sufficient time has elapsed to get a full length view of the epoch itself.

As for Moody, I doubt if he will ever be fully understood. He did not understand himself. Often he was at a loss to account for his feelings. There were times when, as he said, he seemed to

have no power over himself, and it was as if God was taking him to pieces and making him over again. His success was as much a mystery to himself as it has been to others. He knew that he tried to do such and such things, but he felt that the effort was wholly inadequate to produce such wonderful results. And we, too, are beginning to feel that after all has been said of his marvelous commonsense, his sincerity, his tremendous earnestness, his love for humanity, his consuming zeal for souls, we will know nothing more of the real secret of his power than we did at the beginning. Indeed we are beginning to doubt whether there was a secret. Neither his commonsense, nor his earnestness, nor his love, nor his zeal, nor all combined will account for his life. There is no explanation except that he was one upon whom the Lord had laid his hand, and that does not explain anything to a world that is slow of heart to believe that God ever thus places his hand upon any man.

In the preparation of this volume, I have received generous help from two sources which I wish to acknowledge. For the arrangement of the sermons I am indebted to the Rev. W. H. Daniels, A. M. Mr. Daniels made a thorough study of

Moody's discourses with a view to arranging them in such order that they would show just what the Evangelist believed and taught. The result, as will be readily seen, is an orderly, comprehensive and helpful presentation of the doctrines of the Bible. In carrying out his unique design, Mr. Daniels found it necessary to abbreviate some of the discourses, but the reader will find that the best sermons have been presented entire, while the few that have been abridged have not seriously suffered thereby.

I also desire to acknowledge my indebtedness to the publishers, who, of their own motion, generously placed at my disposal the clerical resources of their large establishment, and in other ways sought to lessen the heavy burdens which are imposed by a work of this character.

CONTENTS.

THE LIFE OF DWIGHT L. MOODY.

	PAGE
I. BEGINNINGS	17
Moody's Mother—The Moodys and Holtons—Early Impressions—School Days.	
II. UPS AND DOWNS OF YOUTH	35
Looking for Work in Boston—Salesman in a Shoe Store—Conversion—Examined for Church Membership and Refused—Regarded as Unpromising—Trying to be Useful—Discouragements.	
III. GETTING A START IN CHICAGO	46
A Successful Salesman—First Efforts at Mission Work—Starts a Sunday School—Experiences in the Slums.	
IV. SEPARATED UNTO THE WORK	59
How Moody was Led to Devote Himself Wholly to the Lord's Work.	
V. THE WAR AND AFTER	72
Thrilling Experiences on the Battlefield and in Camp—Marriage—Organizes a Church—First Public Appearance in New England.	
VI. A MAN OF ONE BOOK	89
Moody Meets Harry Moorehouse—Rapid Progress in Bible Study—Develops Remarkable Skill in Bible Teaching—Notes from His Bible.	
VII. HOW MOODY FOUND SANKEY	106
The Story of Sankey's Life—How "The Ninety and Nine" was Written.	
VIII. THRUST FORTH	119
Moody's First Visit to London—Passes Through a Remarkable Religious Experience.	

	PAGE
IX. MOODY AND SANKEY STIR GREAT BRITAIN	130
In Liverpool Without Friends—A Cold Reception—The Turning of the Tide—All Scotland Moved—Henry Drummond—An Irish Welcome.	
X. THE AWAKENING OF LONDON	143
The Plan of the Campaign—Critical Newspapers—The Great City Stirred—The Nobility Near Him.	
XI. REVIVALS IN AMERICAN CITIES	154
In the Brooklyn Rink—Philadelphia—The Great Hippodrome Meeting in New York—Chicago—Boston—New England.	
XII. MOODY AS A PREACHER	173
Was He an Orator?—Marvelous Power Over an Audience—What He Taught—How He Prepared His Sermons.	
XIII. METHODS OF WORK	188
How He Managed His Meetings—Believed in Advertising—Making People Feel at Home—Personal Work—As a Music Director.	
XIV. MOODY AS AN EDUCATOR	203
Small Beginnings—The Northfield Seminary for Girls—Mt. Hermon School for Boys—The Northfield Summer Conferences—The Chicago Bible Institute—Dr. R. A. Torrey.	
XV. THE WORLD'S FAIR CAMPAIGN	222
A Gigantic Enterprise—Moody's Magnificent Generalship—A Great Meeting in Forepaugh's Circus—Remarkable Answer to Prayer.	
XVI. ABUNDANT IN LABORS	234
A Great Builder—Prison Work—Visit to New York—City Prison—The Bible Colportage Institute—Conversion of a Noted Thief.	
XVII. MOODY AT HOME	246
His Everyday Life in Northfield.	
XVIII. THE MAN HIMSELF	256
At First Glance—A Great Soul Beneath a Rugged Exterior—His Humility—Mr. Thoughtful Soul—His Love for Little Children.	

CONTENTS.

9

	PAGE
XIX. THE TRIUMPHANT END	263
His Last Efforts—Sickness—Glimpses Beyond the Veil—Last Words—Funeral—Eulogies.	
XX. AS WE THINK OF HIM	273
XXI. MOODY'S CO-WORKERS	283
XXII. MOODY'S PRAYERS	296

HIS SERMONS.

I. SERMONS ON GREAT DOCTRINES.

1. God is Love 303
2. The Power of God 314
3. Jesus Christ : His Character and Offices 318

Prophecies Concerning Christ—Announcement of Christ's Birth—The Divinity of Christ—What Think Ye of Christ?—Jesus, the Messiah—Temptations of Christ—Miracles of Christ—Christ, the Refuge—Christ, the Redeemer—The Resurrection of Christ—Jesus, the Anointed—Christ, the Saviour—Christ, the Keeper—Christ-like—Christ, the Good Shepherd—Seeking the Lost Sheep—Christ, the Restorer—Plenty and Safety with Christ—Feeding the Multitude—The Water of Life—Light of the World—The Resurrection and the Life.

4. The Holy Spirit 406

The Person of the Holy Ghost—The Work of the Spirit—Conviction—Our Leader—A Witness for Christ—Indwelling of the Holy Spirit—Regeneration—The Inspiration of Prophecy and Prayer—The Sword of the Spirit—The Baptism of the Holy Spirit for Service—Emblems of the Spirit—Grieving the Spirit—Sin Against the Holy Ghost.

5. Sin and Salvation 451

Man a Failure—"Tekel"—Law and Grace—Free Salvation—Righteousness First—Sermons to Fallen Women—How to be Saved.

6. Last Things 489

Heaven—Hell—The Return of Our Lord.

II. SERMONS TO CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

1. Getting Ready for Revivals 520
2. Work 522
3. To Every Man His Work 529

	PAGE
4. Hindrances	534
5. Enthusiasm	542
6. Faith	548
7. Trust	554
8. Love	558
9. How to Study the Bible	565
 III. BIBLE PORTRAITS.	
1. The Prodigal Son	578
2. The Prophet Daniel	589
3. Major-General Naaman	601
4. Elijah	606
5. Saul of Tarsus	612
HIS ANECDOTES	621
HIS SAYINGS	678

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Dwight L. Moody	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
Moody's Mother	19
Moody's Birthplace	25
The Old Moody Homestead	29
Leaving Home	37
Leading a Procession of Street Urchins	47
Moody's Home at East Northfield	61
Moody Ready for Work	73
Moody's Bible	91
Ira D. Sankey at Thirty-eight	107
Dwight L. Moody at Thirty-six	121
Bird's-eye View of the Northfield Schools	131
Moody Meeting Gladstone	145
D. L. Moody	155
View of Mt. Hermon Schools	163
Wanamaker-Gordon Lake	175
Mt. Hermon School for Boys	181
The Auditorium	189
Dickinson Library	205
Dickinson Library (interior)	211
Moody in the Pulpit—a Characteristic Attitude	219
North Church	223
Betsy Moody Cottage	229
Stone Hall	235
Hillside Cottage	235
East Hall	241

	PAGE
Weston Hall, Northfield Seminary	241
Moody Out for a Drive	251
Views from Round-Top, Where Moody was Buried	265
Talcott Library	275
Northfield Chapel	275
Revell Hall	285
Holton Hall	285
Mt. Hermon Dormitory	285
Marquand Hall, Northfield	289
Henry Drummond	318
A. C. Dixon	332
P. P. Bliss	346
Monument to P. P. Bliss	360
Boston Tabernacle	374
Northside Tabernacle, Chicago	388
Interior of Chicago Tabernacle	402
New Haven Tabernacle	416
The New York Hippodrome	430
Mr. Moody Preaching in the Opera House, Haymarket, London	444
Camberwell Hall, London, Southside	458
Free Church Assembly Hall, Edinburgh	472

THE LIFE OF DWIGHT L. MOODY.

If sometime you should read that D. L. Moody of East Northfield, Mass., is dead don't you believe a word of it. He has gone up higher, that is all; - gone out of this old clay tenement into a house that is immortal: a body that death cannot touch, that sin cannot taint, a body fashioned like unto His glorious body.

—DWIGHT L. MOODY.

DWIGHT L. MOODY.

I.

BEGINNINGS.



DWIN MOODY, stonemason, farmer and respected citizen, was an honest, hard-working man, who bore with patience the heat and burden of the day, and before evening lay down and died a bankrupt—having failed of the rewards of thrift by reason of an unfortunate speculation.

When Edwin Moody's widow dried her tears and began to look about for her bearings, the only assets in sight were seven hungry mouths and a home crushed beneath an immovable mortgage. A month later she gave birth to twins, while insatiable creditors were carrying away the very kindling wood. Her burdens were too heavy for her neighbors to contemplate with comfort, and they lost no time in advising her to bind out her older children to anybody who would take them. But Betsey Holton Moody was a woman of another spirit. "Not while I have these two hands," she said quietly, and she went on to lay her plans accordingly.

She came of an old Puritan family that had settled in America as far back as 1634. Of the Moody family

little is known. Edwin Moody's father, Isaiah, came to Northfield, Massachusetts, from Hadley, in 1796, riding a horse, which, with a "kit of stonemason's tools in his bag," constituted his sole possessions. He seems to have been a man of unusual industry and grew to comfortable circumstances.

William Houlton, the first of the Holton family in America, had in no small degree all those sturdy virtues which belonged, or are supposed to belong, to the Puritans of that period. He was an original proprietor of Hartford, and later of Northampton, which he represented in the General Court for five years. He made the first motion in a town meeting to prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks, and was "the first commissioner to the General Court in Boston in that temperance effort." His descendants inherited much of his sturdy spirit, while to Betsey, the daughter of Luther Holton (sixth from William), there seems to have fallen a double portion. It would be hard to find a nobler type of character in all the genealogy of the Puritans than this woman, who, sick in body and heart, faced the world with nine children, bereft of her husband, mercilessly set upon by her creditors, and eyed askance by her neighbors, whose advice she had spurned.

The best that even such a woman in her circumstances could do was poor. In that day Northfield was but a struggling hamlet, and opportunities to turn an honest penny were few. It was mainly the penny saved that was the penny made, and with nine mouths to provide for there were no pennies to save. What with the burdens on her shoulders and the burdens on her heart, it is no wonder that the days through which she faced the world so bravely were wedged in between endless nights



MOODY'S MOTHER.

of weeping. For a year after her husband's death she cried herself to sleep every night.

When Edwin Moody died, Dwight Lyman, the sixth son, was four years old, having been born February 5, 1837, his mother's birthday and the year of Victoria's coronation. The oldest son, Edwin J., was thirteen years old, and the oldest daughter, Cornelia (there were in all seven sons and two daughters), was only nine. Of the struggles of those early days Moody has left us a sorrowful picture. "Before I was four years old," he says, in one of his sermons, "the first thing I remember was the death of my father. He had been unfortunate in business and failed. Soon after his death the creditors came and took everything; my mother was left with a large family of children. One calamity after another swept off the entire household. Twins were added to the family and my mother was taken sick. The eldest boy, to whom my mother looked up to comfort her in her loneliness and in her great affliction, became a wanderer; he left home. I need not tell how that mother mourned for her boy; how she waited day by day, month by month, for his return. I need not say how night after night she watched and wept and prayed. Many a day we were told to go to the postoffice and see if a letter had not come from him, but we had to bring back the sorrowful words, 'No letter yet, mother.' Many a time have I waked up and heard my mother praying, 'O God, bring back my boy.' Many a time did she lift her heart up in prayer for her boy. When the wintry gales would blow around the house and the storm rage without the door, her dear face would wear a terribly anxious look, and she would utter in piteous tones, 'Oh, my dear boy, perhaps he is now on the ocean this fearful night. O God, preserve him.'

"We would sit around the fireside of an evening and ask her to tell us about our father, and she would talk for hours about him; but if the mention of my eldest brother should chance to come in, then all would be hushed; she never spoke of him but with tears. Many a time did she try to conceal them, but all would be in vain; and, when Thanksgiving Day would come, a chair used to be set for him. Our friends and neighbors gave him up, but our mother had faith that she would see him again. One day, in the middle of summer, a stranger was seen approaching the house. He came up on the eastern piazza and looked upon my mother through the window. The man had a long beard, and when my mother first saw him she did not start or rise. But when she saw the great tears trickling down his cheeks, she cried, 'It's my boy, my dear, dear boy,' and sprang to the window. But there the boy stood and said, 'Mother, I will never cross the threshold until you say you forgive me.' Do you think he had to stay there long? No, no; her arms were soon around him and she wept upon his shoulder, as did the father of the prodigal son. I heard of it while in a distant city, and what a thrill of joy shot through me!"

"But," added Moody, "what joy on earth can equal the joy in heaven when a prodigal comes home?"

As a little child Dwight was a bundle of health, sunshine and mischief. He did not know what it was to be still, and he was as tremendously busy in having a good time as he ever was afterwards in winning souls. His school days were few and of uncertain value. He started early enough—he was at school when the news came of his father's sudden death—but he did not get farther than the three R's and a small bit of algebra.

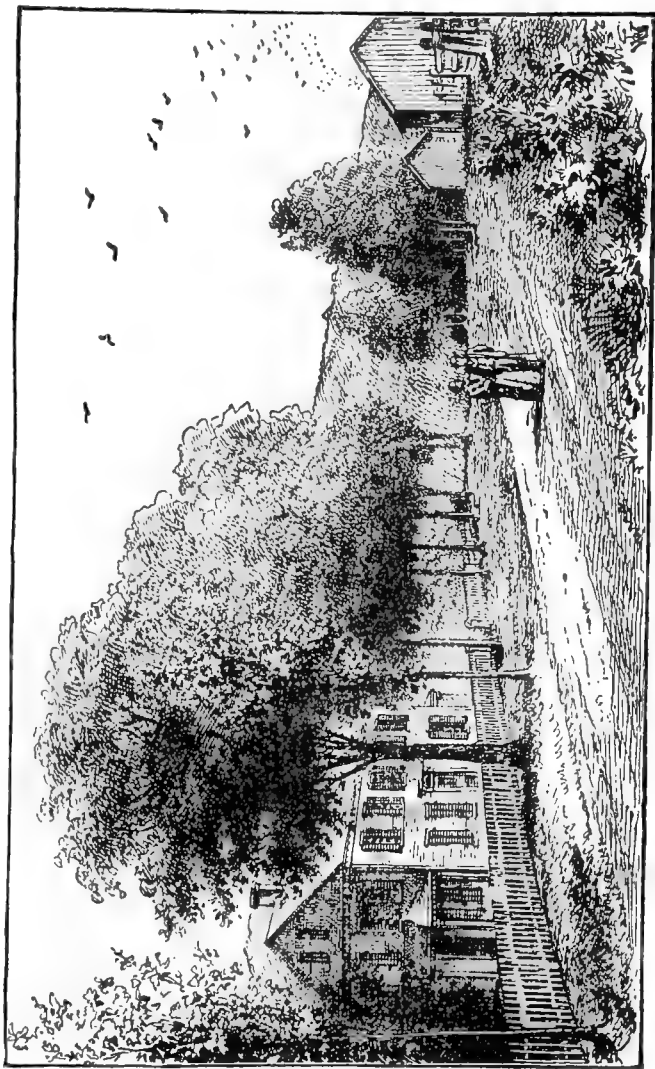
It would be a mistake, however, to say that he grew up with an empty mind. From his earliest boyhood he was a keen and thoughtful observer of the world around him, though it was a very small world, his home being a mile and a half from the village and the village being many miles from everywhere. "The tender lessons of his mother," said Mr. Nason,* "were not lost on him. The sorrows of his family sunk through the effervescence of his spirit deep into his heart. The tolling of the death bell, the roar of the mountain wind, the falling of the snowflakes, the germination of the seed in the springtime, the flight of the birds, the rustle of the leaves in the autumn, the current of the noble river, the flowing tide of busy life, bright in hope or dark in sorrow, made indelible impressions on his mind. He received such teachings and pondered over them until they became a part of his own being. He was a learner in the higher sense—taking his instruction fresh and free, instead of second-hand through books, from life and nature." Mr. Nason adds that his after allusions to scenes and incidents of his early days, and fine illustrations drawn from memories of childhood, "clearly show that he was then a learner—I had almost said *the* learner of that period—and that something higher and nobler than what the schools alone can teach is needed for the attainment of commanding power over the minds of men. This he acquired in part while nurtured in the pinching penury of his mountain home."

Between school terms Dwight led the neighbors' cows to pasture on the mountains near by, and later worked on the adjoining farms. His first wages were a cent a

*"Lives and Labors of Eminent Divines," by Rev. Elias Nason and Frank Beale, Jr. Philadelphia: John E. Potter & Co.

day, but he managed to get a vast amount of fun along with his coin. His constant overflow of animal spirits sorely tried the patience of his mother in those days, and sometimes gave her serious trouble; but, as has been said, "his affection for his mother was the golden chain that saved him." He was thoughtless, but he could not be indifferent, and he was always deeply grieved when he became conscious that his mischief-making had caused her pain. And it is certain that he obeyed no one else half so well. Mrs. Moody had found a faithful friend in her pastor, the Rev. Oliver Everett, who began to take a lively interest in the welfare of the family. At one time Mr. Everett invited Dwight to come and live with him, as boy of all work about the house; but the good man's patience was soon worn threadbare by the boy's pranks, and after a few months' trial, he was glad to return him to his mother.

It was Mrs. Moody's custom to read to her little ones, and to instill into their little minds the simple precepts of the Gospel as she knew them. Often as they sat at the table she would give them verses of Scripture, which they were required to repeat until they had committed them to memory. She used to say that when the children became quarrelsome she would go off to her own room and pray, and on returning she would find that they were all "going to be good children again." These early teachings seem to have had little effect upon Dwight at the time. He was an independent little fellow, who was always, as his mother said, thinking himself a man, and few who undertook to instruct him succeeded in winning his regard. The only school teacher who found the way to his heart was a lady who announced, when she took charge of the school, that she proposed to rule her



MOODY'S BIRTHPLACE.

scholars by love. When Dwight began to break the rules, which he promptly proceeded to do, she called him to her side, and began to talk kindly to him. "If you love me," she said, "try to keep the rules of the school." It was worse than a whipping, and it conquered Dwight, who became her most valiant champion.

If he did not always take kindly to the efforts which were made to instill into his mind the precepts of religion, he was by no means proof against religious impressions. Once when he was some distance from home, an old fence which he was trying to climb fell upon him and held him captive. He tried to lift the heavy rails, but they would not move. Then he cried for help, but nobody came. Presently the thought came to him that he would die out on the mountain all alone unless help came to him from above, and he began to pray. "After that," he tells us, "I found that I could lift the rails."

At another time he went with one of his brothers to a town several miles away. While they were walking down the street they saw an old man coming toward them, and his brother said, "There is a man who will give you a cent. He gives every new boy who comes into this town a cent." It was his first visit to the place, and when the old man came up, Dwight's brother reminded him that there was a new boy in town. Looking at Dwight a moment, he placed his hand on his head, and told him he had a Father in heaven. "It was a kind, simple act," said Moody many years after, "but I feel the pressure of the old gentleman's hand on my head to-day."

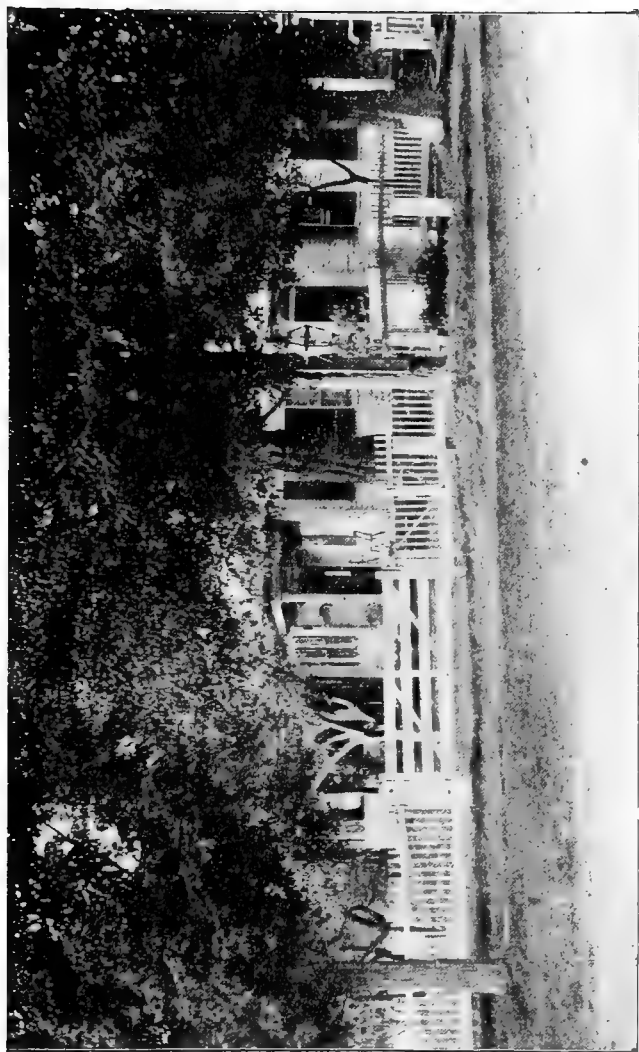
"I well remember," he said, recalling the impressions made upon his mind in those days, "how I used to look upon death as a terrible monster; how he used to throw

his dark shadow across my path; how I trembled as I thought of the terrible hour when he should come for me; how I thought I should like to die of some lingering disease, such as consumption, so that I might know when he was coming. It was the custom in our village to toll from the old church bell the age of every one who died. Death never entered that village and tore away one of the inhabitants but I counted the tolling of the bell. Sometimes it was seventy, sometimes eighty, sometimes it would be away down among the teens, sometimes it would toll out the death of some one of my own age. It made a solemn impression upon me; I felt a coward. I thought of the cold hand of death feeling for the cords of life. I thought of being launched forth to spend my eternity in an unknown land.

“As I looked into the grave and saw the sexton throw the earth on the coffin-lid, ‘Earth to earth; ashes to ashes; dust to dust,’ it seemed like the death knell of my own soul. But that is all changed now. The grave has lost its terror. As I go on toward heaven I can shout out, ‘Death, where is thy sting?’ and I hear the answer rolling down from Calvary, ‘Buried, buried in the bosom of the Son of God!’ ”

In another sermon he has left us an account of an incident which bore very heavily on his young heart. It was while he was at work on a neighboring farm. “I was talking one day to a man who was working there, and who was weeping. I said to him, ‘What is the trouble?’ and he told me a very strange story.

“When he started in life, he left his native village, and went to another town to find something to do, and was unsuccessful. The first Sabbath he went to a little church; and the minister preached from the text, ‘Seek



THE OLD MOODY HOMESTEAD.
As remodeled by Mr. Moody for his mother.

ye first the kingdom of God;’ and he thought the text and the sermon were for him. He wanted to get rich; and when he was settled in life, he would seek the kingdom of God. He went on, and the next Sabbath he was in another village. It was not long before he heard another minister preach from the same text, ‘Seek ye first the kingdom of God.’ He thought surely some one must have been speaking to the minister about him, for the minister just pictured him out. But he said, when he got settled in life, and had control of his time, and was his own master, he would then seek the kingdom of God.

“Some time after, he was at another village, and here went to church again; and he had not been going a great while when he heard the third minister preach from the same text: ‘Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all things else shall be added.’ He said it went right down into his soul; but he calmly and deliberately made up his mind that he would not become a Christian until he had got settled in life, and owned his farm. This man said, ‘Now I am what the world calls rich. I go to church every Sunday; but I have never heard a sermon from that day to this which has ever made any impression on my heart. My heart is as hard as a stone.’ As he said that, tears trickled down his cheeks. I was a young man and did not know what it meant. When I was converted I thought, when I should go back home, I would see this man, and preach Christ to him. When I went back home, I said to my widowed mother, naming the man, ‘Is he still living in the same place?’ My mother said, ‘He is gone mad, and has been taken away to the insane asylum; and to every one that goes to see him he points his finger, and says, “Seek ye

first the kingdom of God.”’ I thought I should like to see him; but he was so far gone it would do no good. The next time I went home he was at his home, idiotic. I went to see him. When I went in I said, ‘Do you know me?’ He pointed his finger at me, and said, ‘Young man, seek ye first the kingdom of God.’ God had driven the text into his mind, but his reason was gone. Three years ago when I visited my father’s grave, I noticed a new stone had been put up. I stopped, and found it was my friend’s. The autumn wind seemed whispering that text, ‘Seek ye first the kingdom of God.’”

But it was from his mother’s beautiful life that Moody received his most lasting impressions, as he afterwards fully realized. There is nothing that more vividly illustrates the tender side of Moody’s character than the esteem and affection which he always showed for his mother. As he grew up, he became helpful to her, and as soon as he was able he settled her in a comfortable home, where she remained the object of his tenderest solicitude through a long and beautiful life. “I have an old mother,” he would often say, “away down in the Connecticut Mountains, and I have been in the habit of going to see her every year. Suppose I go there and say, ‘Mother, you were very kind to me when I was young—you were very good to me when father died—you worked hard for us all to keep us together, and so I have come to see you because it is my duty.’ Then she would say to me, ‘Well, my son, you only come to see me because it is your duty; you need not come again.’” “That,” he would add, “is the way with a great many servants of God. They work for Him because it is their duty; not for love.”

Mrs. Moody was a devoted Unitarian. The circum-

stances of her conversion to the evangelical faith have been told by Mr. Kimball, Moody's first Sunday School teacher. For a long while, Mr. Kimball says, Moody's mother did not sanction her son's choice of the evangelist's calling, and she did not hear him preach until years after he had attained world-wide fame. In 1875, after Moody's return from England, he had an appointment to preach at Northfield. The family still lived on the old farm, and was accustomed to drive to town in the old farm wagon, as they had done in the old days. Most of the members of the family were going to drive to church that morning to hear Dwight preach. When they were nearly ready to go, Mrs. Moody startled her daughter by saying, "I don't suppose there would be room in the wagon for me this morning, would there?" No one had ever thought of the mother unbending and going to hear her son. "Of course, there will be room, mother," said the daughter, and the mother was taken down to church with the rest. Moody preached from the fifty-first Psalm, with a fervor that was apparently inspired largely by the presence of his mother. When those who desired prayer were asked to rise, the mother stood up. The son was completely overcome, and turning to Mr. B. F. Jacobs, said with emotion, "You pray, Jacobs, I can't."

Mrs. Moody died in 1896, at the great age of ninety-one years. At the close of the funeral sermon, Moody stepped from his pew, and standing by the coffin, said:

"If I can control my feelings, I want to say a few words in token of the great love in which we hold the memory of this good woman. I consider it a great honor to be a son of such a woman. She was wiser than Solomon, and her judgment and tact were strong traits in

her character. She made our home, poor though it was, the best place on earth to us. Left a widow with nine small children, she set herself to the task of bringing up her family, and, with her strong faith in God, succeeded even better than she hoped. She taught us that poverty was no disgrace. During the first years of her widowhood she wept herself to sleep night after night, and we never knew of it until later years. Her love for her children was such that there was no favorite."

He told of those trying days after the father died, leaving the family in poverty; how the creditors came and took everything, even to the wood from the shed; how the children had to stay in bed in the morning until it was school time, because there was no wood for a fire; and how a load of wood was sent to them before night and the family was kept together; how he contributed to the support of the family by earning a penny a day, tending cattle on the hillside. He told how his mother punished him, he being more mischievous than the rest; how she sent him for a stick, and he would spend a great deal of time hunting for a stick that would break easily, and how his mother kept calm, and sent him for a strong birch switch, and applied it with vigor for his lasting good. He also told of the observance of the Sabbath; how they kept that day from sundown Saturday until sunset Sunday, and of the children's glee when the day was over. "There was never any question," said he, "whether we should attend church. It was a certainty, and we went barefooted, with our shoes in our hands."

Then he read from the old Bible, and from a book of verses given his mother by her old pastor, after which he addressed his mother in most touching language, while the sobs of the weeping congregation nearly drowned his voice.

UPS AND DOWNS OF YOUTH.



UNCLE," said Dwight to his mother's brother Samuel, who had come over from Boston to spend Thanksgiving Day with the family, "I want to come to Boston and have a place in your shoe store; will you take me?" Mr. Holton had not formed a very favorable opinion of the boy, and made no answer. That afternoon he was told by a member of the family that if he took Dwight the boy would soon want to run the store.

That winter Dwight had an altercation with his teacher, and would have been expelled but for the intercession of his mother. During the remainder of the term he applied himself with great diligence, but it was his last year at school, and the time was too short to make much progress.

When the session ended he got together his best clothes, kissed his mother good-bye, received her blessing, and started out for Boston to make his fortune. He was now seventeen years old, and is described as a strong, robust lad, shabby in appearance and unpolished in manners. In a photograph taken at this period, he appears in an overcoat buttoned up to his chin, "with a beardless face expressive of the satisfaction which his good looks and his handsome dress afforded."

When he turned up at his Uncle Samuel's store in Boston that good man was quite unprepared to meet the situation. He could only inquire after the family and ask how Dwight proposed to get a start. The high-

spirited boy, who expected his uncle to take him in the store, replied coldly that he thought he could find work, and went his way. He spent several days looking for a position, but nobody seemed to want the plain, blunt youth, who showed himself so ill at ease among the well-dressed people of the great city. Meanwhile his funds were running low.

Of these trials he has left us a vivid picture. "I remember when I was a boy"—he was illustrating a point—"when I went to Boston I went to the postoffice two or three times a day to see if there was a letter for me. I knew there was not, as there was but one mail a day. I had not had employment, and was very homesick, and so went constantly to the postoffice, thinking perhaps, when the mail did come in my letter had been mislaid. At last, however, I got a letter. It was from my youngest sister, the first letter she ever wrote to me. I opened it with a light heart, thinking there was some good news from home, but the burden of the whole letter was that she had heard there were pickpockets in Boston, and warned me to take care of them. I thought I had better get some money in hand first, and then I might take care of pickpockets."

Finally, growing discouraged, he went to another uncle who lived in the city and told him he was going to New York. "Why don't you go to your Uncle Samuel for a situation?" that gentleman asked. "Because," replied Dwight, "I think he ought to make the offer himself." But his pride soon abated and he went.

"I am afraid," said Mr. Holton, looking him over, "if you come in here you will want to run the store yourself. However," he added, "if you want to come and do the best you can, and do it right, and if you will ask



LEAVING HOME.

me when you don't know how to do anything, or if I am not here ask the book-keeper, and if he's not here ask one of the salesmen, or one of the boys, and if you are willing to go to church and Sunday School when you are able to go anywhere on Sunday, and if you are willing not to go anywhere at night or any other time that you wouldn't want me or your mother to know about, why, then, if you will promise all these things, you may come and take hold and see how you can get along."

Dwight promised, and he was at once installed as a boy of all work in his Uncle Samuel's shoe store. He soon managed to make himself so useful that he was made a salesman, and it is said that Mr. Holton had no reason to complain of any failure to fulfill the conditions under which he was received. "He was a sharp observer of human nature," says Mr. Daniels, "quick to take advantage of everything in his way; always alert and ready in any emergency. His pride would not admit of his asking too many questions, and, as the business was new to him, he was often in doubt about prices and qualities, but what he lacked in knowledge he would make up in shrewd guessing. His idea of business was a struggle with mankind, out of which the hardest heads and the sharpest wits were sure to come with the largest influence and the longest purse. The quiet manners of his uncle he could never learn, nor did he desire to learn them. He went about his duties in the store very much the same way as he would have swung a scythe in a field of tangled clover or broken a yoke of wild steers. If any one offended his sense of honor he would fly into a fury at once; but the tempest of passion soon passed by."

In accordance with the terms of the agreement insisted upon by his uncle, Dwight became a regular

attendant upon the Sunday School and services of Mt. Vernon Congregational Church, of which Dr. E. N. Kirk, a man of great eloquence, zeal and fervor, was pastor. It was not, it seems, a matter of choice. "When I first went to Boston," he said years afterwards, "my employer made me go to church. I used to go and sit in the gallery and very often fall asleep. One day while I was having a nap under the sermon I felt somebody poking me in the ribs, and when I looked up there was one of the deacons who had come to wake me, and was pointing with his finger at the minister, as much as to say: 'Attend to the preaching.' I felt as if everybody was looking at me, but I didn't know what else to do unless I gave attention to the sermon. Soon I began to listen to Dr. Kirk, and for the first time in my life felt as if he was preaching altogether at me." Dwight could make little out of his pastor's preaching, but it is believed by many that it was from Dr. Kirk that he imbibed much of the spirit which characterized his subsequent life. Speaking of what Moody owed to his pastor, Rev. Carlos T. Chester says—I quote from his article in the *Sunday School Times*—"If we were to take those lectures on revivals which the editor, the Rev. D. O. Mears, said embodied the observation and experience of Dr. Kirk's busy life, and at the same time revealed the principles upon which his success was built up,—hundreds of passages, as to method and spirit, could be quoted, which afterward found highest expression and realization in Mr. Moody's work. But, years before the lectures were delivered, he had heard the same inspiring thoughts put forth by his pastor with fire and feeling, in the old Mt. Vernon Church of his first love."

It was to his Sunday School teacher, however, Mr.

Edward Kimball, that young Moody was indebted for the word that ultimately led him to Christ. In his story of Moody's conversion, Mr. Kimball says that when the superintendent brought Dwight to his class he handed him a closed Bible and told him the lesson was in John. The boy took the book and began running over the leaves, beginning at the first of the volume. "Out of the corners of their eyes the other boys saw what he was doing, and, detecting his ignorance, glanced slyly and knowingly at one another, not rudely, of course, you understand." Mr. Kimball gave the boys a hasty glance of reproof and their equanimity was immediately restored. He then quietly handed Moody his own book open at the right place. "I didn't suppose," he says, "that the boy could possibly have noticed the glances exchanged between the other boys over his ignorance; but it seems, from remarks made in later years, that he did, and he said in reference to my little act in exchanging books with him that he would stick by the fellow that had stood up by him and who had done him a good turn like that."

At first he was a silent pupil, but one day he startled his teacher by the question, "That Moses, he was what you call a pretty smart man, wasn't he?" The question set the teacher to thinking about the boy, and his interest deepened with his thinking. He resolved to visit him at the store and to speak to him about his soul. Moody himself has told us the story: "One day I recollect the Sabbath School teacher came around behind the counter in the shop I was at work in, and put his hand on my shoulder to talk to me about Christ and my soul. I had not felt that I had a soul until then. I said: 'This is a strange thing; here is a man who never saw me until a

few days ago, and he is now weeping over my sins and I never shed a tear about them.' But I understand it now, and know what it is to have a passion for men's souls and weep over their sins. I don't remember what he said, but I can feel the power of that young man's hand on my shoulder to-night. . . . Well, it was not long before I was brought into the kingdom of God."

Years afterwards a young man came to Moody one day in Chicago and introduced himself as a son of Mr. Kimball, his old teacher. "I am glad to see you," said Moody, "are you a Christian?"

"No, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Seventeen years."

"Just my age when your father led me to the Saviour, and it was just seventeen years ago this very day. Now, I desire to pay him by leading his son to Christ. Come, let us pray together."

The young man went away under deep conviction, and shortly afterwards became a Christian.

It has been said that when young Moody gave himself to Christ there was "not so complete a transformation as is sometimes wrought by saving grace." But to Moody himself there was no room for doubt that the change was genuine. "I used to have a terrible habit of swearing," he tells us. "Whenever I got mad out would come the oaths, but after I gave my heart to Christ he took the swearing all away, so that I did not have the least disposition to take God's name in vain." Nor was he content with giving up his evil habits; he burned with desire to do something for his Lord. He sought opportunities to speak in the social meetings of the church, but these efforts brought him many discouragements. He had

little or no command of language, and his sentences were awkward and broken. Besides, having been brought up by a Unitarian mother, he was not well grounded in evangelical truths, and was always making mistakes. His shyness in the presence of the cultured was painful to witness. In short, his attempts at speaking were so pitiful that he was advised to hold his peace.

When he applied for membership in the Mt. Vernon Church—to use his own words—“they would not have me, because they did not believe I was converted.” “In the roughness of the setting the diamond was not discovered.” “I can truly say,” wrote Mr. Kimball, “and in saying it I magnify the infinite grace of God as bestowed upon him, that I have known few persons whose minds were spiritually darker than was his when he came into my Sunday School class; and I think the committee of the Mt. Vernon Church seldom met an applicant for membership more unlikely ever to become a Christian of clear and decided views of the Gospel truths, still less to fill any extended sphere of public usefulness.”

His Uncle Samuel Holton said that when Dwight read his Bible aloud he could make no more out of it than he could out of the chattering of blackbirds. Many of the words were so far beyond the youth that he left them out entirely, and many of the others he fearfully mangled. There can be no doubt that his knowledge of the principles of Christianity at this time was exceedingly meager. When he appeared before the committee he had been a Sunday School pupil but a few weeks. He was unable to state what it was to be a Christian, nor could he say what Christ had done for him. “Mr. Moody,” asked a member of the committee, “what has

Christ done for us—for you—which entitles him to our respect?" He answered, "I don't know; I think Christ has done a good deal for us, but I don't think of anything particular, as I know of." Under these circumstances the committee wisely deferred recommending him for admission into the church, and two of its members were designated to watch over him with kindness, and teach him "the way of God more perfectly." This was in May, 1855. When he appeared before the committee again in March of the following year, he appeared to have more light, and without confusing him with mere doctrinal questions, the committee decided to recommend him for admission. Eight years afterwards Moody expressed his gratitude to one of the officers of the church for the course that had been pursued in his case, and said that it was his conviction that its influence was favorable to his growth in grace. He believed that pastors and church officers generally were in error in hurrying new converts into a profession of faith.

From this it will be seen how little ground there is for the saying so often made that the "staid and stiff New England orthodoxy was so barren that it would hardly admit to the Lord's table so devoted and earnest a servant of Christ as Dwight L. Moody." As a matter of fact, Mt. Vernon Church was a revival church, and was organized for the purpose of retaining in Boston Dr. Kirk, who was for years one of the most useful evangelists of his time. "If there ever existed a man in New England," says Dr. Buckley, "who was free from the spirit of 'staid and stiff New England orthodoxy,' it was Dr. Kirk."

When Moody was holding a meeting in London, one day he paused near the close of the service and said ab-

ruptly: "I see in the house an eminent Christian gentleman from Boston. Deacon Palmer, come right to the platform; the people want to hear from you." Mr. Palmer came forward reluctantly, and began a brief talk by referring to the fact that he had known Mr. Moody at home, and had indeed belonged to the same church with him, when Mr. Moody interrupted him.

"Yes, deacon, and you kept me out of that church for many months because you thought I didn't know enough to join it."

When the laughter of the audience had subsided, Mr. Palmer happily replied that all must agree with him that it was a great privilege to have received Mr. Moody into the church at all events, "though with great misgivings and after long delay."

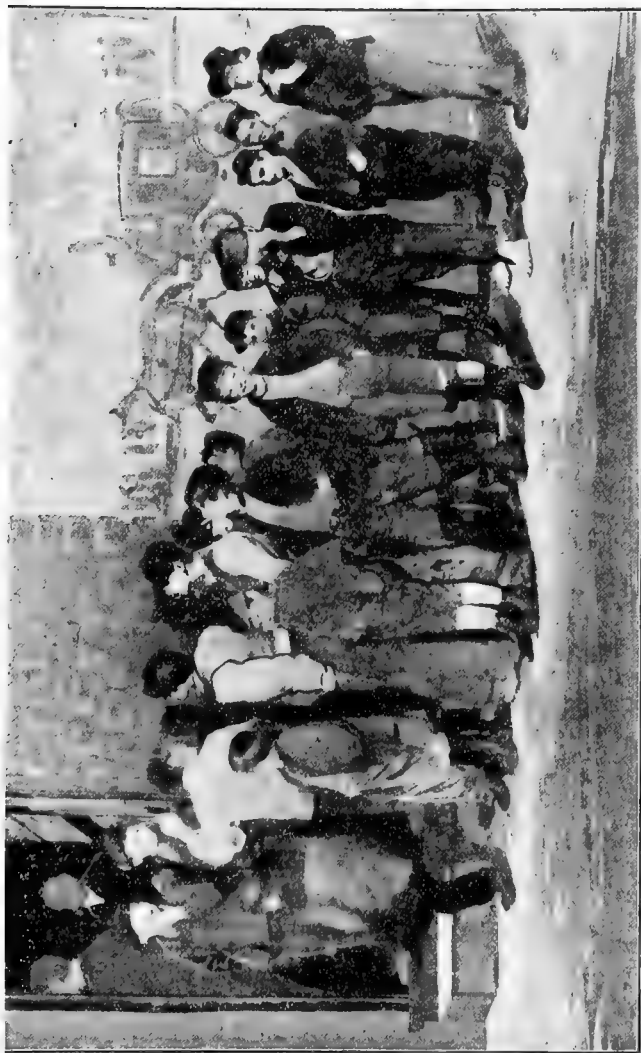
III.

GETTING A START IN CHICAGO.



IN the autumn of 1856 Moody went to Chicago—as every young man of his day wanted to do—to grow up with the country. Perhaps the restraint which he felt in Boston had something to do with it. He was tired of being reminded of his unfitness for whatever he attempted, and longed for a place where people were not so particular. Two or three testimonials which with his Bible constituted his chief earthly possessions, secured for him a position in a shoe house, where he soon became known as one of the best salesmen in the city. His employer, Mr. Wiswell, who received him with misgivings on account of his blunt speech and impetuous manner, recalls that he was the same zealous and tireless worker in business that he afterwards became in religion. It was his pride to make the largest sales of any employe in the house, and his associates say that he was always breaking the record.

Soon after his arrival in Chicago he connected himself with the Plymouth Congregational Church and at once began to look about for an opportunity to do mission work. He first rented four pews in the church and undertook to fill them with young men at the Sunday services. Then he began to speak in social meetings, but his unconventional way of saying things soon got him into trouble, and he found that in Chicago as well as in Boston there were good brethren ready to advise him to leave the speaking to those who could do



"THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY THE NEW TEACHER APPEARED LEADING A PROCESSION OF EIGHTEEN
BAREFOOTED, RAGGED, DIRTY STREET URCHINS, WHOM HE UNDERTOOK
TO FORM INTO A CLASS." (See page 19.)

it better. Then, as if one church could not keep him employed, he began to attend Sunday School at the First Methodist Church, where he identified himself with a mission band, a company of young men who visited the hotels, saloons and other public places to distribute tracts and invite people to public worship. Here he became deeply interested in Sunday School work, but his restless nature would not allow him to be content as a pupil and as yet he was unqualified to teach. Always quick to recognize his place he soon hit upon the idea of becoming a Sunday School recruiting officer. On one of his recruiting excursions he found himself one day in a little Sunday School in North Wells street, where he offered to take a class. The superintendent told him that he had more teachers than he knew what to do with, but offered him the privilege of teaching any new scholars he might bring. On the following Sunday the new teacher appeared leading a procession of eighteen bare-footed, ragged, dirty street urchins, whom he undertook to form into a class. He soon found, however, that he could more easily gather a class than teach it, and he turned over these recruits to other teachers and went out into the streets again to find more. Encouraged by his success in this line he resolved to start a Sunday School on his own account. At the foot of the Lake Shore Drive there was a low, filthy quarter known as "The Sands," or "Little Hell." In that day it was said to be more dangerous than "Five Points" in New York. Here Moody rented a deserted saloon and began to hold meetings on Sundays and occasionally in the evenings during the week. Within a stone's throw of this saloon there were about two hundred drinking and gambling dens. The streets swarmed with vicious men

and degraded women, and crime was so common that the neighborhood was carefully avoided by all decent persons after nightfall. The outlook was not encouraging, but here Moody was out of reach of his critics and this was a clear gain. In a few weeks he had succeeded by sundry gifts of maple sugar and pretty leaflets in coaxing a large number of street urchins into his school and it was not long before he began to find a way to the hearts of their parents.

The late Mr. William Reynolds was fond of recalling his first glimpse of young Moody at this school. "The first meeting I ever saw him at," he used to say, "was in a little old shanty that had been abandoned by a saloon-keeper. Mr. Moody had gotten the place to hold the meeting at night; I went there a little late and the first thing I saw was a man standing up, with a few tallow candles around him, holding a negro boy and trying to read to him the story of the Prodigal Son, and a great many of the words he could not make out and had to skip. I thought if the Lord can ever use such an instrument as that for his honor and glory it will astonish me. After that meeting was over Mr. Moody said to me: 'Reynolds, I have got only one talent; I have no education, but I love the Lord Jesus Christ and I want to do something for him. I want you to pray for me.' I have never ceased from that day to this, morning and night, to pray for that devoted Christian soldier. I have watched him since then, have had counsel with him and know him thoroughly; and for consistent walk and conversation I have never met a man to equal him."

The school presently outgrew the old saloon and was removed to the hall over the North Market, where young Moody developed remarkable gifts as an organ-

izer. This hall was generally used Saturday nights for a dance and the superintendent was compelled to spend most of the forenoon on Sunday sweeping out the sawdust and washing out the remains of tobacco and beer. There were no seats and the children were compelled to stand or sit on the floor. Moody endured this condition of affairs as long as he could and then put on his hat and went out to beg money to buy seats. On his begging tour he met Mr. J. V. Farwell, the philanthropist, who was already a prominent man of business. After getting the money he asked for he inquired what Mr. Farwell was doing in the way of Christian work and invited him to come and see his school. On the following Sunday Mr. Farwell appeared in the hall. The scene which met his eyes is not easily described. "That riotous crowd," writes Mr. Daniels, "seemed to be following the example of the Israelites in the time of the Judges, with one essential difference—namely that each was doing what was *wrong* in his own eyes with the evident purpose of mischievous enjoyment. The seats had not yet arrived; the school was leaning up against the walls and scattered over the floor in ever-varying forms like the figures in the kaleidoscope, jumping, turning somersaults, sparring, whistling, talking out loud, crying, 'Papers!' 'Black your boots!' 'Have a shine, Mister?'—from which they were occasionally rescued by a Scripture reading from Mr. Stillson, or a song from Mr. Trudeau, or a speech from Mr. Moody, only to relapse again into clamor and uproar before the speaker or singer was fairly through. The emotions of Mr. Farwell on being introduced to make a speech were vivid rather than pleasing. He ventured a few words and only a few, lest he should weary the patience of his audi-

ence; but what was his horror at the close of his remarks to hear himself nominated by Moody as superintendent of the North Market Mission Sunday School, and before he had time to object the school had elected him with a deafening hurrah." It should be recorded to Mr. Farwell's credit that he accepted the office and at once entered upon its duties, which for six years he faithfully performed with Moody's assistance. This school continued to increase in popularity and within a year the average attendance was about six hundred and fifty with an occasional attendance of a thousand. Before this time no school in the city had numbered more than one hundred and fifty. Of course all of the pupils did not come to school of their own accord: a large number were regularly hunted up and brought into the school by Moody himself. On these recruiting excursions he had many thrilling experiences. Not being content with gathering up such children as he met in the streets he was in the habit of chasing them into the alleys and cellars, where "he often came across a Roman Catholic family and sometimes narrowly escaped with a whole head. The enraged father being tremendously mad with Moody for coaxing the young Papists away, on seeing his beaming face and sturdy form coming upstairs or in the door, sometimes seized a club and rushed at him with oaths and curses. At such times he used to say his legs were his best friends. But though they served so well to take him out of danger they always brought him back into it again, until at last his patience and good nature conquered all opposition. He adopted the Fabian policy and wore out his adversaries by constant light skirmishing, never venturing a battle, and in most cases his method was so

successful that he not only overcame his enemies and captured their children for his mission, but generally won them over to be his friends." The story is told that one day he was emptying a jug of whiskey into a gutter, when the owner of the whiskey and twenty others surrounded him and threatened his life. He knelt and prayed fervently for protection and ended by leading his assailants to his mission, where the owner of the whiskey eventually became one of his teachers.

In dealing with characters of this sort Moody displayed remarkable shrewdness, as well as self-possession. An incident which belongs to a later period well illustrates this point. One night as he left a mission, he found a number of roughs waiting to annoy him. As he hurried along, he heard one of them say, "Here he comes," and they made ready to jostle him from the sidewalk. Walking straight up to the ringleader, Moody held out his overcoat and coolly said, "My friend, won't you just help me on with this overcoat? I am not quite so active now as I was at your age, and some day when you are as old as I am, I will be glad to do you the same favor." The fellow was so completely upset that he could only obey, and he meekly held the overcoat for the evangelist to get into it. Moody then thanked him for his aid and went away unmolested.

In addition to his Sunday School work in North Market Hall Moody conducted week-night prayer-meetings in the old saloon near by. Here he began to learn the true work of a pastor, for he was brought face to face with the sins and sorrows of the people as he had never been before. One of the stories which he loves to tell relates to this period.

"One of our friends reported a family where there

were several children who had been attending North Market School, but whose father was a notorious infidel rumseller and wouldn't let them come.

"I called on him, but as soon as I made known my errand I was obliged to get out of that place very quickly in order to save my head.

" 'I would rather my son should be a thief and my daughter a harlot than have you make fools and Christians of them at your Sunday School,' said he.

"One day I found the man in a little better humor than usual and asked him if he had ever read the New Testament. He said he hadn't, and then asked me if I had ever read Paine's 'Age of Reason.' He then agreed to read the Testament if I would read Paine's book. He had the best of the bargain, but it gave me a chance to call again to bring him the book. After reading through that mass of infidel abomination I called on him again to see how he got on with the Testament, but found him full of objection and hot for a debate.

" 'See here, young man,' said he, 'you are inviting me and my family to go to meeting; now you may have a meeting here if you like.'

" 'What, will you let me preach here in your saloon?'

" 'Yes,' said he.

" 'And will you bring in your family, and let me bring in the neighbors?'

" 'Yes. But mind, you are not to do all the talking. I and my friends have something to say.'

" 'All right. You shall have forty-five minutes, and I will have fifteen.'

"The time for the meeting was set, and when I got there I found a great crowd of atheists, blasphemers,

and other wild characters waiting for a chance to make mince-meat of me, and use up the New Testament forever.

“‘You shall begin,’ said I.

“Upon this they began to ask questions.

“‘No questions! I haven’t come to argue with you, but to preach Christ to you. Go on and say what you like, and then I will speak.’

“Then they began to talk among themselves; but it wasn’t long before they quarreled over their own different unbeliefs, so that what began as a debate was in danger of ending in a fight.

“‘Order! Your time is up. I am in the habit of beginning my addresses with prayer. Let us pray.’

“‘Stop! stop!’ said one. ‘There’s no use in your praying. Besides, your Bible says there must be “two agreed” if there is to be any praying; and you are all alone.’

“I replied that perhaps some of them might feel like praying before I got through, and so I opened my heart to God.

“When I had finished, a little boy, who had been converted in the Mission School and had come with me to this strange meeting, began to pray. His childish voice and simple faith at once attracted the closest attention. As he went on telling the Lord all about these wicked men, and begging him to help them to believe in Jesus Christ, the Holy Ghost fell upon the assembly. A great solemnity came over those hard-hearted infidels and scoffers; there was not a dry eye in the room. Pretty soon they began to be frightened. They rushed out, some by one door and some by the other—did not stop to hear a word of the sermon, but fled from the place as if it had been haunted.

"As a result of this meeting we captured all the old infidel's children for our Sunday School; and a little while after the man himself stood up in the noonday prayer-meeting and begged us to pray for his miserable soul."

One of the annoyances to which Moody was subjected was the repeated breaking of the windows by some boys whose parents were Roman Catholics. When his patience had become exhausted he went to Bishop Duggan and laid his grievances before him. He told the bishop that he was trying to do good in a part of the city which had been badly neglected, and that it was a shame that members of the bishop's church should break the windows of his school room. The zeal of the man surprised and delighted the bishop, who promised that the lambs of his flock should hereafter be duly restrained. Encouraged by this promise, Moody went on to state that he often came upon sick people who were Roman Catholics and that he would be very glad to pray with them and relieve them, but that they were so suspicious of him they would not allow him to come near them. If the bishop would give him a good word to these people it would help him amazingly in his work of charity. The bishop very kindly replied that he should be most happy to give the recommendation if Mr. Moody would only join the Catholic Church, telling him at the same time he seemed to be too good and valuable a man to be a heretic.

"I am afraid that would hinder me in my work among the Protestants," said Moody.

"Not at all," said the bishop.

"What, do you mean to say I could go to the noon-

day prayer-meetings and pray with all kinds of Christian people, Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist altogether, just as I do now?"

"Oh, yes," replied the bishop, "if it were necessary you might do that."

"So then, Protestants and Catholics can pray together?"

"Yes."

"Well, bishop, this is an important matter and ought to be attended to at once. No man wants to belong to the true Church more than I do. I wish you would pray for me right here and ask God to show me the true Church and help me to be a worthy member of it."

Of course, the prelate could not refuse, so they knelt together and the bishop prayed very lovingly for him and when he had finished Moody began to pray for the bishop. From that day to the day of his death Bishop Duggan and Moody were fast friends.

The fame of Moody's North Market Mission Sunday School soon became noised abroad and he began to receive calls to speak at Sunday School conventions in different parts of the State and subsequently in other States. Wherever he went his enthusiasm and wonderful common-sense gave him great power with his audiences and he began to be recognized as a leader in Sunday School work. His habit of saying unconventional things, however, sometimes got him into trouble at these conventions, as it had done in the social meetings of the church at home.

"I suppose they used to think me a nuisance," said Mr. Moody years afterwards. "I used to think I must say something in every meeting I attended until one good minister advised me to hold my tongue." This

advice, instead of making him angry, only set him to thinking how he could make his speech more edifying. Writing of his public utterances at this period one of his friends says: "Moody was all the time making blunders, but he never made the same mistake twice."

"Moody," said a friend to him one day, "if you want to draw wine out of a cask it is needful first to put some in. You are all the time talking and you ought to begin to study." To this Moody readily assented and his friend suggested a course of reading to which the young man took very kindly. Before he had fully entered upon it, however, his friend left the city, "and thus narrowly," says a writer, "did he escape becoming a bookish man." Often, however, Moody was more than a match for his critics. "You ought not to attempt to speak in public, Moody," said a man to him one day, "you make many mistakes in grammar." "I know I make mistakes," said Moody, "and I lack a great many things; but I am doing the best I can with what I have got. But, look here, friend, you have grammar enough, what are you doing with it for Jesus?"

IV.

SEPARATED UNTO THE WORK.



HAVE always been an ambitious man," said Moody to his sons as he lay dying, "not ambitious to lay up wealth, but to leave you work to do." Several newspapers the next day quoted him as saying that he had always been ambitious to "*find* work to do." It was a suggestive mistake. It would have been so natural for Moody, if he had been speaking to the world, to have said these very words; but he was speaking to his own sons, and because as a man he had always been anxious to find work to do for himself, as a father, his ambition was to leave his sons work to do. Moody had not been in Chicago three years when his ambition to find work brought him to a point where he was too busy to make a living. Somehow, he had found a way into almost every good work that was going on.

Among the enterprises in which he became interested was the Young Men's Christian Association, which was just beginning to get a foothold in the city. What Moody was to the Young Men's Christian Association, and what the Association was to Moody, is a subject which deserves, and I hope will have, a volume by itself. All through his evangelistic career he was accustomed to say that he was more indebted to the Association for his success as an evangelist than to any other organized means of grace; and it is safe to say that the Association is more indebted to him for its success than to any other man.

The first forward step of the Chicago Association was an attempt to hold a noonday prayer-meeting. The idea quickly took possession of Moody and Moody soon took possession of the prayer-meeting. At this time, however, his business frequently called him out of town, and owing to his absence the meeting presently began to drag. Mr. Daniels tells a story of a good old Scotch woman who went to the meeting one day and found no one present. This good sister had set great store by the noonday service, and when after waiting no one else appeared, she determined to hold it herself. So she put on her spectacles, mounted the platform, read a passage of Scripture, talked it over to herself to the comfort of her dear old heart, and then offered a prayer for the languishing meeting, and for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon it. This incident coming to Moody's ears impressed him so deeply that he at once set to work to secure recruits, with the result that the average attendance was increased nearly one hundred.

Some of his most effective mission work was done as chairman of the visiting committee of the Association. "He purchased an old pony, and mounted thereupon was often seen riding through the miserable lanes and alleys of the North Side, a bevy of ragged children hanging to his saddle, and rejoicing in the loving words of their own 'Deacon Moody.'" His opportunities for work increased as his methods became better understood, until he was foremost in almost every enterprise of the Association. At one time he was—to use his own words—"president, secretary, janitor, and everything else."

The school in Old Market Hall was now growing with marvelous rapidity. The history of this mission reads like a romance. One of Moody's friends who visited the



MOODY'S HOME AT EAST NORTHFIELD.

hall about this time wrote: "I have rarely beheld such a scene of high pressure evangelization. It made me think irresistibly of our breathing steamboats on the Mississippi that must either go fast or burst. Mr. Moody himself moved energetically about the school most of the time, seeing that everybody was at work, throwing in a word where he thought it necessary, and inspiring every one with his own enthusiasm. As soon as the class had been going on a specific number of minutes, he mounted the platform, rang a bell and addressed the children." He is described at this time as a keen, dark-eyed man with a small, shrill voice, but with thorough earnestness of manner and delivery. His remarks were few, but always to the point and full of interrogation.

Moody had already won the hearts of the little ragged urchins of the entire community, but he still had trouble with many of the parents, who regarded him with suspicion, and occasionally with the ruffians that infested the neighborhood. On one occasion, when he was out looking up children for his school, three vicious looking men confronted him and declared that they were going to kill him.

"Look here," said Moody, "just give a fellow a chance to say his prayers, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, go on," they said.

And kneeling down, he prayed with such earnestness that his assailants became uneasy and quietly slipped away.

At another time when he found himself surrounded in a miserable den, he coolly said:

"We are your friends; come, let us have a song."

While Mr. Stillson, his assistant, sang a Gospel hymn, the would-be murderers grew quiet, and when the song

was ended Moody dropped on his knees and began to pray. The upshot of the matter was that they came away, not only with their lives, but with the children they wanted for the school. These children, it is said, were all subsequently converted.

The tremendous earnestness of the young missionary as he went about doing good is best described in his own words. "I made up my mind," he said, "that I would go on as if there were not another man in the world but I to do the work. I knew I had to give an account of my stewardship. I suppose they said of me, 'Oh, he is a fanatic; he is a radical; he has only one idea.' Well, it is a glorious idea. I would rather have that said of me than be a man of ten thousand ideas and do nothing with them."

One Saturday night, in company with Mr. Stillson, he went into a saloon which was owned by a young man who was the son of Christian parents. "Do they know that you are selling liquor?" asked Moody. With these words he passed on, but before he had gone far it occurred to him that he had not prayed with him. He returned, and kneeling down upon the sawdust of the saloon, plead with the Lord to save the young man.

"I never," said Mr. Stillson, "heard Moody pray like that before; it seemed as if the baptism of the Holy Ghost was upon him." The prayer was answered, and the man was afterwards heard to declare that he would rather die a pauper than make his living by selling rum.

As a soul-winner, young Moody was never off duty. Whether in the slums or in the best part of the city, whether in the homes of the people or on the streets or trains or boats—wherever he went, "in season and out of season," he was plying his vocation as a fisher of men.

"It was in a railway train one day," said a gentleman, "when a stout, cheery looking stranger came in and sat down in the seat beside me. We were passing through a beautiful country, to which he called my attention, saying: 'Did you ever think what a good Heavenly Father we have to give us such a pretty world to live in?'"

" 'Yes, indeed,' said I.

" 'Are you a Christian?'"

" 'No.'"

" 'But you ought to be one at once. I am to get off at the next station,' he continued. 'If you will kneel down right here I will pray to the Lord to make you a Christian.' Scarcely knowing what I did, I knelt down beside him there in the car filled with passengers, and he prayed for me with all his heart. Then the train drew up at the station and he only had time to get off when it started on again. Suddenly coming to myself, out of what seemed more like a dream than a reality, I rushed out on the car platform and shouted after him, 'Tell me who you are!'"

" 'My name is Moody.'"

"I never could shake off the conviction which then took hold of me until the strange man's prayer was answered and I had become a Christian."

In 1860 the mission work had grown to such proportions that it could no longer be carried on as a side issue. It needed one man's undivided time, and Moody saw it. He was getting a good salary in the jobbing department of a shoe store. His employer, speaking of him as a business man, said that he regarded him as an excellent salesman, though he was a poor judge of credits. "In one particular instance he sold goods amounting to over two

hundred dollars to a man whom we found rated as 'doubtful' in the Mercantile Directory; and we therefore refused to send the goods; but Moody at once came to the rescue of his customer, declaring him to be as good as the Bank of England, and offered to be responsible for the bill. With this we sent the goods, and when the money was due, sure enough it was Moody who paid it."

His associates felt that he had a brilliant future before him in business if he did not allow his religious zeal to spoil it all, but the pressure brought upon him by the growth of his mission had now become so great that he either had to give up his position or draw in his lines of Christian effort. About this time—but we have the story in his own words:

"As I was thinking this morning before daybreak of my last sermon with you"—I give the incident as he related it in one of his New York meetings—"I thought of the call which God gave me to leave my occupation six and thirty years ago. I confess I couldn't keep back the tears. Instead of living in the wilderness, as Moses did for forty years, I have been called to work in the harvest-field. Everything beckoned me to remain in business. I had a widowed mother, whom I ought to help support. My business was prosperous for those days. I had no education. I couldn't put a sentence together properly. I didn't have a friend who would not call me mad to give up my business. But louder and louder came the call. I gave up my business, and people called me crazy; but thank God that I took that stand when I did.

"When I thought this morning of the two men who have stood on this platform within forty-eight hours and have testified to the saving grace of God—those men who

were converted in Baltimore sixteen years ago, one now a preacher of the Gospel, and the other a detective who has been working for God ever since his conversion—I said, ‘Thank God I ever entered the work! I wouldn’t change my position for any throne on earth.’ If I piled up millions, what would they amount to when compared with the privilege of being a co-worker with God?

“I will tell you how I got waked up on this point and came to a decision. I had a large Sunday School in Chicago, with twelve or fifteen hundred scholars. I was very much pleased with the numbers. If the attendance kept up, I was pleased; but I didn’t see a convert. I was not looking for conversions. There was one class in a corner of the large hall, made up of young women, who caused more trouble than any other class in the school. There was only one man who could ever manage that class and keep it in order. If he could keep the class quiet, it was about as much as we could hope for.

“One day this teacher was missing, and I taught the class. The girls laughed in my face. I never felt so tempted to turn any one from Sunday School as I did those girls. I never saw such frivolous girls. I couldn’t make any impression on them. The next day the teacher came into the store. I noticed that he looked very pale, and I asked what was the trouble. ‘I have been bleeding at the lungs,’ he said, ‘and the doctor tells me that I cannot live. I must give up my class and go back to my widowed mother in New York State.’ As he spoke to me his chin quivered and the tears began to flow. I said I was sorry, and added, ‘You’re not afraid of death, are you?’ Oh no, I am not afraid to die, but I shall soon stand before my Master. What shall I tell him of my class? Not one of them is a Christian. I have made a failure of my work.’

"I had never heard any one speak in that way, and I said, 'Why not visit every girl and ask her to become a Christian?' 'I am very weak,' he said, 'too weak to walk.' I offered to get a carriage and go with him. He consented, and we started out. Going first to one house-and then to another, that pale teacher, sometimes staggering on the sidewalk, sometimes leaning on my arm, saw each girl, and, calling her by name, Mary, or Martha, or whatever it was, asked her to become a Christian, telling her that he was going home to die and that he wanted to know that his scholars had given their hearts to God. Then he would pray with her and I would pray with her. So we went from house to house. After he used up all his strength I would take him home, and the next day we would go out again. Sometimes he went alone. At the end of ten days he came into the store, his face beaming with joy, and said, 'The last girl has yielded her heart to Christ. I am going home now; I have done all that I can do, and my work is done.'

"I asked when he was going, and he said, 'To-morrow night.' I said, 'Would you like to see your class together before you go?' He said he would, and I asked if he thought the landlady would allow the use of her sitting-room. He thought she would. So I sent word to all the girls, and they all came together. I had never spent such a night up to that time. I had never met such a large number of young converts. The teacher gave an earnest talk and then prayed, and then I prayed. As I was about to rise I heard one of the girls begin to pray. She prayed for her teacher and she prayed for the superintendent. Up to that time I never knew that any one prayed for me in that way. When she finished an-

other girl prayed. Before we arose every girl had prayed. What a change had come over them in a short space of time! We tried to sing, but we did not get on very well.

“ ‘Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love.’ ”

“We bade one another ‘Good-bye,’ but I felt that I must see the teacher again before he left Chicago, and so I met him at the station, and while we were talking one of the girls came along, and then another, until the whole class had assembled. They were all there on the platform. It was a beautiful summer night. The sun was just setting down behind the western prairies. It was a sight I shall never forget. A few gathered around us—the fireman, engineer, brakeman, and conductor of the train, and some of the passengers lifted their windows as the class sang together :

“ ‘Here we meet to part again,
But when we meet on Canaan’s shore
There’ll be no parting there.’ ”

“As the train moved out of the station the pale-faced teacher stood on the platform, and, with his finger pointing heavenward, he said, ‘I will meet you yonder,’ then the train disappeared from view.”

When Moody turned away from the station the struggle of his life had begun. It is not permitted us to follow a man upon whom God has laid his hand at such a moment; but one day when he came forth from his place of prayer his face was set as a flint. He had surrendered all, and would follow him.

When his employer asked him how he expected to support himself, he answered, “God will provide for me if

he wants me to keep on, and I shall keep on until I am obliged to stop." When his friends rebuked him for his improvidence, he would simply say, "God is rich, and I am working for him," and pass on. There were times when the prophecies of his friends seemed dangerously near fulfillment, but he kept on. When his little savings were exhausted, he gave up his lodgings and took refuge in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, where he slept on the prayer-room benches. He ate when he found a chance.

His financial difficulties continued for years. There were times when he was tempted to feel that he had made a mistake. One morning, not long after his marriage, he said to his wife, "I have no money, and the house is without supplies. It looks as if the Lord had had enough of me in this mission work, and is going to send me back again to sell boots and shoes." A day or two later he received two checks of fifty dollars each—one for his mission and the other for himself—which he accepted as a sign that his work was in the Lord's favor, and took courage. In 1868 his friends, led by Mr. Farwell the philanthropist, gave him a comfortable home; but the great fire of 1871 destroyed his house with all its contents, and he was again destitute.

From the day he gave up his position as a salesman he absolutely refused to take time to look after his personal interests. He felt that he was engaged in the Lord's business, and that it was an easy matter for the Lord to look after the running expenses. Besides, he was afraid of money, and was always exceedingly careful to steer clear of financial entanglements and temptations of every sort. Though abundantly supplied with shrewd business sense, he used it only for the great en-

terprises which he inaugurated. The money which passed through his hands sometimes amounted, it is said, to several hundred thousand dollars a year, yet he was so circumspect in all his financial dealings that not a breath of suspicion was ever attached to him. In London he was offered a thousand pounds to sit for his picture, but he indignantly refused; and it is said that he frequently declined offers of large sums for his personal use, fearing that the money would prove a snare to him.

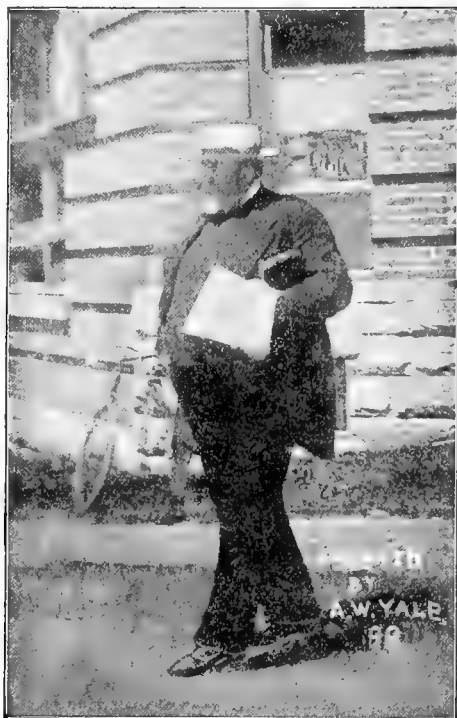
V.

THE WAR AND AFTER.



MOODY had adopted the rule to go, not where he was needed, but where he was needed most. When the war broke out he found himself between two fires. He was badly needed at home and he was badly needed at the front, and it was difficult to decide which way to turn. His exertions during this trying period were almost super-human. He would rush from the city to camp to look after the needs of the soldiers, and the moment he felt that he could leave them he would rush back to the city again to look after his home mission and to raise money for his mission in camp. And every day the work pressed harder and the limit of human strength was strained.

His first work among the soldiers was at Camp Douglas. Here he conducted prayer-meetings, and soon raised enough money to build a chapel—the first camp chapel of the war. One of his associates used to say that in camp Moody was “almost ubiquitous.” “He would hasten from one barrack and camp to another, day and night, week-days and Sundays, praying, exhorting, conversing personally with the men about their souls and reveling in the abundant work and swift success which the war had brought in his reach.” Later as a member of the Christian Commission, he visited the camps all over the country, and in hospitals and on many battle-fields ministered to the wants of the sick and wounded. “Like the men who went down to the sea in ships,” says



MOODY READY FOR WORK.

Mr. Daniels, "Moody and his brethren saw God's wonders in camp and field. Having so many sinners to point to the Saviour, and so little time in which to do it, he prayed to the Lord to do his 'short work.' So many men found the Saviour and died while they were praying for them that they came to have a strange familiarity with heaven. These souls seemed to be messengers between them and God, carrying up continually the fresh and glowing record of the work they were doing in his name, and so simple and easy did it become for them to 'ask and receive' that they were rather surprised if the penitent soldier for whose conversion they prayed was not blessed before they reached Amen."

Several stories, which Moody was fond of telling in after years, vividly illustrate the character of the wonderful work which went on in the camps during these trying times. "I remember after the battle of Pittsburg Landing," he would say, "I was down there in the army pointing the soldiers the way to Christ, and one time I fell down—it was after battle; I had been a number of nights up and wanted rest, and so went to bed. By and by a man came to me and said, 'A man wants to see you at the hospital,' and I went to the man and found him lying almost at the point of death. Said he, 'Chaplain'—he called me chaplain, although I was not the chaplain—'Chaplain, I wish you would help me to die.' And I said, 'I would carry you into the kingdom of God if I could, but I cannot.' Said he, 'Can't you help me?' I pointed him to Jesus. And by and by I found that, away back in the North, he had a mother, and when he went away from home, he told me, she said to him at the parting, 'If you were a Christian I could let you go; but you are going to this war, perhaps never to return, and the

thought that you are not a Christian is just breaking my heart.' 'I told her,' he said, 'to never mind that; that I would be a Christian when I came back. She said that perhaps I never would come again, but I told her that I would risk it; I should be back, and I would settle the question then. And now,' said he, 'I am dying away from mother, and can't see her again. Chaplain, can't you help me?'

"I got down and prayed with him, but it seemed to me that the shades of eternal death were fast gathering round him. Then I read what Christ said to Nicodemus. Perhaps it was at the same hour of the day that I am talking to you. I went on to read, and it seemed as though if I had got a letter from the very throne of God, the man couldn't have been more eager to hear it. His eyes and ears were open to catch the truth. I read along, and when I got to the fourteenth verse, the remedy: 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so shall the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life;' the dying man cried, 'Stop! Is that there?' 'Yes,' says I, 'it is here.' 'Oh, sir, won't you read that again,' he said, 'it sounds so good.' I read very slowly the second time: 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.' His elbows were resting on the edge of the cot, and he brought his dying hands together, and he said, 'Bless God for that! Won't you please read it to me once more?' And I read it the third time: 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the

world, that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved.'

"I read the whole chapter; but his eyes were closed. It seemed to me as though there was no other verse that aroused his attention. His arms were folded on his breast, and when I got through I noticed his lips were saying something. I reached over my ear, and I could hear a faint whisper, 'As Moses—lifted up the serpent—in the wilderness—even so must the Son of Man—be lifted up—that whosoever believeth in him—should not perish—but should have everlasting—life.' He opened his eyes, and he fixed his calm, sweet deathly look on me, and said: 'That is enough, Chaplain; I understand it now; Christ has been lifted up for me.' And he rested his soul on the truth of these two verses.

"I talked and prayed with him a while longer, and left him. Yes, there was truth enough in those two verses to save that man. In the morning, when I got up and went to his cot I found it empty; he had died and had been carried away. I asked the nurse, 'Did he say nothing?' I was told that he appeared to keep talking over something to himself. 'What did he say?' I asked. And the nurse replied that he repeated these words: 'As Moses was lifted up in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should have eternal life.' Thus had he passed on to glory, his mother's prayers had been answered, and, yes, I could imagine him sweeping up from that cot into the pearly gates of the city of God! And perhaps that mother has met him there."

At Nashville a young man came to Moody, trembling from head to foot.

"What is the trouble?" Moody asked.

"There is a letter I got from my sister, and she tells me every night as the sun goes down she goes down on her knees and prays for me."

"This man," said Mr. Moody, "was brave—had been in a number of battles; he could stand before the cannon's mouth, and yet this letter completely upset him."

"I have been trembling ever since I received it," said the man. In telling the story, Moody said: "Six hundred miles away the faith of this girl went to work and its influence was felt by the brother. He did not believe in prayer; he did not believe in Christianity; he did not believe in his mother's Bible. His mother was a praying woman, and when she died she left on earth a praying daughter, and when God saw her faith and heard those prayers, he answered her. How many sons and daughters could be saved if their mothers and fathers had but faith!"

Moody's war experiences provided him with many such instances of remarkable answers to prayer. One night some members of his party "found themselves on the battlefield in charge of a great many wounded soldiers, who by the retreat of the army had been left wholly without shelter or supplies. Having done their best for the poor fellows, bringing them water from a distant stream and searching the haversacks for rations, they began to say to themselves and one another, 'these weak and wounded men must have food or they will die. The army is out of reach, and there is no village for many miles; what are we to do?' 'Pray to God,' said one, 'to send us bread.' That night in the midst of the

dead and dying they held a little prayer-meeting, telling the Lord all about the case, and begging him to send them bread immediately; though from whence it could come they had not the remotest idea. All night they plied their work of mercy. With the first ray of dawn the sound of an approaching wagon caught their ears, and presently through the mist of morning appeared a great Dutch farm-wagon piled to the very top with loaves of bread. On their asking the driver where it came from and who sent him, he replied: 'When I went to bed last night I knew that the army was gone, and I could not sleep for thinking of the poor fellows who always have to stay behind; something seemed to say to me, "What will those poor fellows do for something to eat?" It came to me so strong that I waked up my wife and told her what was the matter. We had only a little bread in the house, and while my wife was making some more I took my team and went around to all my neighbors, making them get up and give me all the bread in their houses, telling them that it was for the wounded soldiers. When I got home my wagon was full, my old wife piled her baking on the top and I started off to bring the bread to the boys, feeling just as if the Lord himself was sending me.' "

In the midst of the tremendous rush of those days Moody somehow found time to choose a wife, and on the 28th of August, 1862, he was married to Miss Emma C. Revell, a sister of Fleming H. Revell, the publisher. Miss Revell had been for some time assisting him in his mission school, and was, therefore, from the beginning in full sympathy with his work. She is described as a woman of remarkable sweetness of disposition, with an abundance of strong common-sense, and a loving man-

ner which endears her to all whom she meets. As a wife, she supplemented her husband in every way, and was all through his life a true helpmeet: "The spirit of his companion," said a visitor to their home, "harmonizes perfectly with his spirit, and her sympathy and tenderness are among heaven's choicest gifts to him." A stranger who happened one day in Moody's mission school noticed a lady teaching about forty middle-aged men in the gallery. Looking at her and then at the class, he said to Moody, "Isn't that lady altogether too young to teach such a class of men?" He replied, "She gets along very well, and seems to succeed in her teaching." The stranger did not appear to be altogether satisfied. In a few moments he approached the superintendent again, and with becoming gravity, said, "Mr. Moody, I cannot but feel that that lady must be altogether too young to instruct such a large company of men. Will you, sir, please inform me who she is?" "Certainly," replied Moody. "That is my wife."

The Northfield people have always loved her as they loved Moody himself, and her influence in the community, as well as in her husband's schools, has always been strongly felt. It is her custom to present the girls at the Seminary their diplomas on graduating day, and the girls of the whole community, as well as the school, are continually coming to her for advice.

Moody and his young wife were very happy in their humble Chicago home, though the first years of their married life were constantly beset with financial difficulties; and the children that came to them—there were three in all, William, Emma and Paul—opened up for the evangelist a new field of study, in which he reaped larger results than in any other field outside of his Bible.

Few men have ever come so close to the budding minds of their own children, and no preacher ever got more effective illustrations from child life than he. "No father," says Dr. Clark, "was ever more fond of his children than Mr. Moody. He played with them as though he was a child himself, and entered into their sports often with the greatest glee. Mr. D. Russell Nover, of Albany, to whom I gave a letter of introduction to him, called and presented it just after he had taken his tea. Reading the letter he said, 'Ah, yes; from Dr. Clark. Now, children, let me present you to my friend, and we will have a good romp.' Without waiting for the least ceremony, the young man was at once received as a member of the family, and admitted to all the home privileges, including a good play with the children."

In the first years of Moody's work in New Market Hall he had depended upon visiting ministers and theological students to do the preaching. One night the supply failed to appear and Moody undertook to fill his place. His simple gospel talk found its way into the hearts of the audience, and soon there was a clamor for more talks of the same sort. The parents of the Sunday School children began to come to the meetings (for Moody was now the most influential man in the neighborhood, and his word commanded respect even among the worst element in the community), and the congregation became so large that it was found necessary to provide a new place of worship. At this juncture Moody, having in view the needs of several hundred converts whom he had gathered out of the slums, decided to organize a church of his own. His plan was to make it a free, independent church, based on the simple unsecta-

rian principles of the gospel. "This body of believers," says one of the articles adopted by the congregation, "desires to be known only as Christians without reference to any denomination, while the common evangelical doctrines are fully recognized. The plan is to unite in one all who are willing to co-operate in carrying on the work of the Master." The organization was effected with a membership of three hundred, and steps were immediately taken to build a large chapel on Illinois street. This chapel was completed in 1863 at a cost of \$20,000, and the church under Moody's leadership entered upon a career of usefulness which is perhaps without a parallel in the history of city mission work. No member of the congregation was allowed to be idle. The leader was only a layman (for Moody was never ordained), and received no salary, but he succeeded in infusing his own spirit into his people, and almost every member of the church became a winner of souls. Services of some kind were held every evening in the week and conversions were of nightly occurrence. After the war Moody was able to give more time to this work, and the amount of energy which he expended in visiting the poor and degraded, in preaching and exhortation and prayer, seems almost incredible.

"I am used up," he said one morning to his friend, Colonel Hammond; "I can't think or speak or do anything else; you must take my meeting to-night; I have nothing left in me." That night Colonel Hammond went to church prepared to conduct the service, but just as he was rising to speak, Moody rushed in with a large band of young men whom he had gathered out of the slums, and entering the pulpit, preached one of the tenderest and most effective sermons of his life. He did not know how to rest nor how to let any one else rest.

His manner of making calls among the poor of his parish—and his parish was made up of the poor—has been strikingly described by Mr. Hitchcock, who was at this time superintendent of his Sunday School. "On reaching a family belonging to his congregation," says Mr. Hitchcock, "he would spring out of the omnibus, run up the stairway (for most of the families lived in garrets), rush in the room and pay his respects, as follows: 'You know me; I am Moody; this is Deacon DeGoyler; this is Deacon Thane; this is Brother Hitchcock. Are you all well? Do you all come to church and Sunday School? Have you all the coal you need for the winter? Let us pray.' Saying this, Mr. Moody would offer an earnest, tender, sympathetic supplication that God would bless the man, his wife and each one of his children, then springing to his feet, he would dash on his hat, dart through the doorway and down the stairway, throw a hearty good-bye behind him, leap into the omnibus and off to the next place on his list; the entire exercise occupying only about one minute and a half. Before long the horses were tired out, for Moody insisted on their going in a run from house to house; so the omnibus was abandoned and the party proceeded on foot. One after another his companions became exhausted with running upstairs and downstairs and across the streets and kneeling on the bare floors and getting up in a hurry, until reluctantly, but of necessity, they were obliged to relinquish the undertaking and the tireless pastor was left to make the last of the two hundred calls alone, after which feat he returned home in the highest spirits and with no sense of his fatigue to laugh at his exhausted companions for deserting him."

While Moody was thus engaged, the Young Men's

Christian Association was languishing for want of proper quarters. Several schemes for getting a new building had been tried and failed. "The only way to get a building," said one member, "is to elect Mr. Moody president of the Association." Moody was forthwith elected and he at once began to plan for a beautiful structure, which was completed in 1867 and dedicated under the name of Farwell Hall. An utterance of Moody's in his address on the day of dedication is prophetic. He said: "When I see young men by thousands going in the way of death I feel like falling at the feet of Jesus and crying out to him with prayer and tears to come and save them and to help us to bring them to him. His answer to our prayers and his blessing on our work gives me faith to believe that a mighty influence is to go out from us that shall extend through this county and every county in the State, through every State in the Union, and finally crossing the waters, it shall help to bring the whole world to God." In Moody himself a mighty influence did go out through the county and every county in the State, through every State in the Union, and finally crossing the waters, helped to bring the whole world to God.

It was in 1866 that Moody made his first impression on the general public in the East. In that year he organized and led the first Christian Convention in New England. This Convention, which met in Boston, was designed to unite Christians of every sort in earnest work for the good of all. Dr. Trumbull says that this was the evangelist's first visit to Boston since he had left it for Chicago as a young clerk in a shoe store. "Boston," says Dr. Trumbull, "is not easily led as a community, and it takes a leader to lead it, but Moody proved him-

self competent for the undertaking. He knew whom to reach and how to use them, and he reached and used them accordingly." Dr. Trumbull recalls the master minds which Moody led at the great Boston meeting. There was, for instance, Professor Park, the theologian, who was then in his prime at Andover. "A Convention of this sort," says Dr. Trumbull, "was not what he would naturally have been drawn to; but Moody went out to Andover, and looked him up and won him as a helper." Dr. Trumbull says he first realized Moody's power on that occasion, as the two stood side by side on the Tremont Temple platform. "Professor Park was the embodiment of intellect, with ponderous frame and massive brain, fitted and accustomed to teach impressively; all recognized his power. Moody, on the other hand, as yet little known, was slighter in figure and frame than the theologian, and was a manifestation of feeling rather than intellect. Yet Moody dwarfed Park in moral power as a leader as they stood together. It was head against heart, or head compared with heart, and, as always in such a comparison, heart led. Professor Park realized this, as did the great assemblage. He evidently sought to fill the place that Moody his leader, assigned to him, and he did it. Boston never doubted Moody's power after that incident.

Some of Moody's suggestions and counsels during this Convention were startlingly unconventional. "Some of you," he said, "refuse to take hold of this work because it is something new. A man near Boston, whom I talked with the other day, said he did not want to try any new ways in religion; he was already established. 'Established!' I should think so. I met him on the road the next day. His wagon was fast in the mud up to the

axles; his horses tugged and tugged, but could not start it. I called out to him, 'Brother, I suppose that is what you call being *established*.' A good many of you are 'established' in that way. Why, I've been away from here now almost ten years, and I come back to find some of you praying exactly the same prayers in prayer-meeting you were praying when I went away; not a new thought in all this time, although we've lived more than a century since then. I want to pry your wheels out of the mud."

The incidents illustrating the manner of the man and his methods of work at this period would fill a volume. Dr. Trumbull remembers that he was in Chicago one Sunday shortly after the Boston Convention, and that he attended Moody's Sunday School. "As I sat by him in the desk," he says, "I noticed before me a placard so placed as to confront the speaker without being in sight of the audience. It was in substance, 'Don't talk about the Prodigal Son.' Recalling my own experience with visiting talkers in a mission school which I had superintended, I had another illustration of Moody's wisdom and shrewdness in guarding his school against the unwisdom of visiting speakers."

Rev. David MacRae, in his "Americans at Home," speaking of the evangelist's unconventional methods, says: "Though earnest in his piety, and full of religious conversation, Moody had no patience with mere cant, and wanted everybody to prove his sincerity by his acts. At a meeting in behalf of a struggling charity, a wealthy layman, loud in his religious professions, offered up a prayer that the Lord would move the hearts of the people to contribute the sum required. Mr. Moody rose and said that all the charity wanted was the sum of two thou-

sand dollars; and that he considered it absurd for a man with half a million to get up and ask the Lord to do anything in the matter, when he could himself, with a mere stroke of the pen, do all that was needed, and ten times more, and never feel the difference."

But while Moody could be thus severe when he felt that occasion required it, he was then, as in riper years, a man of tenderest feelings and of good-will towards his fellows.

"In private intercourse," writes Dr. Clark of Albany, "I have always found Mr. Moody as full of generous courtesy towards others as he was of tender love for his Saviour. I never knew a man so free from selfishness or self-seeking as he. His friendship is as pure as crystal and his generous love flows out to all he can serve or benefit. A nobler soul was never formed by grace or spiritual culture. His very presence as a guest is a blessing in any house."

"In his early evangelical efforts," says Mr. Nason in his "Lives and Labors of Eminent Divines," "Mr. Moody used to blame the ministers for the inactivity of the churches. At a certain meeting for the promotion of a revival, one good brother arose and criticised him severely for his uncharitableness, when Mr. Moody said with deep emotion, 'From my heart I thank that brother, I deserve it. Will you pray for me, my brother?' All hearts were touched by his repentance, and his course and respect for the clergy ever since proves it to be sincere."

Dr. Trumbull tells a story illustrating his tender and sensitive nature, and his disposition to reproach himself with any undue hastiness of word or manner. "One Monday morning," he writes, "as I boarded a train on the New York and New Haven Railroad in Connecticut,

I met Moody, just back from one of his trips to England, and on his way to his Northfield home. I sat down by him, and spoke warmly of his work on the other side of the ocean and he wanted to talk of his doings on this side. His steamer had arrived in New York on Sunday. Mr. Moody had gone to the Astor House for the night. Speaking of his start for his home Monday morning, he said: 'Trying to get out my baggage so as to be in time for the eight o'clock train, I lost my patience with the porters, and I showed it to those men. I'm so ashamed of myself, Trumbull! Some of those men may have known me, and, if so, I have dishonored my Master by showing a wrong spirit toward others.' "He was ever readier," adds Dr. Trumbull, "to blame himself for any weakness or haste than others were to blame him. Such intensity and positiveness of nature as Moody's would, of course, be liable to show itself in an emergency, in contrast with sluggish ones about him, and sometimes to their discomfort. He could never have done the work he did without that liability."

VI.

A MAN OF ONE BOOK.



THE statement has been frequently made that when Moody began his mission school in the Chicago slums he could not read a chapter in the Bible "without skipping all the hard names." I am not sure that this is an exaggeration, but in any case there is no ground for the inference that Moody's knowledge of the Scriptures at this time was painfully meager. The only reasonable inference is that he was a poor speller. He had made remarkable strides since his conversion, and he had not been in Chicago a month when it began to be whispered about among his associates that he was "Bible crazy." His methods of study were unquestionably crude—he stumbled much and made many mistakes—but he hugged his Bible to his heart as his dearest treasure, and by some sort of process he soon came into possession of more of its wealth than many a well-equipped student has gained in a lifetime. His room-mates remember that the last thing he did at night was to take his Bible and read himself asleep—not a good method of acquiring knowledge certainly, though he seems to have gotten something more than slumber out of it. Other books were often recommended to him, and he would try to read them, but after worrying through a few pages he would go back to the one book that suited his heart. He was from the first a man of one book.

In 1866 Harry Moorehouse, an English evangelist,

visited Chicago and held a meeting in Moody's Illinois Street Church.

"Moody," said Mr. Moorehouse one day, "you are sailing on the wrong track. If you will change your course and learn to preach God's Word instead of your own you will make a greater power for good"—adding solemnly Paul's exhortation to Timothy: "I charge thee before God and the Lord Jesus Christ who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing in his kingdom, preach the Word."

Moody, always tremendously in earnest to find the right way about everything, took kindly to the criticism, and insisted on knowing how he should proceed.

"You need only one book for the study of the Bible," said Moorehouse.

"Well, Moorehouse," replied Moody, "you must have studied a great many books to come by your knowledge of it."

"No," he answered; "since I began to be an evangelist I have been a man of one book. If a text of Scripture troubles me I ask another text to explain it and if this will not answer, I carry it straight to the Lord."

Moody was deeply impressed by this interview and began to study the Scriptures with increased diligence. He formed the habit of rising at five o'clock—he often rose at four—for this purpose, and studied until breakfast. He read the Bible much on his knees. "Some of the hard words did indeed continue to puzzle him," says a writer, "but he soon found out that the longest words in the Bible, as everywhere else, are not apt to be of the most importance. There were very few practical saving doctrines in the Word of God through which he could not pray his way." While he did not eschew Bible helps



MOODY'S BIBLE.

as Mr. Moorehouse seems to have done, he would study nothing that would not help him to understand the Bible better. He carried his Bible with him wherever he went that he might devote his leisure moments to studying it.

His Bible talks now became an engrossing topic of conversation among the church-going people of Chicago, and hundreds were drawn to his classes with the hope of learning his method of getting at the riches of the Word. His plan, as described by a recent writer, "was to take one word or doctrine and by the Concordance trace it through the various books of Scripture and thus examine it by the light of inspiration under all its meanings and revelations. "I remember," he often said, "I took up the word 'love' and turned to the Scriptures and got so that I felt that I loved everybody; I got full of it; it ran out of my fingers."

The Rev. Dr. Roy, a Chicago pastor, mentions a sermon which he heard Moody preach on the compassion of Christ, in which he seemed to be inspired, and under which the great audience was moved like a forest swept by the winds. When it was over Dr. Roy asked him how he prepared such a sermon. He said, "I got to thinking the other day about the compassion of Christ; so I took the Bible and began to read it over to find out what it said on the subject. I prayed over the texts as I went along until the thought of his infinite compassion overpowered me, and I could only lie on the floor of my study with my face in the open Bible and cry like a little child."

He was never an exact student and even Drummond, who admired and loved him above all men, could but wish that he had broader views of the Bible; but whatever may be said of his methods, no serious fault can be

found with the results so far as Moody himself was concerned. If he did not get at the contents of his orange scientifically it must be admitted that he did not allow much of the juice to drip through his fingers. He made much of the topical method of studying and this, of course, necessitated the use of a Concordance and a Subject-Index. Later he began to make free use of commentaries.

"He has a large library at his home in Northfield," says Mr. Daniels, "which has been presented to him by admiring friends; but it is safe to say that there are not half a dozen books in the world, besides the books of the Old and New Testaments, of which he could give the names and the general outlines of their contents. Hence there is room in his head for God's Word, and with it he keeps himself continually full and running over."

Mr. Daniels describes his method of Bible study as the method of a humming-bird studying a clover blossom. "From the cells of sweetness down into which he has thrust his questions and his prayers, he brings up the honey which God has stored away; he revels in the profusion and preciousness of the promises like a robin in a tree full of ripe cherries. It is enjoyable just to see how heartily he enjoys the Word of God, and almost convincing to see with what absolute faith he clings to it for his own salvation and with what absolute assurance he urges others to do the same. To Mr. Moody the Word of God is food, drink, lodging and clothes; he climbs by it towards heaven as a sailor climbs the rigging; it is an anchor to him; a gale to drive him; it is health, hope, happiness, eternal life."

The chief secret of Moody's skill as a practical commentator was doubtless in his child-like faith in the Bible

as the Word of God, and his dependence upon the Holy Spirit as its teacher.

"Brother Moody," said a Chicago pastor, "is a firm believer in God's Word. It is a marvel to all of our ministers that while so many educated preachers within the evangelical churches treat the Bible as Homer or Plato, he practically writes over every verse, 'Thus saith the Lord.' Hence he has avoided all those crotchets that weaken and deform the influence of many good preachers." "He believes in the Bible," says Dr. Wharton, "from 'back to back,' to use his own expression."

He had wonderful skill in making the Bible real to his hearers. He was by no means an Oriental scholar, nor did he attempt to give a Bible picture in its Oriental colors, but he could give it as he had it in his own mind and he could make his congregation see it as he saw it. Dr. Trumbull says that he once heard him in telling the story of Daniel picture the old man as taking out his watch to note the time as noon approached when he would pray as usual, lions or no lions. "In his earnest, graphic way he made that scene so real that no one thought of any anachronism on his part."

"So again," says Dr. Trumbull, "as he told the story of Noah's warning before the flood, he pictured the scoffers of that day while the deluge was delayed." Dr. Trumbull quotes:

"They would say to one another, 'not much sign of old Noah's rain-storm yet.' They would talk it over in the corner groceries of evenings."

Then, as if in explanation he added: "I tell you, my friends, before the world got as bad as it was in Noah's day they must have had corner groceries."

Everybody could understand that kind of talk.

Moody told Dr. Trumbull of the surprise expressed by one man who found him in his study with his books open before him.

"You don't mean, Moody, that you use commentaries, do you?"

"Of course I do."

"Then I shan't enjoy your sermons as I have, now that I know that."

"Have you ever liked my sermons?"

"Of course I have."

"Then you have liked Moody's commentaries, have you?"

On the night of the Chicago fire a friend met him hurrying with his wife and two children to find shelter.

"Have you lost everything?" asked his friend.

"Everything but my reputation and my Bible," he answered.

This Bible he carried through his Great Britain campaign and laid it aside only when it was so full of references and notes that there was no room for more. It was replaced by one which was given to him by a Mr. Fay, of Dublin, in 1872. The latter book was described several years afterwards as being "full of lines and references made with ink of different colors, and the margins of almost every page are covered with different comments, annotations and the heads of sermons, all evincing close and critical searching for the honey of the sacred Word."

"What would you know of your boy's letter," said Moody in one of his lectures on Bible study, "if you were to read the superscription on Monday, look at the signature on Friday and read a little of the middle of it three months afterwards? I get tired towards the end

of July and I go away to the mountains and take the Bible with me. I read it through and feel as if I had never seen the book before. I have spent most of my life in reading and expounding it, yet it seems as if I had never seen it—it is so new, so rich, so varied; the truth flashes from a thousand unexpected and undiscovered points with a light above the brightness of the sun. That summer reading of the Bible is what I call tuning the instrument."

Although Moody's views of the Bible were regarded by many scholars as exceedingly narrow, the most radical of the modern critics could find no fault with the treatment which they received at his hands. For the higher criticism he had little use, but for many of the higher critics he exhibited the warmest regard. "We met at Yale," says Prof. George Adam Smith in the *British Weekly*, "where I discovered for the first time what a hold Moody had on the respectful attention, I think I can say admiration, of American students. He asked me to speak at the commencement exercises of the Northfield schools, and at the American students' conference there. I hesitated, pleading on how many points I differed from the Northfield teaching about Scripture. His answer was, 'Come, and say what you like,' and I felt at once the inspiration of his trust. At Northfield we had several conversations on O. T. criticism, some alone, some with others.

"I shall never forget," continues Professor Smith, "his patience, the openness of his mind, his desire to get at the real facts of criticism, or the shrewdness and humor with which he combated them. It was then that he finished one talk with the words, 'Look here, what's the use of telling the people there's two Isaiahs when most

of them don't know that there's one?' But most beautiful was his anxiety about the effect of criticism upon piety and preaching. He had on his heart not only some congregations which had suffered many things from criticism in the pulpit, but the divisions in the churches which were due to critical views. But he was very fair, and said that these divisions were probably not due only to the new opinions about Scripture, but to the temper in which they had been met by the other side. One of the discussions with several friends concluded with prayer from him, so earnest that I shall ever look back upon it as one of the greatest moments of my life."

As for the higher criticism, Moody would say, "It is not the authorship of the book that matters, but the contents."

Among the notes which may be found in Moody's Bible written in his own hand are the following:

All God's children have two footmen, goodness and mercy, following on behind them.—Ps. xxiii. 6.

Fat in body and lean in soul.—Ps. lxxvii. 31; cvi. 15.

In all thy prayers, let thy heart be without words rather than thy words without heart.—Bunyan.

Free grace is a harbor into which few ships run, except through stress of weather. Till the end of the creature is reached, men will not seek their Creator.—Ps. cvii. 19.
—Spurgeon.

As the Lord encircles his people like a mountain rampart, he must be removed before they can be removed.—Ps. cxxv. 2. Hence, stand fast in the Lord.—Phil. iv. 1.

THREE THINGS IN JOHN.

The Gospel of John opens with Jesus Christ in the bosom of God, and closes with the sinner in the bosom of Jesus Christ.

John vi. 21: "For him hath God the Father sealed"—that is, Christ. In the Mosaic ritual the lamb of the sacrifice was stamped and sealed by the priest as fit for sacrifice. So the Son of God was sealed.

John xix. 15: The Jews chose Barabbas, a murderer and robber. They have been murdered and robbed ever since. They chose Cæsar as their king, and the Cæsars have pillaged and robbed them ever since.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

Phil. ii. 9: "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name." What the name of Jesus is:

1. It is the only source of salvation.—Acts ii. 12.
2. Faith in it gives life.—John xx. 31.
3. Faith in it gives remission of sins.—Acts x. 43.
4. Faith in it makes a man whole.—Acts iii. 6.
5. Faith in it makes us sons of God.—John i. 12.
6. Faith in it gives power in prayer.—John xiv. 13.
7. Faith in it gives victory over devils.—Luke x. 17.
8. It is the motive power of the Christian life.—2 Tim. ii. 19.
9. It is the object of this world's hatred—Acts iv. 17.
10. It is the test by which the world is condemned.—John iii. 18.
11. It is the crowning glory of the redeemed in heaven.—Rev. iii. 12.

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world?" Brownlow North said, "The devil gained the whole world, and lost his own soul. Who would change places with the devil?"

Christ substituted for me before God, is my righteous-

ness. Christ substituted for me in myself is my sanctification.

We are most ashamed of Jesus when he has most need to be ashamed of us.

Assurance is the result of the reception of evidence.

God calls a thousand years as one day, and yet in 1 Sam. vii. 2, he speaks of "twenty years" as a "long time," showing how he feels our departure from him.

Gen. xiii. 12, 13: A great estate, but bad neighbors. So men take their families into a moral desert for the sake of a garden to play in.

Mark ix. 20: Like a bad tenant, the devil tried to do as much harm as he could when he got notice to quit.

Josh. xiii. 33: Self-denial is best for one's self, for then we oblige God to take care of us.

Luke xv. 13: The farthest a Christian can get from heaven is the world.

The religion of many Christians is like the Dingwall Free Church clock before its late repair. The beadle wound and timed it up on Sunday morning, but on other days it went from bad to worse.

"He that hath begun a good work in you, will finish it."—Phil. i. 6.

Mr. Spurgeon, leaning over the platform of a church where a work of grace was going on, heard a penitent in great distress below pray earnestly, "Lord, make a good job of me! Lord, make a good job of me!"

Justification: a change of state; a new standing before God. Repentance: a change of mind; a new opinion about God. Regeneration: a change of nature, a new heart from God. Conversion: a change of life; a new life from God. Adoption: a change of family; a new relationship towards God. Sanctification: a change of ser-

vice; separation unto God. Glorification: a change of place; a new condition with God.

The cream of earth's pleasure floats on top. He who thinks by a deeper draught to find yet more, fares worse.—Prov. xiv. 12.

God makes a promise: Faith believes it: Hope anticipates it: Patience quietly awaits it.—Heb. v. 12.

Hope is a good anchor, but it needs something to grip. Anchor to the throne and then shorten the rope.—Heb. v. 19.

The Master will only employ *clean* vessels to convey the water of life to thirsty souls.—2 Tim. ii. 21.

Ps. cxix. 136: Bendetti, a Franciscan monk, author of "Stabat Mater," one day was found weeping, and, when asked the reason of his tears, replied, "I weep because Love goes about unloved."

Luke ix. 61: The greatest step to heaven is out of our own doors.

John iv. 14: God does not want a dam, but a canal, to carry the Gospel. Dam up a spring and you get a frog-pond.

THE SAINT'S PLACE.

In Christ's hand—safety.

At his feet—learning.

At his side—fellowship.

Between his shoulders—power.

In his arms—rest.

WEAK THINGS MADE STRONG, IN JUDGES.

Left-handed, iii. 21; ox-goad, iii. 31; woman, iv. 4; nail, iv. 21; piece of a millstone, ix. 53; pitchers and trumpets, vii. 20; jawbone of an ass, xv. 15.

IN RUTH—BOAZ A TYPE OF CHRIST.

Lord of the harvest. Supplier of wants. Redeemer of the inheritance. Man who gives rest. Near-kinsman. Bridegroom.

DO THE KING'S BUSINESS

Heartily, Col. iii. 23. Diligently, Ezra vii. 23. Faithfully, 2 Chron. xxxiv. 12. Speedily, Ezra vii. 21.

ESTHER TEACHES

The wonderful overruling providence of God.

The love of God for his own people.

The power of God to overturn the devices of the wicked.

2 Tim. iv. 7: A child cried because the eggs were all broken when the chickens were hatched. But they had accomplished their work.

James iv. 17: The sins of ignorance are most numerous; but the sins of knowledge are most dangerous.

Isa. xl. 31: I never could understand the order—mount up, run, walk—until I saw a man riding a bicycle. It is easy to mount, but to walk or go slowly takes a clever rider. So with a convert.

The Scriptures naturally divide themselves into six portions: First: Genesis to Deuteronomy. The Pentateuch. Scene—The world and the wilderness. Second: Joshua to Esther. Historical. The land and the kingdom. Third: Job to Solomon's Song. Experimental. Fourth: Isaiah to Malachi. The Prophecies. Fifth: Matthew to John. The four evangelists. Christ on earth. Sixth: Acts to Revelation. Christ in heaven. The New Testa-

ment further divides itself into four parts, corresponding to the four divisions of the Old Testament. First: Matthew to John. Corresponding with Genesis to Deuteronomy. Christ on earth. Second: Acts. Corresponding with Joshua to Esther. Christ in heaven. Third: The Epistles. Corresponding with Job to Solomon's Song. Fourth: The Revelation. Corresponding with the Prophecies.

The believer's heart is God's storehouse.—Ps. iv. 7.

You may talk *about* Jesus, but as soon as you get into the valley of the shadow of death you may talk *to* him.—Ps. xxiii. 4.

It should be borne in mind, that as food naturally does not become vitalized until it has been brought in the lungs into communication with the atmospheric air, the air of heaven; so the sacred Scriptures only become vital and quickening in the soul's experience, as they are realized in the presence of God, and held in communion with him.

A short portion, attentively marked and prayed over becomes spiritual food.

The key to the Old Testament is Christ.

The Holy Spirit, speaking by St. Paul, tells Timothy that Holy Scripture was able to make wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. Thereby intimating that the study of the Old Testament will not profit unless it be with an eye to Christ.—Bishop Wordsworth.

Origen (200 A. D.) says: "St. Paul teaches us how to read the law of Moses. He gives us some specimens of a right interpretation of it, in order that by means of these, we may learn how to profit by it. For he would have us, who are Christians, differ from the disciples of the synagogue. They did not understand the law, and

therefore rejected Christ. But we, who understand it spiritually, prove it to have been given for the instruction of the church."

Augustine (400 A. D.) says: "The Old Testament has no true relish if Christ be not perceived in it."

"God is light, and in him is no darkness." When God's presence comes, there is the separation from evil.—1 John i. 5-7.

Creation glory. Man in God's image. Redemption love. God in man's image.—John i. 14; Phil. ii. 6-7.

God rested when he had made man. The Divine Spirit could only find rest in another spirit. He could not rest in matter, in the sun, in vegetation, in physical life. God's rest is communion, and he can only commune with that which is like himself.—Zeph. iii. 17.

God looked with pleasure upon his own works in creation, and said, "Very good." Sin came in, and, never till Christ came to accomplish the work of redemption, had God any pleasure again in looking down on the earth; then he could say, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."—Matt. iii. 17.

THE SEVEN "FORTY DAYS" OF SCRIPTURE.

1. Forty days of sin and its judgment.—Gen. vii. 4, 12, 17.
2. Forty days of law and mercy.—Exodus xxiv. 18; xxxiv. 28.
3. Forty days of faith and unbelief.—Deut. ix. 9; Num. xiii. 14.
4. Forty days of human weakness and divine strength.—1 Kings xix. 1-8.
5. Forty days of repentance and forgiveness.—Jonah iii.

6. Forty days of conflict and victory.—Luke iv. 2.

7. Forty days of redemption and glory.—Acts i. 3.

This is an inscription on a tombstone at Shrewsbury, England :

“For our Lord Jesus Christ’s sake
Do all the good you can
To all the people you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the places you can,
As long as ever you can.”

VII.

HOW MOODY FOUND SANKEY.



IN 1870 an incident occurred which marks the beginning of one of the most important epochs in Moody's life. It was in Indianapolis during the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association. Moody was holding an early morning prayer-meeting. There was no one to lead the singing and the meeting dragged. Suddenly a strange young man in the audience began a familiar hymn. It was an unusual voice, full of power and pathos, and in an instant the whole audience caught the spirit of the sweet singer and the meeting was saved. At the close Moody hurried up to the stranger and without waiting for an introduction asked, "Where do you live?" "In New Castle, Pennsylvania," answered the young man. "Are you married?" "Yes." "How many children have you?" "One." "I want you." "What for?" "To help me in my work at Chicago." "I can not leave my business." "You must. I have been looking for you for the last eight years. You must give up your business and come to Chicago with me." "I will think of it; I will pray over it; I will talk it over with my wife."

The young man was Ira D. Sankey, whose name has been familiarly linked with that of Mr. Moody in the thought of the Christian world for the past thirty years. Mr. Sankey was born in Edinburg, Pa., August 28, 1840. His father was in good circumstances and enjoyed the esteem of the community. From early child-



IRA D. SANKEY AT 38.

hood Ira was noted for his happy and confiding disposition. His luminous face for which he is distinguished was a noticeable feature in early boyhood, and won for him the praise of being "the finest little fellow in the neighborhood." There was nothing very remarkable in his early history. The gift of song developed at a very tender age. It was altogether a gift; he never took lessons from any one, and when but a small boy he managed to make passable music on almost every sort of instrument that came in his way. An old Scotch farmer in the neighborhood exerted a marked influence on his early life. "The first recollection that I have of anything pertaining to religious life," said Mr. Sankey at a children's meeting in Dundee, Scotland, "was in connection with him. I remember he took me by the hand along with his own boys to the Sabbath School—that old place which I shall remember to my dying day. He was a plain man and I can see him standing up and praying for the children. He had a great warm heart and the children all loved him. It was years after that when I was converted, but my impressions were received when I was very young from that man." Young Sankey was converted in his fifteenth year and became a member of the Methodist Church. "This young Christian was richly endowed with a spirit for singing spiritual songs. His rich and beautiful voice gave a clear utterance to the emotions of his sympathetic, joyous nature, and was potent in carrying messages from his heart to the hearts of his hearers. It now became his delight to devote this precious gift to the service of his Lord, and it was his continual prayer that the Holy Spirit would bless the words sung to the conversion of those who flocked to the services to hear him. His father moved to New

Castle soon after the youth's conversion, and shortly afterwards young Sankey was appointed superintendent of the Sunday School in that place. This Sunday School under his care was blessed with a continual revival. His singing of the Gospel invitations, it is said, dates from this period. In addition to his work as superintendent, he had a class of seventy adults, and this weighty responsibility made him a very earnest student of the Bible."

In 1861, he entered the army, where he served his term of enlistment not only as a soldier of his country but as a soldier of Christ. In camp he was always holding prayer-meetings and doing personal work among the soldiers. On his return home he became assistant to his father as collector of internal revenue, a position which he held with credit until his resignation nearly ten years later. By this time his musical talent soon opened up for him a wide field beyond his own community, and he was soon in constant demand at conventions and other great religious gatherings.

Mr. Sankey did not at once accept Moody's invitation to join him in Chicago. There were many practical objections arising from his business and family connections. "I am a government officer," he said to Moody, "and I may find it difficult to get released." "There is a better government to serve than this," Moody answered. That very afternoon, however, says a writer in the *Congregationalist*, the first Moody and Sankey meeting was held, with no advertisement except singing as led by Mr. Moody's newly found friend. "It was an outdoor gathering. The masses were there. Mr. Moody brought out a box from a store to a favorably located street corner, mounted it, and there a short but fervent

meeting of song and prayer was held. At the close of this open prayer-meeting the two evangelists headed a procession for the Academy of Music, where the convention meetings were held, singing as they marched with the crowd into the Academy of Music, the convention having adjourned the discussion of how to reach the masses and gone to supper. When the delegates got back to the Academy building they found it nearly half filled with the lapsed masses about whom they had been discussing. Mr. Moody cut short his second address, dismissed the audience and went out with Sankey to get something to eat." Mr. Sankey was greatly impressed with these two meetings and said to Mr. Moody, "You are reaching the masses while other people are talking about it." At the close of the convention Mr. Sankey returned home and talked the question over with his family. He did not see his duty clearly at once, but Mr. Moody kept writing to him and finally persuaded him to go to Chicago and look the ground over. On his arrival, Mr. Sankey went first to Mr. Moody's home, reaching there just as family prayers were being held. "Almost before Mr. Moody introduced him to his family," says a writer, "he asked him to sing a hymn and thus contribute his part towards the informal service of praise. Then the two men went out into the streets of the city, visiting the sick and unfortunate. That day must have been a notable one in the personal history of the two men who afterwards commanded the eager attention of great audiences on both sides of the sea. On this occasion, as two ordinary missionaries, they went about from house to house, singing and reading the Bible and speaking the word of cheer and hope wherever it was needed. During the week they held

meetings in the Illinois Street Church of which Mr. Moody was the head. On Sunday a great meeting was held in Farwell Hall, and as the organist happened to be absent, Mr. Sankey was compelled to sing without instrumental accompaniment. The effect of the service upon the people was so marked that Mr. Moody turned to the singer and said, 'You see I was right.' There were that night not less than one hundred inquirers."

They worked together until the great fire, when, having lost all of their possessions, they were compelled to separate. Mr. Sankey returned to his family in Pennsylvania, but three months later a telegram from Mr. Moody recalled him to the work of the new Tabernacle in Chicago. In the midst of the season of trial following the Chicago fire an incident occurred which was destined to influence Mr. Sankey's whole after life. This incident Mr. Sankey related in a meeting at Dundee, Scotland. "I want to speak a word," said he, "about singing, not only to the little folks, but to the grown people. During the winter after the great Chicago fire, when the place was built up with little frame houses for the people to stay in, a mother sent for me one day to come and see her little child who was one of our Sabbath School scholars. I remembered her very well, having seen her in the meetings very frequently, and was glad to go. She was lying in one of those poor little huts, everything having been burned in the fire. I ascertained that she was past all hope of recovery and that they were waiting for the little one to pass away. 'How is it with you to-day,' I asked. With a beautiful smile on her face, she said, 'It is all well with me to-day. I wish you would speak to my father and mother.' 'But,' said I, 'are you a Christian?' 'Yes,' 'When did you become one?' 'Do

you remember last Thursday in the Tabernacle when we had that little singing meeting and you sang "Jesus Loves Even Me?"' 'Yes.' 'It was last Thursday I believed on the Lord Jesus, and now I am going to be with him to-day.' That testimony from that little child in that neglected quarter of Chicago has done more to stimulate me and bring me to this country than all that the papers or any person may say. I remember the joy I had in looking upon that beautiful face. She went up to Heaven and no doubt said she learned upon the earth that Jesus loved her from that little hymn. If you want to enjoy a blessing, go to the bedside of these dying ones and sing to them of Jesus, for they cannot enjoy these meetings as you do. You will get a great blessing to your souls."

When Mr. Moody visited England in the spring of 1872, Sankey was left behind to lead in the services of the Tabernacle. During the year he spent his leisure hours in gathering a number of spiritual hymns which he thought especially adapted for evangelistic services and arranging them into a musical scrap-book—the only book, by the way, except his Bible which he took with him on his subsequent voyage to Europe.

When Moody went to England the following year, he took Mr. Sankey with him. When he determined to go to Scotland his singing companion became a problem, for Mr. Sankey did not sing according to Scotch traditions. He sang very few Psalms at all and he did not sing these in the accepted versions. And then there was his organ, that "kist fu' o' whustles," which was an abomination to every Scotchman. Yet in spite of these obstacles the way was wonderfully opened to the hearts of the people, and wherever the two evangelists went the

crowds were so great that they were compelled to hold meetings in the open air—Moody being received, as some one has said, as a prophet of the Lord, and Sankey in spite of his organ, as an humble successor of the salmest himself. Now and then some of the elders of the churches in the Highlands could not refrain from expressing their dislike to Sankey's hymns. One of them said to his pastor, "I can't do with the hymns; they are all the time in my head and I can't get them out. The Psalms never trouble me that way." Said the pastor, who had already been won over to the singing by the evangelist, "Then I think you should keep to the Psalms."

Mrs. Barbour has thus described the impression made on his audience at Edinburgh: "Mr. Sankey sings with the conviction that souls are receiving Jesus between the note and the next. The stillness is over-awing. Some of the lines are more spoken than sung. The hymns are equally used for awakening—none more than *Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By*.' And when you hear *'The Ninety-and-Nine'* sung, you know of a truth that down in this corner, up in that gallery, behind that pillar which hides the face of the listener, the man, Christ Jesus, has been finding this and that and yonder lost one and place them in his fold. A certain class of hearers come to the service solely to hear Mr. Sankey, and the angels throw the Lord's net around them. We asked Mr. Sankey one day what he was to sing. He said, 'I will not know until I hear how Mr. Moody is closing.' Again, we were driving to the Cannongate Parish church one winter night, and Mr. Sankey said to the young minister who had come for him, 'I am thinking of singing *"I Am So Glad,"* to-night.' 'Oh,' said the

young man, 'please do rather sing "Jesus of Nazareth." An old man told me to-day that he had been awakened by it the last night you were down. He said, "It just went through me like an electric shock." ' * * *

"At a noonday prayer-meeting when the hymn, 'Sowing the Seed by the Daylight Fair,' was announced for singing, Mr. Sankey spoke, as follows: 'Before we sing this hymn I will tell you one reason why we should sing these hymns. It is because God is blessing them to many a poor wanderer who comes to this building night after night. Last week a man who had once occupied a high position in life came into this hall and sat down. While I was singing this hymn he took out his pass-book and wrote out these words:

" Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame ;
Oh ! what shall the harvest be ? "

"Last night that man in the inquiry-room went on his knees, and asked God to break the chain that had dragged him down from such a high position to the lowest of the low. He said he had resolved when he went out of that praise-meeting that he would cease to indulge in the intoxicating cup; but before he reached home he went into a saloon and broke his resolution. We prayed for him last night. He is now praying that God may break his chain. I want you to pray that this brand may be plucked from the burning, and that God may use these Gospel hymns to turn the hearts of sinful men."

One day while waiting for a train at Glasgow, Mr.

Sankey bought a copy of a penny religious newspaper to read on his journey. When he entered the car he threw it carelessly on the seat and gave no further heed to it until some distance on the way, when he turned to it for want of further occupation. "As Mr. Sankey read," says a writer in a New York journal, "he came upon some little verses tucked away at the bottom of the column and published anonymously. It is doubtful whether he would have noticed the verses at all had not the first two lines caught his eye, but they had strength in them, and so he read on:

" 'There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold.'

"So it began, and Mr. Sankey followed down the lines, while the train for Edinburgh rushed on at sixty miles an hour.

" 'Hurrah!' cried Mr. Sankey, bringing his hand down on his knee in characteristic enthusiasm. 'I've found the hymn I've been looking for for years.'

" 'Yes,' said Mr. Moody, 'what is it?'

" 'It's about a sheep.'

" 'A sheep?'

" 'Yes, a sheep which was lost on the mountains and carried home by the shepherd.'

" 'H'm, h'm,' said Mr. Moody, not paying much attention; 'read it.'

"Mr. Sankey did read it, and he put feeling into his words, for the beauty of the verses impressed him; but when he looked up, he saw that Mr. Moody had heard nothing of the reading, being lost in his letters.

" 'All right,' said Mr. Sankey to himself, 'he'll hear that hymn later on;' and cutting out the verses from the paper, he put them away carefully for future use.

"A few days after this the evangelists held a revival meeting in Edinburgh at the Free Assembly Hall. Mr. Moody spoke most eloquently on the Good Shepherd, and then followed an address by Dr. Horatius Bonar, the author of

" ' I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me, and rest.'

"As Dr. Bonar finished, there came over the meeting that stillness which indicates deep spiritual feeling. Bending down from his pulpit towards Mr. Sankey, who sat at his right by the little melodeon, Mr. Moody said:

" 'Mr. Sankey, have you anything to sing on this subject as a solo?'

"Mr. Sankey hesitated. He could think of nothing directly on the subject except the Twenty-third Psalm, which had already been sung three times that day by the congregation. They must have something else. Like a flash it came to him, 'Sing the song you found on the train.' But his second thought was, 'How can I sing a hymn without a tune?' Meanwhile the audience was waiting in silence. 'Sing the hymn you found on the train,' came the thought again, this time imperatively. Mr. Sankey opened his little scrap-book of solos, found the newspaper slip, laid it before him on the rack of the melodeon, and then struck a full chord and began to sing. What notes he sang he did not know, nor what chords he played; he took no heed of harmony, nor of the laws of musical progression. Somehow he got through the first stanza, and then he paused and played some chords on the melodeon, waiting to begin the second stanza. The thought came to him, 'Can I sing the second stanza as I did the first; can I remember the

notes?' and he concentrated his mind once more for the effort, and began to sing again. And so he went through the five stanzas, and the audience sat as still as death until he finished with the last glad shout:

“ ‘ And the angels echoed around the throne,
Rejoice ! For the Lord brings back his own.’

“When it was all over, Mr. Moody came down from the pulpit, and, resting a hand on Mr. Sankey's shoulder, looked with wonder at the newspaper clipping.

“ ‘ My dear friend,’ he said, ‘ where did you get that song; I never heard anything like it.’

“ ‘ That,’ said Mr. Sankey, ‘ is the hymn I read on the train—the one you didn't hear.’

“And thus the tune of the ‘Ninety-and-Nine’ was born into the world, a tune which has gone round the world. As it was sung that day in Edinburgh by inspiration, so it has been written down in the hymn-books and so it has been sung in many languages, and no note or chord of it has been changed, nor would Mr. Sankey consent to the slightest change, not to please all the musical critics in the world.”

.

VIII.

THRUST FORTH.



IN 1867 Mrs. Moody was in poor health and upon the advice of her physician her husband resolved to take her to England. This decision was reached like most of Moody's decisions, after much prayer and without consulting his purse. When the arrangements were being made for the trip there was no money in sight, but this seems to have caused him no uneasiness. It came at the last moment from a few friends who had learned of his intentions.

Dr. Trumbull, writing in the *Sunday School Times* of Moody's first public appearance before a London audience, says:

"Having before this met Fountain J. Hartley, an honorary secretary of the London Sunday School Union, during his visit to America, Mr. Moody was invited to speak at the anniversary of that society, or possibly of the Ragged School Union, in Exeter Hall. It is customary in England for a speaker on such an occasion to be connected with a formal resolution, as its mover or seconder, in order to give him a right to the floor. Therefore Mr. Moody was assigned to move a vote of thanks to the chairman of the evening, who in this instance was the well-known Earl of Shaftesbury.

"Towards the close of the meeting the chairman yielded his place to the vice-chairman, in order that such a resolution could be offered. The vice-chairman announced that they were glad to welcome their "Amer-

ican cousin, the Rev. Mr. Moody, of Chicago," who would now "move a vote of thanks to the noble Earl" who had presided on this occasion. The whole thing was quite out of Mr. Moody's way of doing things. Had he attempted, at once, to conform to English ways, he might, or he might not, have succeeded in doing it gracefully; but he was too much of a man to try to be other than himself, and he brushed aside all forms, and showed himself as he was.

"With refreshing frankness, and an utter disregard of conventionalities and mere compliments, Mr. Moody burst upon the audience with the bold announcement: 'The chairman has made two mistakes. To begin with, I'm not the "Reverend" Mr. Moody at all. I'm plain Dwight L. Moody, a Sunday School worker. And then I'm not your "American cousin;" by the grace of God, I'm your brother, who is interested, with you, in our Father's work for his children.

"'And now about this vote of thanks to "the noble Earl" for being our chairman this evening. I don't see why we should thank him, any more than he should thank us. When at one time they offered to thank our Mr. Lincoln for presiding over a meeting in Illinois, he stopped it. He said he'd tried to do his duty, and they'd tried to do theirs. He thought it was about an even thing all 'round.'

"That opening," says Dr. Trumbull, "fairly took the breath away from Moody's hearers. Such a talk could not be gauged by any known standard; its novelty was refreshing. Mr. Moody carried his English hearers from that beginning to his latest labors. Indeed, that first talk of Moody's secured for him an invitation to visit England again as a leader in evangelistic labors."



DWIGHT L. MOODY AT 36.

While in London, Moody preached nearly a hundred sermons and succeeded in organizing a noonday prayer-meeting, but he does not seem to have made much impression upon the community. However, Moody himself received an impression which remained with him to the end of his life. It came in a single sentence. "Mr. Moody," said Mr. Varley, the British evangelist, to him one day, "it remains for the world to see what the Lord can do with a man wholly consecrated to Christ." These words struck to the very bottom of Moody's heart, and probably had more to do with his return to England than any other means. "Those were the words of the Lord," he said to Mr. Varley several years afterwards, "through your lips to my soul."

On returning to America Moody entered with new zeal upon his work and succeeded in infusing fresh life into his church and Sabbath School. Not content with the work which his own church gave him to do he began to take the lead in almost every religious enterprise that came to his hand. He was president and at that time the very soul of the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago. He conducted the great Sunday School campaign which put Illinois in the front rank of Sunday School States. With all these labors there still remained so much unexpended energy that he felt compelled to run out now and then over the State to hold great open-air revival meetings.

*Dr. Clark relates an incident which illustrates the character of Moody's work as an evangelist at this period.

"He had been twice invited to come and hold meet-

* "Work of God in Great Britain." By Dr. Rufus Clark. New York: Harper & Brothers.

ings in certain counties in the State, but pressure of duties had compelled him to decline. Having in summer a leisure week he sent word to one of the pastors that he was coming, and took the next train. When he arrived the pastor said to him 'I am sorry you have come. When we wrote you all seemed favorable for a revival; now all promise is gone.' He went to see another pastor who gave him practically the same answer. Moody was not long in deciding what to do. He persuaded a few persons to go with him to the corner of a public square. Finding a dry-goods box he tumbled it over and mounting upon it began to speak. At first few stopped to listen; others came until a large crowd of eager listeners had gathered around him. Many seemed deeply moved while some wept. At the close he invited all to attend another meeting to be held in a church near by. Such a multitude flocked to the church that it could not hold them. Other meetings followed with increased interest. God poured out his Spirit and a blessed revival followed."

Through all these labors there remained the impression which had come to him on his visit to England that he ought to return and "win," as he expressed it, "ten thousand souls for Christ." The words of Varley still lay on his heart. The great Chicago fire, strange as it may seem, only served to deepen the impression. This fire occurred on the evening of October 8, 1871, while Moody was holding service at Farwell Hall. That was the night, he often said afterwards, when he made the greatest mistake of his life. He had been preaching a series of sermons on the Life of Christ. He had taken our Lord from the cradle and followed him up to the judgment hall. That night he finished a sermon on

"What shall I do with Jesus," and then said to the audience: "Now I want you to take the question home with you and think it over and next Sunday I want you to come back and tell me what you are going to do with him."

"What a mistake!" he said in a sermon which he preached on the twenty-second anniversary of the great fire. "It seems now as if Satan was in my mind when I said this. Since then I have never dared give an audience a week to think of their salvation. If they were lost they might rise up in judgment against me. 'Now is the accepted time.' I remember Mr. Sankey singing and how his voice rang when he came to that pleading verse:

" 'To-day the Saviour calls,
For refuge fly !
The storm of Justice falls,
And death is nigh !'

"After the meeting we went home. I remember going down LaSalle street with a young man who saw the glare of flames. I said to the young man, 'This means ruin to Chicago.' About one o'clock Farwell Hall was burned; soon the church in which I had preached went down and everything was scattered. I have never seen that congregation since. I have had hard work to keep back the tears to-day. I have looked over this audience and not a single one is here that I preached to that night. One lesson I learned that night which I have never forgotten—when I preach to press Christ upon the people then and there, and try to bring them to a decision on the spot. I would rather have that right hand cut off than give an audience a week to decide what to do with Jesus."

Moody's home, as well as his church, stood in the pathway of the flames and when it was all over he had nothing left. After doing what he could for the immediate relief of the sufferers in his neighborhood he made a hurried trip to Philadelphia, New York and Washington, where he soon collected sufficient money to build a tabernacle. This tabernacle—a rude structure a hundred and nine feet by seventy-five—was completed within eight weeks after the fire, the workmen being aided by a multitude of poor women and children, who frequently toiled far into the night. At the dedication more than a thousand children were present. For months the tabernacle served as a home for Moody and his family as well as a distributing point for much of the charity that the world poured into the lap of the stricken city. Religious services were constantly going on in one part of the building, while in other rooms crowds of good women were sewing, mending, arranging, and distributing clothes and other forms of material help. The Sunday program left little to be desired except rest for the pastor. "Lord's Supper every Sunday at nine in the morning, preaching by Mr. Moody at half-past ten, at the close of which he waited at the door to greet the people as they passed out; then dinner in the class room at which a number of Sunday School teachers were present to talk over the work of the day. Immediately after dinner a teachers' meeting for the study of the lesson; at three o'clock Sunday School, with Mr. Moody for superintendent, following it a teachers' prayer-meeting, also led by him, then supper in the class room, then the Yoke-fellows' prayer-meeting; preaching at half-past seven, after which Mr. Moody held a meeting for inquirers which sometimes lasted far into the night."

Through this trying period Moody worked with the intensity of a man trying to appease a ravenous appetite. As a matter of fact it was the rush of a hungry man. We have the story of this restless experience, and of its wonderful culmination, from his own lips.

"I myself can go back almost twelve years," he says in one of his sermons, "and remember two holy women who used to come to my meetings. It was delightful to see them there. When I began to preach I could tell by the expression of their faces that they were praying for me. At the close of the Sabbath meeting they said, 'We have been praying for you.' I said, 'Why don't you pray for the people?' They answered, 'You need the power.' 'I need the power!' I said to myself; Why. I thought I had the power. I had a large Sabbath School, and the largest congregation in Chicago. There were some conversions at the time. I was, in a sense, satisfied. But right along these two godly women kept praying for me, and their earnest talk about 'anointing for special service' set me thinking. I asked them to come and talk with me, and we got down on our knees. They poured out their hearts that I might receive an anointing from the Holy Spirit, and there came a great hunger into my soul. I did not know what it was. I began to cry as I never did before. The hunger increased. I really felt that I did not want to live longer if I could not have this power for service. Then came the Chicago fire. I was burnt out of house and home at two o'clock in the morning. This did not so much affect me; my heart was full of yearning for divine power. I was to go on a special mission to raise funds for the homeless, but my heart was not in the work of begging. I was crying all the time that God would fill me with his Spirit. Well

one day, in the city of New York—oh, what a day—I cannot describe it; I seldom refer to it; it is almost too sacred an experience to name. Paul had an experience of which he never spoke for fourteen years. I can only say, God then revealed himself to me, and I had such an experience of his love that I had to ask him to stay his hand. I went to preaching again. I did not present any new truths. The sermons were not different, and yet hundreds were converted. I would not now be placed back where I was before that blessed experience if you would give me all Glasgow—it would be as the small dust of the balance.”

Dr. Clark tells of another extraordinary experience which he had not long afterwards. One day he called upon a friend and as he began to speak he burst into tears. He said that he hardly knew what the Lord intended to do with him. He seemed to be “taking him all to pieces,” as he expressed it, and showing him his unworthiness and feebleness. He could not describe, or even understand, the strange emotions that had taken possession of him. A few days afterwards, he made an appointment with four or five friends to hold a season of prayer. One of the number remembers that on entering the room he found the little party all kneeling, and all in tears, pouring out their supplications in great agony of spirit, not to be denied the guidance and strength and power they sought. They were begging a full baptism of the Holy Spirit, and that God would use them for his own glory, and for the salvation of perishing souls. “We have reason to believe,” says Dr. Clark, that at that time Mr. Moody received a fresh and full baptism of the Spirit, and that it was the divine preparation of his soul for the great work upon which all

Christianity looks to-day with wonder, and with thanksgiving to God."

In 1872 he went to England and connected himself with Philip Phillips, the singing evangelist, who was then making a tour of Great Britain. The object of this trip, as he told George Adam Smith, was to study the situation. He went to hear the English preachers and to watch their effects. He made himself familiar with the tendencies of the popular religion and with the wants of the people outside of the Church. "In such tactics," says George Adam Smith, "there is something apostolic, something that resembles Paul himself in this unknown foreigner, once an humble seller of shoes, patiently laying his plans through the year for the invasion of the whole nation of whom half a dozen individuals have never heard of him."

In June of the following year, accompanied by Mr. Sankey, he returned to England on his great mission.

IX.

MOODY AND SANKEY STIR GREAT BRITAIN.



OWARDS the end of the summer of 1873," says George Adam Smith in his "Life of Henry Drummond,"* "two Americans landed at Liverpool for the purpose of holding religious services in the large cities of England. To quote their bills, one of them preached and the other sang the Gospel. The singer was the younger of the two, thirty-four years of age, with a strong baritone voice, and he sang sitting at an American organ, upon which he accompanied himself. The one who preached was about thirty-seven, short, thickset, with a heavy jaw and strong American accent. Their names were American, with the usual middle initial—Dwight L. Moody, the preacher, and Ira D. Sankey, the singer."

On his visit to England in 1867, Moody had received an invitation from the Rev. Mr. Pennefather, a London clergyman of the Established Church, and from Mr. Cuthbert Bainbridge, a Wesleyan layman of New Castle, to come and labor with them. When he arrived at Queenstown on his way to Liverpool he received a letter stating that both of these gentlemen were dead. "Thus we were left," says Mr. Sankey, "without an invitation and without friends." At Liverpool they stopped over night at a hotel, where Moody declared to Sankey that as the doors seemed to be closed to them in England, he would not attempt to open any. If the Lord opened

* "The Life of Henry Drummond." By George Adam Smith. Copyright by Doubleday & McClure Co., New York.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE NORTHFIELD SCHOOLS.

the door, they would go in; otherwise they would return to America. "That night," says Mr. Sankey, "Moody found an unopened letter among his papers. It had been received before we sailed, and it proved to be an invitation to the effect that if we ever came to Europe we would be gladly welcomed at York, to speak at the Young Men's Christian Association there. Mr. Moody said at once, 'We will go to York.' The next morning he sent a telegram to Mr. Bennett, the secretary of the Association, informing him that he was ready to begin work. The secretary replied that religion was at a low ebb in York, and that it would require at least a month to get ready for a revival—the telegram closing by asking Moody when he might be expected. To this telegram Moody immediately replied, 'I will be in York to-night.' "

And to York he went. The meetings for the first day or two were very small. On the third day the building began to fill, and by the end of the week no building in the city would hold all the people who desired to attend. The crowd seemed to be drawn together chiefly by curiosity, however, and little was accomplished.

From York they went to Sunderland, where they were received coldly, it having gone abroad that they were adventurers from the States who had crossed the water for English gold. Moody's blunt manner did not help matters, and his ignorance of red tape, upon which the English place so high a value, was often very shocking. Finding little sympathy here, they went on to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where the way was opened for them by a friendly editorial in a Newcastle paper from the pen of the member of Parliament for that section. "We have not done much work in York and Sunderland," said

Moody on his arrival, "because the ministers opposed us; but we are going to stay in Newcastle until we make an impression and live down the prejudices of the good people who do not understand us." And he was as good as his word. After a few days the tide began to turn in his favor and he took courage. "We are on the eve of a great revival," he said, "which may cover Great Britain and perhaps make itself felt in America. And why," he continued, "may not the fire burn as long as I live? When this revival spirit dies, may I die with it!" In a little while the whole community became aroused; hundreds were converted, Bibles were circulated, Sunday Schools overflowed, and, as some one has said, "a new style of religious life was introduced into Northumberland."

The next meeting was in Edinburgh. It was a daring venture for a man of Moody's meager education. "What can such a man as I do," said he, "up there among those great Scotch divines?" And his fears were not groundless. Many of the best people of Edinburgh were sorely perplexed at the methods he employed, and it was distressing to them to have a man praise God on an organ, or sing such simple heart-songs as Mr. Sankey sang, in place of the grand old Psalms that were sung by the sainted Covenanters. But these difficulties were soon overcome and forgotten amid the scenes of one of the greatest revivals that Scotland ever witnessed.

The Free Church Assembly Hall, the largest building in Edinburgh, and the Established Church Assembly Hall, were crowded every evening. The daily press reported the progress of the revival, and multitudes came from distant towns to share its blessings. The whole city talked of nothing else. At one of the meetings six

hundred persons accepted Christ. The London press began to take notice of the movement, and the work of the revivalists found a place in the cable dispatches. Great yearnings for a better life took possession of the hearts of multitudes, and in thousands of homes the deepest concern was felt by parents for their children, and by masters and mistresses for their servants. It is said that there was scarcely a Christian household in Edinburgh in which there was not one or more members converted during this period. The leading ministers of all denominations gave their hearty support to the movement. Dr. Horatius Bonar says that it was not only in the regions around the Free Assembly Hall, or in other choice localities in Edinburgh and Leith, "but also among the poor and neglected population of Cannongate and Cowgate that the revival tide was observed to be rising. God seemed to bring to the place all classes and conditions of men." A merchant, whose place of business was in the neighborhood where drunken men and women frequently passed the door, declared that the influence of the revival was plainly apparent among the lower classes; for since it began he had seen very few persons pass his place in a state of intoxication. A confectioner, whose trade consisted chiefly in providing ball suppers, was disgusted with the revival; it almost spoiled his business.

The meetings continued until the 21st of January. In May the evangelists returned for a three days' meeting, at the end of which ten thousand people followed them to Queen's Park to bid them farewell. "It was a solemn time," says an eye-witness. "There was a mass of men and women and children, unsaved and needing to hear words of salvation, and they heard them. It was an im-

pressive scene to see masses of human beings hanging or sitting on the shelves and on the clefts of the rocks behind the preacher." When Moody was through with his farewell sermon, the great crowd pressed around him, and he was compelled to flee from them to the carriage awaiting him. Mr. Sankey had equal difficulty in getting away from the thousands that wished to shake his hand. "There never was," says the writer whom I have just quoted, "such an enormous meeting in Edinburgh, or anywhere else, so far as we have ever heard."

Moody has left us an interesting anecdote relating to the Edinburgh meeting. When he was at the inquiry meeting in Assembly Hall, one of the ushers came around and said, "Mr. Moody, I'd like to put that man out; he's one of the greatest infidels in Edinburgh." "He had been the chairman of an infidel club for years. I went around to where he was and sat down by him. 'How is it with you, my friend?' I asked, and then he laughed and said, 'You say God answers prayer; I tell you he doesn't. I don't believe in a God. Try it on me.' 'Will you get down with me and pray?' I asked him; but he wouldn't. So I got down on my knees before him and prayed. Next night he was there again. I prayed and quite a number of others prayed for him. A few months after that, away up in the North of Scotland, at Wick, I was preaching in the open air, and while I stood there I saw the infidel standing on the outskirts of the crowd. I went up to him at the close of the meeting and said: 'How is it with you, my friend?' He laughed and said, 'I told you praying is all false; God hasn't answered your prayers; go and talk to these deluded people.' He had just the same spirit as before, but I relied on faith,

Shortly after I got a letter from a barrister—a Christian. He was preaching one night in Edinburgh, when this infidel went up to him and said: 'I want you to pray for me; I am troubled.' The barrister asked, 'What is the trouble?' and he replied: 'I don't know what's the matter, but I don't have any peace, and I want you to pray for me.' Next day he went around to the lawyer's office and he said that he had found Christ.

"This man is now doing good work, and I heard that out of thirty inquirers there, ten or twelve of his old associates and friends were among them. So, if you have God with you, and you go to work for him, and you meet infidels and skeptics, just bear in mind that you can win them through faith. When Christ saw the faith of those four men, he said to the man: 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.' My friends, if you have faith, all things are possible."

It was in Edinburgh that Moody met and won Henry Drummond, just then on the threshold of manhood. "Drummond," says George Adam Smith in the volume quoted at the beginning of this chapter, "was curiously different from the man with whom he was to become such an intimate colleague—not in theology nor in zeal to win his fellow-men to Christ, but in those other things that, by the bitter irony of our lives, separate us from each other far more cruelly than even the divisions in religion. His accent, his style, his tastes, were at the other pole from that of the evangelist. His nature was quiet and reserved—an excited preacher was always a wonder to him. He had a perilous sense of humor, and I do not think that he ever really cared for public meetings, nor did the social possibilities of the movement attract him; at this time he had not the civic conscience. But from

the first he felt Mr. Moody's sincerity, and the practical worth of his new methods." On his side, Moody was feeling the need of a young man to take charge of the meetings for young men, and as Professor Smith says, it is a tribute to his insight that he chose one whose style and tastes were so different from his own. At first, Drummond was employed like other students, in the inquiry-room. Then he began to address meetings. The news of the great work of the American evangelists had spread abroad and kindled revival fires throughout Great Britain, and from every quarter there came requests for help. In meeting this demand, Moody found no one so efficient as young Drummond. "I suppose," writes Drummond, in a letter which Professor Smith has published in his biography—"I suppose I am fairly engaged now to follow Moody all winter, and take his young men's meetings. I cannot help thinking more and more every day that this is the work God has planned for me this session. Why I should have such a tremendous privilege is the only mystery to me. I don't believe there has ever been such an opportunity for work in the history of the church."

Drummond's admiration for Moody was boundless. He declared him to be the "greatest human he had ever met." "In largeness of heart, in breadth of views, in peacefulness and self-obliteration, in sheer goodness and love, none can stand beside him." Dr. Trumbull relates an incident which gives some pleasant glimpses of the inner spirit of both Moody and Drummond, and of the regard which each had for the other.

"Moody asked me one evening," he says, "to take an early drive with him on the following morning, and then come back to breakfast with Drummond. We started

in an open buggy before six o'clock. Moody wanted me to see one of his favorite drives. It was along a wooded road. In a shaded dell we stopped to hear the birds sing and the brook murmur in the forest on the right. Moody spoke softly and delightedly: 'Isn't that nice? I love to come out here!' His glowing face showed his joy.

"As we stopped there for a few minutes, Moody spoke of Drummond with admiration and affection. He told of Drummond's kind services as a volunteer secretary during the Moody and Sankey first campaign in Scotland, and of the lovely spirit Drummond showed in it all. He said: 'I'd read the letters that came to me from different places, asking me to have a series of meetings in their town, and then I'd tell Drummond what to write. One letter was a sort of demand on me to come there at a certain time. I was sort of indignant, and I said, "Tell that man I've got too much to do to come to his place at any time." Drummond just said quietly, "Shall I tell him just that, Moody?" What a gentle, loving rebuke to me that was! "No, Drummond," I said, "you needn't say that. Answer him just as you think best. I'll leave it to you."'

"Then, as he took up the reins to start homeward, Moody said tenderly: 'I tell you, Trumbull, Drummond is the sweetest-spirited Christian I ever knew.' What a testimony that was from such a man to such a man.

"At noon that day, after a breakfast with Drummond at Moody's home, and after the forenoon meeting in the hall, where Moody had given expression, in his positive way, to what had appeared to Drummond a somewhat narrow view of the Bible, I was talking with the latter, and he talked of Moody. 'Dear Moody!' he said. 'I wish he had a somewhat broader view of the Bible, in

order to get its full enjoyment. But I tell you what it is, Trumbull—Moody is the sweetest-spirited Christian I ever knew.' What a testimony that was from such a man to such a man!'

From Edinburgh Moody and Sankey went to Glasgow, where at one meeting more than a thousand remained for prayer. At another a hundred young men stood up and accepted Christ. At one of the meetings for children, the boys, who were "delighted with the simplicity of the preaching and the sweetness of the songs, climbed up the stairs and filled the pulpit, and hung as bees in quest of the honey around the speaker." At one time the crowd, numbering about twenty thousand, filled the streets for a great distance around the building.

The Rev. Elias Nason was in Glasgow a year after the departure of the evangelists when ample time had elapsed for measuring the magnitude of the work that had been done. He found that the noonday prayer-meetings were still sustained, and at one of these a Lutheran pastor from the south of Germany testified that a year before he had been in Glasgow to attend the great meeting; that he had been wonderfully blessed, and that when he returned home to his work the Lord in an extraordinary manner poured out his Spirit upon the people. Many of the villages near by were earnestly seeking salvation, and this pastor had returned to Glasgow for a new baptism, as he said, that he might better lead his flock. More than three thousand people had joined the various churches as a result of the meeting, and many more were ready to unite with them, while more than seventeen thousand had signed a temperance pledge. One of the ministers of Glasgow declared that

"dear auld Scotland had never seen such a year of blessing in all her history." And another testified "that Moody and Sankey had done more to revolutionize the service of song in the churches, to liberalize the hard features of the Scottish faith and to save Scotland from the terrible curse of strong drink than had been done by any twenty men in the last three hundred years."

Nothing was more wonderful to the Scotch than the boldness with which Moody attacked the liquor traffic on every hand. On one occasion he was standing in the pulpit in what was known as the Distillers' Kirk, and a distiller was acting in the place of Mr. Sankey in leading the singing; when in the midst of a most animated address he paused and said: "Is there a rich distiller here who has made his money by ruining the bodies and souls of men? I say to him, If you expect or desire the favor of God, make restitution to the right parties. Do not think to make peace by giving a thousand pounds to build a church. Go to the widows you have made, and to the orphans you have made, and to them restore as far as lies in your power."

During the summer the evangelists visited most of the large towns in Scotland, and in September they began a meeting in Belfast, Ireland. Here the work was a success from the start. At one service more than two hundred young men accepted Christ. At another the people waiting to hear the evangelists stood closely packed in a field of about six acres. From Belfast they went to Londonderry, and from thence to Dublin, where preparations had been made for their coming. "We have never before," wrote an Episcopal clergyman, "seen such sights in Dublin. One feels that the Spirit of God is present, and that a wave of prayer is continually going

up to the throne from the Lord's people." Sometimes as many as seven hundred persons would remain to the inquiry meetings, asking the way to be saved. The daily press published full reports of the meetings, and, as a result, the seeds of the Gospel were sown broadcast over Ireland. The best people of the community, including professors in the University, noblemen, military officers, and in many instances Roman Catholic priests, were present at the meetings. Moody's hold on all classes became so strong that it was unpopular to ridicule him. It was unsafe to speak of him or Mr. Sankey disrespectfully. During a pantomime at one of the Dublin theatres a clown entered and said, "I feel rather Moody." The pantaloon rejoined, "I feel rather Sankey-monious." From this the galleries hissed them, and not content with a negative form of expressing respect, some one started "Hold the Fort for I am Coming," and the whole assembly in the higher story joined in the chorus, and the curtain fell until the hymn was concluded.

From Ireland Moody and Sankey went to England, beginning their work in Manchester. Meetings were held successively in Sheffield, Birmingham and Liverpool. In the latter city the evangelists found ready a vast tabernacle capable of holding eleven thousand persons. This was the first structure built for them in Great Britain. Here they labored for a month, with remarkable success, and then, full of victory, they went up to London.

X.

THE AWAKENING OF LONDON.



AN account of the London meetings would alone fill a volume. London is not one city, but a group of cities, and to reach the entire population it was found necessary to hold a series of meetings in each of the great quarters of the metropolis. The first meeting was held on the North Side, in the Agricultural Hall, an enormous building, capable of holding eighteen thousand people. Two immense tabernacles were erected, one at the East end and the other in the South quarter. In the West end the meetings were held in Her Majesty's Opera House. All of these buildings were too small for the crowds that came.

Here, as elsewhere, the evangelists encountered many obstacles. Many curious reports of their tour through England had gone before them. The *World* declared that "in many large English towns they (the evangelists) had the satisfaction of throwing females into convulsions, and have been lucky enough to consign several harmless idiots to neighboring lunatic asylums." The leading society paper, *Vanity Fair*, contained many caricatures of both Moody and Sankey, and spoke of their meetings in contemptuous tones. Moody was set down as an ordinary individual, "with a nasal twang, and a large fund of (to English ears) slightly irreverent anecdotes." It was suggested that if some well-known Ritualist preacher were to go about with a strong assistant company and a handsome wardrobe, the results would be equally remarkable. The proposal, however, says the

British Weekly, did not "catch on." Everything that could be done to counteract Moody's influence and prejudice the public against him was attempted by certain papers. Londoners were told that, "judged by the low standard of an American ranter, Mr. Moody is a third-rate star." His reading of Scripture was severely blamed. "Mr. Moody," said one paper, "with a jocular familiarity which painfully jarred on our sense of the reverential, translated freely passages of the Bible into the American vernacular. The grand, simple stories of Holy Writ were thus parodied and burlesqued." The most outrageous falsehoods were circulated concerning him, falsehoods, it was said, originating in America. One report was that the evangelists were sent to London by a certain firm of organ manufacturers at a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars a year. The report was not stopped until the president of the company came out over his own signature, certifying that neither Mr. Moody nor Mr. Sankey derived any pecuniary advantage from the use of the organs of the company. At the request of the company a London agent had loaned Mr. Sankey one of the organs for use in his services without charge, a favor which any organ maker would have been glad to do him. One of the leading daily papers of the city stated editorially that it was creditably informed that "Messrs. Moody and Sankey were sent to England by Mr. Barnum as a matter of speculation." This was reprinted in the London *Cosmopolitan* and other papers. These and similar reports made Moody so sensitive that, although the royalty on the hymn and music books in England reached the sum of \$28,335, he would accept none of it. "But," says the *British Weekly*, "in spite of all the hostility of the press, it soon became manifest,



MOODY MEETING GLADSTONE.

"I wish I had your body," said Gladstone.

"I wish I had your head," quickly responded the evangelist.

See page 149

not only that the common people heard him gladly, but that society itself was moved and deeply impressed by his preaching." One of the first to attend the meetings was Lord Cairns, then Lord Chancellor in Mr. Disraeli's Government. He occupied a prominent seat in the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Very soon nearly all the leaders of society had followed his example. The epithets, "pernicious humbugs," "crack-brained Yankee evangelists," "pestilential vermin," "Abbots of Unreason," etc., with which the anti-Christian press pelted the preachers, "gave way to much politer language when the highest in the land were numbered among their hearers." It was noticed that the rush for tickets for the grand tier in the Opera House, which was always occupied by the nobility, was greater than that for any other part of the building. Indeed, Moody came to be the fashion among the most cultured noblemen and ladies of the city, many of whom were converted, and became active workers in the meetings.

"There was a man while we were in London," said Moody, "who got out a little paper called *The Moody and Sankey Humbug*. He used to have it to sell to the people coming from the meetings. He had sold a great many thousand copies of a number. He wanted to get out another number, and so he came to the meeting to get something to put in the paper, but the power of the Lord was present and the arrow of conviction went down deep into his heart. He went out, not to print the paper, but to destroy the paper he had written and to tell what the Holy Ghost had done for him."

The *Saturday Review* expressed surprise at so many persons going to hear Mr. Sankey, ridiculed his singing and said of Moody that he was simply a ranter of the

most vulgar type; to which the London *Times* replied: "Mr. Sankey simply confines himself to the kind of tunes and to the mode of singing by which large multitudes can be most readily brought into harmony. Both the crowds and the music, however they may contribute to general results, are perfectly legitimate aids, and it is merely a matter of good sense for a preacher to employ such influences for predisposing his hearers to listen to him. But people would not come together for weeks merely to hear impressive singing, nor to yield to the impulse of association. They came to hear Mr. Moody, and the main question is, What has he to say? Is any Christian church in this metropolis in a position to say that it can afford to dispense with any vigorous effort to rouse the mass of our people to a more Christian life? The congregations which are to be seen in our churches and chapels are but a fraction of the hundreds of thousands around them, of whom multitudes are living little better than a mere animal existence. If any considerable portion of them can be roused to a mere design of something higher, an immense step is gained; and if the churches are really a higher influence still, Mr. Moody will at least have prepared them a better material to think upon."

Lord Shaftesbury thanked God publicly that Moody had not been educated at Oxford, because "he had a wonderful power of getting at the hearts of men; while the common people heard him gladly, many persons of the higher station have been stirred with the marvelous simplicity of his preaching." The Lord Chancellor of England said: "The simplicity of that man's preaching, the clear manner in which he sets forth salvation by Christ, is to me the most striking and the most delightful thing

I ever knew in my life." Mr. Gladstone attended the meetings and was deeply impressed with the preacher, as well as the hunger of the multitudes to hear the Gospel. When he met Moody he said to him, "I wish I had your body." Moody replied, "I wish I had your head!" To which Gladstone responded, "I mean I wish I had your lungs." And Moody replied again, "I mean I wish I had your brains."

An incident which Moody loved to tell in his sermons illustrates the remarkable hold which he obtained on the higher classes. "When I was in London," he used to say, "there was a leading physician in the city upwards of seventy years of age, who wrote me a note to come to see him privately about his soul. He was living at a country-seat a little way out of London, and he came into town only two or three times a week. He was wealthy and was nearly retired. I received the note right in the midst of the London work, and told him I could not see him. I received a note a day or two after from a member of his family, urging me to come. The latter said his wife had been praying for him for fifty years, and all the children had become Christians by her prayers. She had prayed for him all those years, but no impression had been made upon him. Upon his desk they had found the letter from me, and they came up to London to see what it meant, and I said I would see him. When we met I asked him if he wanted to become a Christian, and he seemed every way willing, but when it came to confession to his family, he halted. 'I tell you,' said he, 'I cannot do that; my life has been such that I would not like to confess before my family.' 'Now, there is the point; if you are not willing to confess Christ, he will not confess you; you cannot be his disciple.' We talked for some

time, and he accepted. I found while I had been in one room his daughter and some friends, anxious for the salvation of that aged father, were in the other room praying to God, and when he started out willing to go home and confess Christ, I opened the door of the other room, not knowing the daughter was there, and the first words she said were: 'Is my father saved?' 'Yes, I think he is,' I answered, and ran down to the front door and called him back. 'Your daughter is here,' I said; 'this is the time to commence your confession.' The father, with tears trickling down his cheeks, embraced his child, 'My dear daughter, I have accepted Christ,' and a great flood of light broke upon him at that confession."

The meeting continued from the 9th of March until the 12th of July. It was said that "the city in all of its history had never before seen such displays of the power of God in the conversion of men of all classes and conditions." The noonday prayer-meetings, usually held by Moody himself, were attended by vast multitudes. At these meetings requests for prayers were read from all sorts and conditions of men. There were requests from convicts, publicans and intemperate women, and there were requests from the wealth and culture of society, the world of letters, the army, the navy, and the nobility. "One day," says a writer, "a poor woman in Newgate Prison, condemned to death, sent a request for prayers to be read at Her Majesty's Opera House, on hearing which a great congregation, composed largely of the nobility and gentry of London, seemed to be touched with pity, and joined in the prayer for the soul of this poor criminal in a manner which showed that the Lord himself was in it."

Newman Hall declared that never before had any Christian minister of a dissenting church succeeded in getting the ears of the titled nobility of England, who, as a class, were in sympathy with the Established Church; "but," he added, "your American evangelists have brought us all together. Now the most common thing is to see the highest people of the land at these meetings. Many times they are seen sitting side by side with the poorest." The talk of the whole city, and indeed of the whole country, was of the work of the Lord going on in London. Moody was quoted and commended in a sermon preached by the Archbishop of York. The people took hold of the Sankey songs and ten thousand voices were often heard singing in unison, "Hold the Fort" and "Ninety and Nine." The Sankey songs were heard in the cars, in the homes of the people, in the churches and in the streets. A writer said that it was "almost impossible to get out of reach of these heavenly melodies." At the farewell meeting which was held in Camberwell Hall on the 11th of July, 1875, the Earl of Shaftesbury said that "if the American evangelists had done no more than to teach the people to sing as they did such hymns as 'Hold the Fort,' they had by this alone conferred on them an inestimable blessing."

"Twenty-five years have passed," writes George Adam Smith, in his "Life of Henry Drummond," "since the American evangelists began their mission in Great Britain. We have seen how profoundly the churches were stirred and the crowds outside the churches, and the tens of thousands who thronged the meetings, the hundreds upon hundreds who filled each inquiry-room, professing penitence, and in the great majority of cases,

professing new light in Jesus Christ, and experience of his power to make them better men. No one can doubt the enormous power of the movement so long as it lasted. What has it left behind? Probably, as we have seen, there never was a movement of the kind in which religious extravagance and dissipation were more honestly discouraged. In the leaders there was no want of healthy discrimination and genial charity, without which our religious zeal so fatally develops into Phariseism. The teaching was Biblical and ethical, the doctrines were those of Catholic Christianity, the salvation proclaimed was, with some exceptions, salvation not from hell, but from sin, and the new faith and energy of the converts was nearly everywhere guided into profitable forms of activity, with effects upon character and service that, as we shall presently see, have endured until to-day."

After recalling some of the discouraging features of the movement, such as the perils to which such enormous crowds of converts were exposed, and the fact that some even of the prominent workers fell to that hereditary taint of drunkenness which affects the nation's blood, Professor Smith says: "But while all these defects happen to be noticed, how much falls to the bright side of the reckoning! Every one who shared in the movement, or who has read its history, will admit without question those beneficial effects which we have already noticed upon the membership and ministry of all the churches. This mission lifted thousands and tens of thousands of persons already trained in religion to a more clear and decided consciousness of their Christianity. It baptized crowds in the Spirit of Jesus, and opened the eyes of innumerable men and women to a

reality of the great facts of repentance and conversion, to the possibility of self-control, and of peace by God's Spirit.

Professor Smith says that the young men who came under its influence are now in middle life, "and to-day one can point to ministers in many churches, and to laymen in almost every town, who were first roused to faith, and first enlisted in the cause of God and of their fellow-men by the evangelists in 1873-75. The Spirit of our God can work within us many other ways than by revivals and church services, and the evangelical movement which Messrs. Moody and Sankey did so much to reinforce has required every iota of influence and science to teach it tolerance, accuracy and fearlessness of facts, and all the strength of the Socialist movement to re-waken the sense of civic and economic duties by which the older evangelism of Wilberforce, Chalmers and Shaftesbury were so notably distinguished; and among the men who have seen them, and who have not only preserved these names amid the new distractions of our time, but to their names have added knowledge and patriotism and the brotherly love which means the service of the commonweal, have been many—very many—converts of the two American evangelists whom God in his grace sent to our shores twenty-five years ago,"

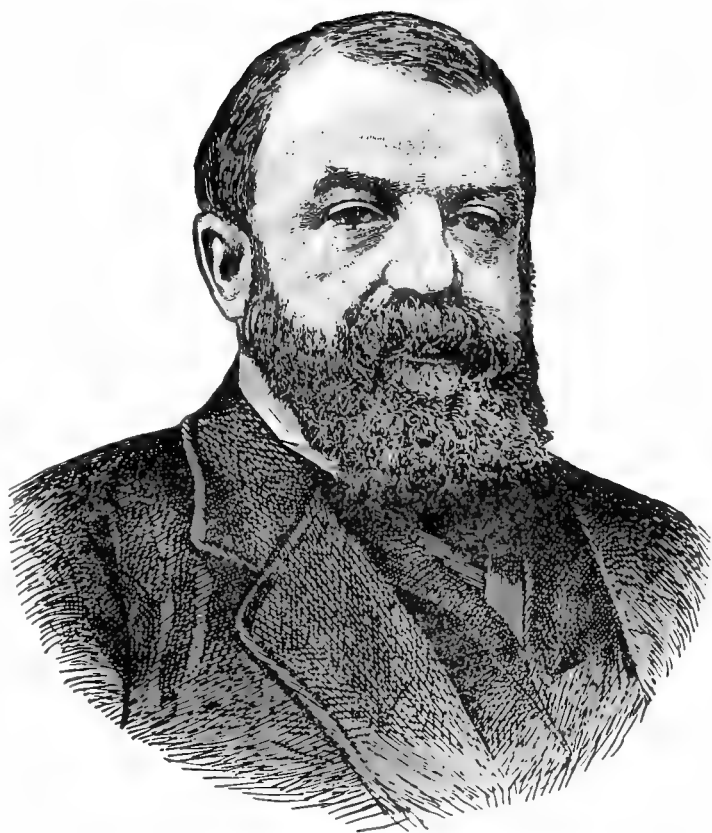
XI.

REVIVALS IN AMERICAN CITIES.



ON returning from England Moody sought a brief rest in the seclusion of his mother's home at Northfield. While here it was his privilege to lead his brother Samuel to Christ. "He became," said Moody, "an active Christian, and when they decided to have a Young Men's Christian Association in that town they elected him president. Oh, that was a blessed day for me when my brother, converted to God after twenty years of prayer, took charge of that little band. I heard him make his first speech, and that seemed the happiest day of my life. He searched for souls on both sides of the Connecticut River. More conversions took place after I left than when I was there. . . . No one knows how I loved him and how I rejoiced with great joy."

The news of the wonderful work of God in Great Britain had started revival fires in many American cities, and from the hour he landed in New York, Moody was besieged with requests for his services. His success abroad had given him wonderful prestige at home, and when in October he began his Brooklyn campaign he was probably the most influential man in America. There were many who were afraid that he would fail to make the impression at home that he had made abroad, since his peculiar methods were a novelty in Great Britain, and there were many others who thought that going to Brooklyn, a city famous the world over for its religious privileges, was like "carrying coals to New Castle." "Q



D. L. Moody

Lord God," said Moody when he arose to begin his first meeting in the Rink, "behold thou hast made the heavens and the earth by thy great power and outstretched arm, and there is nothing too hard for thee." With this faith he stormed Brooklyn, and he took the city.

"This looks like slow work," said Dr. Cuyler one winter morning in 1872 when Moody, then without fame, was holding a little meeting in Brooklyn with only a handful of people assembled to hear him.

"It has been a great awakening for the Brooklyn people," wrote Dr. Cuyler of the first meeting in the Brooklyn campaign two years later. "There is no other man in the world but Moody who could have gotten them out of bed at such an hour on Sunday morning."

The meeting began with a half-past eight o'clock service on Sunday morning, October 24, 1875. Long before that time the streets were thronged with people, and when the doors were opened the great Rink, capable of seating five thousand, was quickly filled and thousands were left disappointed without. It was a remarkable meeting. The intense earnestness of the evangelist held the audience breathless. "It is not we who fight," said he, "but God through us. You would laugh at seven priests marching around the walls of Jericho blowing rams' horns. If the doctors of Brooklyn should blow trumpets you would say they should be of silver or gold. God's ways are not our ways. I would like to speak through a ram's horn to the forty thousand ministers of the United States to-day and ask if they are ready to fall into line and go up and possess the land."

"We are ready," cried a minister on the platform.

"Then," answered Moody amid a great sensation, "let us go up and possess the land."

"In the afternoon thousands were unable to gain access to the Rink and overflow meetings were held in the neighboring churches. During the week meetings were held in the tabernacle in the morning and at the Rink in the evening. At both places the crowds were enormous. The influence of the work spread through every grade of society and through every part of the city. A story is told of a wealthy lady, a skeptic, who went to hear Moody preach when the meeting was at its height. She was disgusted with his style of oratory, but for some reason she could not keep away. On her fourth visit she went with the crowd after the sermon to the inquiry room and said to Moody that she would like to hear from him directly and privately his reasons why she ought to become a Christian.

"Madam," he answered, "I know of no surer way to reach your heart than through prayer. Let us pray."

Moody knelt and the lady, in spite of herself, knelt with him. He asked her to repeat after him every word of his prayer. In low, earnest, pathetic tones he uttered his simple supplications, pausing after each sentence for his companion to follow. "And now, O Lord," he said at last, "I give my life to thee." "Mr. Moody," said the lady in a hard, painful whisper, "truly I cannot." Moody made no reply. There was a pause of half a minute; the silence was intense; then he said, "And now, O Lord, I give my life to thee." The lady trembled, but did not respond. There was another silence of a moment and the evangelist repeated the same words. Then after a breathless pause the lady said: "And now, O Lord, I give my life to thee." This woman was ever afterwards a most earnest Christian worker.

"One of the most conspicuous persons at the Brooklyn

Rink," says Moody, "was a man of over fifty years, a reporter, apparently of a sensational sort. One of my friends entered into conversation with him the second evening, and found him partially intoxicated, ribald, sneering, and an infidel. Inquiring further concerning him, we found that he had been several times in the city jail for drunken brawls, although originally a man of culture and polish. Time passed, and on our last day at Brooklyn the same man, conspicuous by his commanding figure, sat in a back seat in the Simpson Church. My friend accosted him once more, and this was the answer :

"I am waiting to thank Mr. Moody, who, under God, has been the greatest blessing of my life. I have given up my engagement, the temptations of which are such as no Christian can face. And I am a Christian—a new creature; not reformed; you cannot reform a drunkard; I have tried that a hundred times; but I am regenerated, born again by the grace and power of God. I have reported sermons many a time, simply to ridicule them, but never had the least idea what true religion meant until I heard Mr. Moody's address on "Love and Sympathy," ten days ago, and I would not have believed there could be so much sweetness in a lifetime as has been condensed into those ten days. My children knew the change; my wife knew it; I have set up the family altar, and the appetite for liquor has been utterly taken away, so that I only loath what I used to love.' 'Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall,' suggested my friend.

"'No, not while I stand so close to the cross as I do to-day;' and he opened a small hymn book, on the fly-leaf of which was written: 'I have set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed.' "

On the 19th of November, while the demand for

tickets of admission was increasing and the tide of religious interest was still rising, the meeting was brought to a close. During the three weeks' services about three thousand persons attended the inquiry meetings and as many as twenty thousand heard the Gospel daily. No attempt was made to count the conversions, but multitudes turned to the Lord, and thousands of ministers and teachers who had come from a distance returned to their homes with a new blessing, resulting in the kindling of revival fires in thousands of towns throughout the country. The press also spread the words of the preacher among the people, reaching millions who could not come within the sound of the Gospel from the evangelist's lips.

From Brooklyn Moody and Sankey went to Philadelphia where extensive preparations had been made for them, largely through the liberality of John Wanamaker, the philanthropist. The Philadelphians are a proverbially conservative people, and it was doubtful whether they would ever fill the large building prepared for the meeting; but at the opening service on Sunday, November 21, there were nine thousand persons who had come through torrents of rain, and the meeting which continued for two months has been described as a Pentecost. "It was a new revelation of the power of the Gospel, and marked the opening of a new era in Christian labor and fellowship in the city of Brotherly Love."

During this meeting Moody took up a collection for a building for the Young Men's Christian Association, amounting to a hundred thousand dollars. Among the contributions was a diamond ring which came to Moody in this letter:

DEAR MR. MOODY:—Through the instrumentality of the blessed meetings now closing, my darling son, a prodigal, and his wife are

now resting in the shade of his love. The accompanying ring, the gift of one dearly beloved, and so long worn it seems a part of myself, I now offer to my dear Lord and Master as a thank-offering for this unspeakable blessing. Do with it as the Holy Spirit directs."

The ring was sold for a thousand dollars.

The meeting which began in New York, February 7, 1876, resulted in one of the greatest revivals of modern times. Mr. Nathaniel P. Babcock* has given a graphic description of the opening scene in the great Hippodrome in which the meetings were held.

"As early as six o'clock, the multitude gathered together, and an hour later Madison avenue in front of the Hippodrome, for two blocks, was impassable. The crowd was attracted chiefly by curiosity. It was recruited mainly from church-members. It was a well-to-do, well-behaved, well-dressed throng, such as you may see at a popular lecture or concert, but swollen to enormous proportions. It awaited the opening of the doors only with the impatience that comes from physical discomfort. It was not clamorous with the enthusiasm of disciples in a holy cause—not then, not that opening night. Such soldier-like enthusiasm, such fret at anything that delayed the privilege of joining in the battle against unrighteousness which was being waged within the old Hippodrome, came later and came quickly, but in the inaugural evening of Moody and Sankey's campaign, a desire simply to see the evangelists had caused the multitude to assemble. Reports from other places of their enormous success in attracting the populace had made it obvious to New Yorkers that there would be a rush to see them in that city. This was the reason for the early assemblage.

* "When Moody and Sankey Stirred New York." By Nathaniel P. Babcock, in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

"Long before the main doors were opened the privileged holders of tickets to the platform, or the press tables, were allowed to pass in at side entrances. The scene within the Hippodrome at the moment before entrance was permitted to the impatient multitude on the streets, was, as I vividly recall it, extremely interesting. On the mammoth stage in even rows sat the choir, singers picked from a number of city churches, and all under command of that sweet-voiced leader, L. P. Thatcher, of Boston. The vast unoccupied amphitheatre seemed even more spacious than when, shortly afterward, it was filled with men and women. Stationed at various points in the aisles was an army of volunteer ushers and attendants. There were two chief dignitaries, who wore gold badges lettered in black. Subordinate to them were twenty superintendents, with red badges on the lapels of their coats, and eighty ushers, whose badges of authority were blue, and who held in their hands slender rods of white wood.

"Wonderful were those carefully-made preparations for—what? A prayer-meeting! Remember, I had many times seen that dingy, smoke-stained Hippodrome filled with a multitude which crowded every inch of its space. That was at the finish of some stupendous athletic contest, and I had seen a cordon of policemen brace themselves to meet the intrushing masses of excited men. But here were more elaborate arrangements for handling an expected crowd than ever before. Why, in a city like New York, had it been supposed that such precautions would be needed? What sign in the heavens had men seen to lead them to believe that in the great teeming metropolis, not lacking for places of amusement or entertainment, with its theatres, its clubs, its concerts, its

•



VIEW OF MT. HERMON SCHOOLS.

balls, its dinners and myriad social functions, men and women in almost uncontrollable numbers would rush to hear a preacher on a week-night, or a singer of Psalms? Why?—but the answer was the sudden thunder of trampling feet. The doors had been opened. From the raised platform the scene was like that of a stampeded herd of cattle, or a gigantic flock of sheep led by some crazy bellwether. The spaciousness of the Hippodrome, and the admirably arranged scheme of aisles and seats, however, brought about a speedy settlement. In an incredibly short space of time the seats were filled, and by a tremendous effort on the part of the police officers the doors had been closed again.

“Helping to quell the confusion was the effort of the choir, which, at a signal from the leader, began the singing of some familiar hymn. I do not remember what hymn it was in which these six hundred trained voices joined, but there is vividly recalled the fact that in the midst of it, inspiring as it was, the attention of the vast audience was diverted. Even the singers lost enthusiasm, and the volume of sound died off as though the bellows of some mighty organ had been suddenly punctured.

“A little unpainted door at the rear of the platform had opened and a man was advancing.”

Mr. Babcock thus pictures Moody as he appeared at this meeting: “A sturdy figure in a tightly-fitting frock coat, a well-shaped head, made to look smaller than its actual size, because of the broadness of the man’s shoulders and the shortness of the neck on which it was poised; a much-bearded face, the black hair not only hanging down over his chest, but growing thickly up each cheek; a forehead seemingly low by reason of its projection be-

yond the line of the nose; keen eyes, with wrinkles running from their outer corners over ruddy cheeks, and a heavy black moustache hiding the mouth. In his hands, as he came for the first time into the presence of this mighty metropolitan audience, Mr. Moody carried a Bible. His fingers were interlaced about it, but as he passed through the narrow lane between the choir and the platform guests, and reached the front of the stage, he shifted the book, and lifted his right hand, palm outward, toward the vast audience. It was the signal for silence, and was heeded on the instant by every one."

Following Moody through the narrow door came Mr. Sankey, who, Mr. Babcock says, was strongly contrasted from his co-laborer: "taller, and with features more delicately chiseled, long, aquiline nose, chin sharp-cut and projecting, luxurious side-whiskers and slight moustache, which failed to hide his white, even teeth."

When in obedience to Moody's signal, the music had ceased and the audience had become entirely attentive, the evangelist said, "Let us open the meeting with silent prayer." "These were the first words uttered by this remarkable man in his work in the chief city of America, in that revival, the effects of which spread from end to end of the American continent. As he spoke, he bowed his head on the railing at the platform edge, then among all that vast concourse heads were reverently bent and absolute silence prevailed."

So much for the beginning. "Surely God is in this house," said Moody on the fourth day after the meeting began. It was scarcely an hour past noon—the busiest time of the day—and there was not a vacant seat in the Hippodrome.

There were three meetings a day, sometimes five,

Sometimes in the afternoon women only were admitted to the Hippodrome, and they packed it solid from the floor to the topmost seat. At night the auditorium would be in possession of the men—old men, young men, earnest men. At these night meetings Moody was at his best. Sometimes eleven thousand men sat before him. "No political convention," says Mr. Babcock, "ever presented such a scene. Thousands arise and cry, 'I will,' 'I will,' when asked to enlist. 'Amens' sweep through the place like the rattling of musketry, and sometimes the ecstasy of a religion becomes so apparent that long intervals of silent prayer are necessary in order to keep the sin-stricken within the bounds of self-restraint."

Among the many great and mighty who attended the meeting was Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil. He heard Moody preach his thrilling sermon on "What shall I do with Jesus which is called Christ," and bowed his head in assent when the speaker said, "Even a great emperor cannot save his soul with all his great power unless he bows himself at Christ's feet and accepts him."

At the closing meeting more than thirty-five hundred converts were present. In his address to those who had been led to Christ during the meeting, Moody said: "It is not too much to expect that each one of you should bring in two more to him. One young man came to me and said he was converted on the 3d of February. He had a list of fifty-nine persons, with the residence of each, whom he had been since that time instrumental in leading to Christ. Now, if he has led fifty-nine to the Saviour, each of you ought to be able to reach some." It was estimated that a million and a half of men attended the meetings at the Hippodrome, and that ten

thousand persons were present at the meetings of inquiry.

"What is the record of conversions?" Somebody asked this question of Moody during the meeting. "Record," repeated the evangelist, "why that is kept in heaven." "Well said," says Mr. Babcock, "for there at least it is immutable, whereas the walls that rang with the glad cries of converted sinners have long since been razed to the ground, and not a stone, nor brick, nor joist, nor girder remains to tell the story of what went on in that vast auditorium in the early dawn of our great Centennial year."

At the close of the meeting, a leading New York paper said of Moody: "Make him the best-read preacher in the world, and he would instantly lose half his power. Put him through a systematic training in systematic theology and you would fasten big logs of fuel to the driving wheels of his engine. We shall not soon forget his incomparable frankness, his broad undenominationalism, his sledge-hammer gestures, his profuse diction, which stops neither for comma nor colon, his trueness which never becomes conventional, his naturalness which never whines, his abhorrence of Phariseeism and of ecclesiastical Machiavelism, his mastery of his subject, his glorious self-confidence, his blameless life, and his unswerving fealty to his conscience and his work."

Smaller meetings occupied the spring, and in the autumn Moody and Sankey advanced upon Chicago. Although Moody was here at home, where one is usually without honor, the whole community was quickly aroused and the wonderful scenes enacted in the Hippodrome were repeated. Here, as in New York, the crowds were enormous, and as many as a thousand per-

sons presented themselves as inquirers during a single day. In the interim between the regular services, Moody frequently preached to the Germans in Farwell Hall. Soon the revival influences spread out from Chicago into many of the cities of the Northwest, and from every direction came calls for help. The meeting was to have closed on December 17, but there were such manifestations of divine power that it was deemed advisable to continue a month longer. On the 20th, Moody wrote an appeal to the churches of the Northwest, in which he said, "The work in Chicago ought to be regarded as only a small part of the great general awakening;" and urged them to unite and seek for it in importunate prayer. Evangelists were sent out by twos to many of the cities—one to sing and one to preach the Word—and in all the leading towns for hundreds of miles around the Gospel was preached with remarkable results. The noonday prayer-meetings in Farwell Hall were thrilled again and again as reports came in from the churches, and by telegrams from the outlying cities where the evangelists were at work, "of the great things God was doing in righteousness." One of the most important results of the meeting was the fusing together of the evangelical churches. Sectarianism seemed to be laid low in the dust, and it seemed that it would be impossible in this generation ever to revive it. It had come to be "the church which is in Chicago." The work continued for nearly four months, and at the close the names of forty-eight hundred convicts who resided in Chicago were recorded.

It was during this meeting that the news came of the terrible Ashtabula disaster, in which Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Bliss lost their lives. Moody was deeply attached to Mr.

Bliss, whose songs had done so much for him in his evangelistic efforts, and he was greatly affected by the distressing intelligence. Mr. Bliss was a Pennsylvanian by birth, of humble extraction, and in early life had few advantages of education or culture. He married a young lady of his own social position, who possessed great strength of character and deep religious principle, and it was she who inspired him with confidence in his musical abilities and aided and encouraged their development. As a composer he will long be remembered as the author of many of the Gospel Hymns, such as "Hold the Fort," "What Shall the Harvest Be," etc. In early life he moved to Chicago, and when Major Whittle entered upon revival work he decided to accompany him. They traveled through the West and South, Mr. Whittle preaching and Mr. Bliss singing the Gospel Hymns. It had been arranged that at the close of the Moody and Sankey meetings in Chicago, Mr. Whittle and Mr. Bliss should take up the work; "but God had other plans for the sweet singer of Israel." On the night of Friday, December 29, while he was on his way to Chicago, he and his wife perished in the terrible railway accident at Ashtabula, Ohio. A few days later Moody held a memorial service in the Chicago Tabernacle, and shortly afterwards set on foot a movement by which ten thousand dollars was raised for a monument and for the benefit of the orphaned children.

Boston, where the next meeting was held, proved to be a difficult field. "In the first place," says a writer, "dissensions arose among certain brethren as to who should sit at Mr. Moody's right hand and who should sit at his left hand in the revival. And then there was a spirit of investigation which Moody had nowhere

else encountered to any great extent." This gave him crowded audiences at the Tabernacle, and crowded audiences at the inquiry meetings. But the inquiry was not what they should do to be saved, but as to the philosophy of the man and his methods. As some one has said, "It was old Athens over again desiring to see and hear new things." For several weeks the work dragged painfully, though a few had professed conversion. In March Moody proposed to establish local noon-day prayer-meetings throughout the city. After this, a house to house visitation was projected and carried forward with remarkable success. Then a breakfast for the poor was given—a movement chiefly forwarded by a devoted woman whose efforts on behalf of the suffering and neglected were a means of grace to the whole city. The revival was now fairly launched, and by the middle of April the interest in the meetings became so great throughout New England that more than four hundred churches outside of Boston had pledged themselves to pray daily for the work in Boston, with the understanding that Boston was to pray daily for them. Soon news of revivals began to come in from other parts of the State, and from New Hampshire and Connecticut. A notable feature of the meeting was a temperance convention held on the 20th of April. Another interesting feature was a visitation of the saloons by a committee of thirty members of the Young Men's Christian Association, some of whom were reformed men and could speak from the heart to the people they met. About fifteen hundred saloons were visited, and hundreds of persons were found who were glad to accept a ticket for a reserved seat at the Tabernacle meeting.

During the last week of his work in Boston, Moody

took occasion to reply to some of the charges made against him in regard to the financial side of the meeting. "The royalties on our hymn-books last year," he said, "amounted to \$68,000, but we did not take it. It went into the hands of three trustees. As far as dollars and cents are concerned, I could make more in one night than I have made in Boston. I have been offered five hundred dollars a night to go out and lecture. Some of my friends awhile ago got anxious about my money matters, and determined that my family should have a home; so they bought a place and fitted it up at a total expense of \$10,000; and now, if I die, my wife and children will have a roof over their heads. Somebody refused to come to the inquiry room because 'Mr. Moody bought a horse, and gave \$4,000 for it.' Take off \$3,750 and it will be all right."

XII.

MOODY AS A PREACHER.



IT has been said time and again with a great deal of emphasis that Moody was in no sense an orator. Even among his friends there have been many who seemed to feel that they were magnifying the grace of God by insisting that he was without oratorical ability. Thousands who went to hear him with the hope of learning the secret of his power shook their heads and said that "it was not in what he said nor the way he said it." Nevertheless it has become more and more apparent in late years that Moody's name will pass into history as one of the greatest preachers of the century. If by oratory is meant a florid style and sustained and impassioned emotional eloquence, Moody was not an orator; but if by oratory is meant the power to persuade men, he was one of the most eloquent men of our time. Sacred oratory, as has been said, may be of different kinds. One man, for example, may be highly imaginative and another may be plain and matter of fact in his statements, suppressing very largely his feelings, and yet at the same time making them deeply felt. Moody was of this latter sort. He was not, as a rule, an impassioned speaker, though he often moved men to tears; but he put things in a plain, simple way and yet so as to make himself felt by the suppression of his feelings rather than by expressing them. It has been said that this was probably undesigned and unconscious on his part. He was too sincere a man to attempt to practice upon men and it was all

the more effective for being unconscious. Henry Drummond says that for sheer persuasive force Moody had few equals. "Rugged as his preaching may seem to some hearers, there is in its pathos a quality which few orators have ever reached, and an appealing tenderness which not only wholly redeems it, but raises it not unseldom almost to sublimity. No report can do the faintest justice to this or the other most characteristic qualities of his public speech."

He then gives a specimen taken at random: "I can imagine, when Christ said to the little band around him, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel,' Peter said, 'Lord, do you really mean that we are to go back to Jerusalem and preach the Gospel to those men that murdered you?' 'Yes,' said Christ, 'go hunt up that man that spat in my face: tell him that he may have a seat in my kingdom yet. Yes, Peter, go find that man that made that cruel crown of thorns and placed it on my brow, and tell him I will have a crown ready for him when he enters my kingdom, and there will be no thorns in it. Hunt up that man that took a reed and brought it down over the cruel thorns, driving them into my brow, and tell him I will put a sceptre in his hand, and he shall rule over the nations of the earth if he will accept salvation. Search for the man that drove the spear into my side, and tell him there is a nearer way to my heart than that. Tell him I forgive him freely, and that he can be saved if he will accept salvation as a gift. Tell him there is a nearer way to my heart than that.'"

Of this, Professor Drummond says: "Prepared or impromptu, what dramatist could surpass that touch?"

Dr. Chapman, a man of fervid eloquence, says that Moody was a master of the art of moving men. "I can



WANAMAKER, GORDON LAKE.

shut my eyes now and see him with tears flowing down his face as he plead to men to turn to Christ, sobs breaking his utterances, as he told of the love of God to men and of God's special love to himself."

Dr. Buckley insists that men who say Moody was no orator either never heard him or they have a different idea of oratory from that held by Daniel Webster. Moody had "clearness, force, and earnestness;" his sincerity was manifest, his pathos was sometimes overwhelming. In his sermons in London his great audiences were sometimes moved to their depths. Dr. Buckley also says that Moody improved as an orator as long as he lived, and that his improvement was one of the proofs of his natural endowment.

Mr. Nason thought that he was in the higher sense a poet. He did not make rhymes or verse, and yet he had the glowing conceptions of a poet and he told things vividly and painted them vividly. While his use of metaphors was not very frequent, he at times manifested wonderful power in the representation of actual or imaginary scenes. Take for example his description on one occasion of a scene of sorrow: "One of my little scholars was drowned and word was sent by the mother that she wanted to see me. I went. The dripping body was there on the table; the husband was in the corner drunk. The mother said she had no money to buy a shroud or coffin and wanted to know if I could not bury Adeline." What could be more graphic?

He could use a poetic phrase or figure which was wholly his own and with a simple naturalness without thought of its effect. Of this Dr. Trumbull has given us a striking example:

"Thirty years ago I heard him tell of an early morning

prayer-meeting at a State convention in Vermont, from which he had just come to Massachusetts. When he had proposed that meeting at that unusual hour, he was told, by those familiar with the place, that no one would attend it.

“‘But the people did come out,’ he said. ‘In the light of the stars, before the sun rose, that church was filled with praying people. And, as we prayed there, we could almost hear the footsteps of Almighty God on the tops of those grand old mountains, as he came down there to bless us all before the day broke.’”

No man of our time or perhaps of any time could use illustrations with such telling effect as he was accustomed to use them in every sermon. Let me give a single example:

“I said to my little family one morning, a few weeks before the Chicago fire, ‘I am coming home this afternoon to give you a ride.’ My little boy clapped his hands. ‘Oh, papa, will you take me to see the bears in Lincoln Park?’ ‘Yes.’ You know boys are very fond of seeing bears. I had not been gone long when my little boy said, ‘Mamma, I wish you would get me ready.’ ‘Oh,’ she said, ‘it will be a long time before papa comes.’ ‘But I want to get ready, mamma.’ At last he was ready to have the ride, face washed, and clothes all nice and clean. ‘Now, you must take good care and not get yourself dirty again,’ said mamma. Oh, of course he was going to take care; he wasn’t going to get dirty. So off he ran to watch for me. However, it was a long time yet until the afternoon, and after a little he began to play. When I got home I found him outside, with his face all covered with dirt. ‘I can’t take you to the park that way, Willie.’ ‘Why, papa? you said you would

take me.' 'Ah, but I can't; you're covered all over with mud. I couldn't be seen with such a dirty little boy.' 'Why, I'se clean, papa; mamma washed me.' Do you think I argued with him? No. I just took him up in my arms, and carried him into the house, and showed him his face in the looking-glass. He had not a word to say. He could not take my word for it; but one look at the glass was enough; he saw it for himself. He didn't say he wasn't dirty after that!

"Now the looking-glass showed him that his face was dirty—but I did not take the looking-glass to wash it; of course not. Yet that is just what thousands of people do. The law is the looking-glass to see ourselves in, to show us how vile and worthless we are in the sight of God; but they take the law and try to wash themselves with it."

What could be more vivid than that?

Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, who perhaps stood closer to Moody than any other man on the other side of the Atlantic, except Drummond, recalls two sermons which he heard him preach. The first time his subject was the broken law of God. "No more forceful and biting denunciation of sin have I ever heard. He was the prophet, and the vast audience numbering at least twenty thousand were hushed, subdued, overawed. Knowing the terror of the Lord he persuaded men. I dare affirm that thousands of people stood face to face that evening with the awfulness of their own sin, startled and smitten. The other is that of Moody coming to the close of an address on the King's invitation to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. The graciousness of that invitation had possessed him that night with new force; the deepest fountains of his nature were touched, and he stood before

the great crowd moved with his Master's compassion, pleading with tender urgency and fine pathos, a strong man moved to tears. At last he cried, 'Let those who will accept the invitation say "I will," and from every part of the hall instantly, immediately, the cry of a multitude went up, 'I will.' I did not see him again for thirteen years, but through them all the force of his character had an influence on my life that I should find hard to measure."

"What word artist," asks Mr. Wells, of the *Christian Endeavor World*, "can paint a truer picture than he? 'Why that widow woman with her debts pressing upon her; can't we see her as she obeys Elisha? Knock! knock! knock! "Got any oil jars I may borrow?" To the next house. Rap! rap! rap! "Will you lend me some empty jars; the biggest you have?" And so on, all the morning, while the gossips look out of the window and wonder what the widow Rebekah can be doing with so many jars!

"And can't we see Abraham, getting up every once in a while during the night to look in the face of that fair young boy? 'Why does God ask me to give you up?' 'He doesn't eat much at breakfast. A terrible struggle is going on. He doesn't sleep at all the next night. Many a tear is shed, and many a cry goes up to God. The next morning he takes no breakfast. . . . As they walk on, he comes in sight of Mount Moriah. I can imagine his heart goes thump! thump! thump! against his side.'

"Ah, how the people listen to the simple, touching story, and with what a sweep are we carried from the top of Mount Moriah to the hill Calvary, where God indeed provided for himself a sacrifice! •



MT. HERMON SCHOOL FOR BOYS.
(Main Building.)

"It is in such vivid, picturesque ways that the great preacher talks to the multitude. 'Let's get done discussing theology,' he urges. 'Let Jonah go. Let's care for some of the men that haven't been swallowed.'

"Moody wins souls because he is in earnest.

"One of the most striking of Mr. Moody's addresses was that given before the Boston Christian Endeavor Union on Christian Endeavor Day. The magnificent audience of six thousand souls filled Mechanics' Hall, and inspired the speaker by their eager listening. The sermon was the story of Daniel's life.

"Now Daniel is a character akin to Moody's. In both men there appear singleness of purpose, undaunted allegiance to the truth they see, and tremendous executive power. As the evangelist preached, it was plain that if the Lord chose to test him with a den of lions or a fiery furnace, he would glory in such trial of his faith.

"'I like a man of pluck,' he declared. 'Any half-witted man can go with the crowd.' And again: 'Man, you stand for God, and God will stand with you. I'd rather go into the furnace with God than stay out without him.'

"He made Daniel live again. It was better than any vitascope.

"The prophet interpreting the king's dream: 'The moment he spoke of that image, Nebuchadnezzar's eyes flashed. "Yes! That's so! That's my dream!" cried the king.'

"In the furnace: 'No smell of fire on them; not one hair was scorched. You can always smell burnt hair.'

"The writing on the wall: 'Many of those nobles became sober and turned deathly pale, and the king shook like an aspen-leaf.'

"The plot against Daniel: 'They formed a ring down

in Babylon. You know rings are nothing new.' "See that there's a plenty of lions, and that they are hungry. We'll not try the fiery furnace again." '

"The advice certain modern Christians would have given Daniel: 'Miserable, namby-pamby Christians they have nowadays; they would have rushed into Daniel's office and cried: "There's no sense in disobeying the king. You can pray in secret. You can pray walking. You can get into your bed and pray under the bedclothes. Don't you let them catch you praying." '

"The story of the informers: 'We heard him pray for the king, and we heard him pray for the kingdom, but he never prayed to the king.'

"Darius after he had been tricked into condemning Daniel: 'I see him. He is like a madman, walking up and down his palace. "Oh, how could I have signed that decree!" '

"Daniel on his way to the den of lions: 'How the whiskey men must have rejoiced to see him as he marched through the streets with a steady tread!'

"The prophet in the den of lions: 'He had his evening prayers as usual. He took the biggest lion for his pillow.'

"The next morning: 'I see the king's chariot, before the sun has risen, sweeping up to the mouth of the lions' den.'

" 'I have an idea that the king took Daniel back to the palace and the two had breakfast together.'

"What a series of pictures that was!

"But the evening, after all, was memorable for Mr. Moody's closing words about himself: 'This night is a milestone for me,' he said. The morrow was his sixtieth birthday. God had permitted him to hold these great

meetings in the city where, four decades ago, he had brought him into the light of the Gospel.

"The voice of the evangelist broke, and the tears stood in his eyes. 'O pray for me,' he cried, 'that in the years God may have left for me I may preach as I have never preached before! That God may do his work through me, and speak his own words.'

"And as we looked upon this honored servant of the Most High, and remembered his superb labors for the Master in many lands, it seemed that not only from those listening thousands, but from thousands upon thousands more, all over the earth, whom his words and his noble spirit had brought to the foot of the cross, there arose a deep 'Amen! Amen! God bless his good evangelist!'"

But as Moody himself often said, "Eloquence and oratory are all very well in their way, but they are not of much use unless the third quality of common sense is to accompany them." There was much in what he said as well as in the way he said it. Moody's theology, except in some minor points, was the theology of the conservative New England pulpit of his boyhood, as represented by Dr. Kirk, his Boston pastor. He was a Congregationalist, though he was not a member of any denomination, having formed, as I have already said, an independent non-sectarian church of his own. An influential New England paper recently remarked that Moody's success as an evangelist probably grew largely out of the fact of his orthodoxy. "The new theology may be truer to the facts of apostolic Christianity, but it has not yet shown the capacity to grip the conscience and stir the feelings of man as the old. Had he gone over to the ranks of the higher critics he might still have preached and preached with power, but his messages

would have been to the few; he could no longer have preached to the masses." There were many who wished it otherwise, but as the writer just quoted says: "It is probably well they did not have their own way."

Moody believed in the Bible from cover to cover. To him the miracles were exact statements, "not the allegories of Origen, nor the myths of Strauss, nor the pious frauds of Renan." And he believed in the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. "People ask me," he said one time, "if I believe in the 'higher criticism.' How can I when I don't know what it is? They ask me if I think there were two Isaiahs. Before taking up that question seriously, I believe we should try to see what the prophecy itself contains." "Why do you go to hear Moody?" said a scoffer contemptuously to a fellow club member. "You don't believe what he preaches." "No, but he believes it, with all his heart, and it is refreshing to meet such a man in these days of doubt and uncertainty."

He believed with all his heart in the humbling doctrines of the Bible—that man is utterly depraved and must be born again; that Jesus Christ is both God and man; that he died for all men, and that he that believeth shall be saved and that he that believeth not shall be damned. One of the secrets of his drawing power was his evident familiarity with the spiritual world. People felt that he had received a message direct from above and they wanted to know what that message was. This familiarity was apparent in all the habits of his life. He asked for God's direction at every step with absolute faith in every promise he found in the Bible. He trusted for the supply of all his personal wants to the word of God as readily as a man of the world would trust to a

written contract signed by a host of millionaires. "God is rich," he would say, and he had no fears.

He was always aiming at supernatural results. He had no confidence in any effort made to repair old human nature. Nothing short of regeneration was worth looking for. He insisted on an immediate approach to God. He believed that his grace was infinite and that no amount of sin made any difference with the power of Christ to save. He offered a divine and infinite remedy for sin and all its penalties.

His theology, as arranged by himself, was very simple. "There are three R's in the Bible," he would say: "Ruin by sin; Redemption by Christ, and Regeneration by the Holy Ghost." And that was all.

Moody's plan of preparing his sermons was unique. The basis of each sermon was a large envelope. He had a number of these labeled with the titles of the sermons he wanted to preach, such as, "Repentance," "Faith," "Zaccheus," and so on. Into each envelope he would put everything that he found on that subject—cuttings from papers, extracts from books, incidents in his own life, illustrations, etc. When he was going to preach he would go through the accumulated mass and weave together the best of it in a connected whole. Of this he would take a few notes to the pulpit. The process of looking through the envelope was frequently repeated, so that the points which had been overlooked were brought to his mind, fresh illustrations introduced and the entire subject presented anew in all its lights. This secured freshness in delivery and preserved him from the monotony of perpetual repetition,

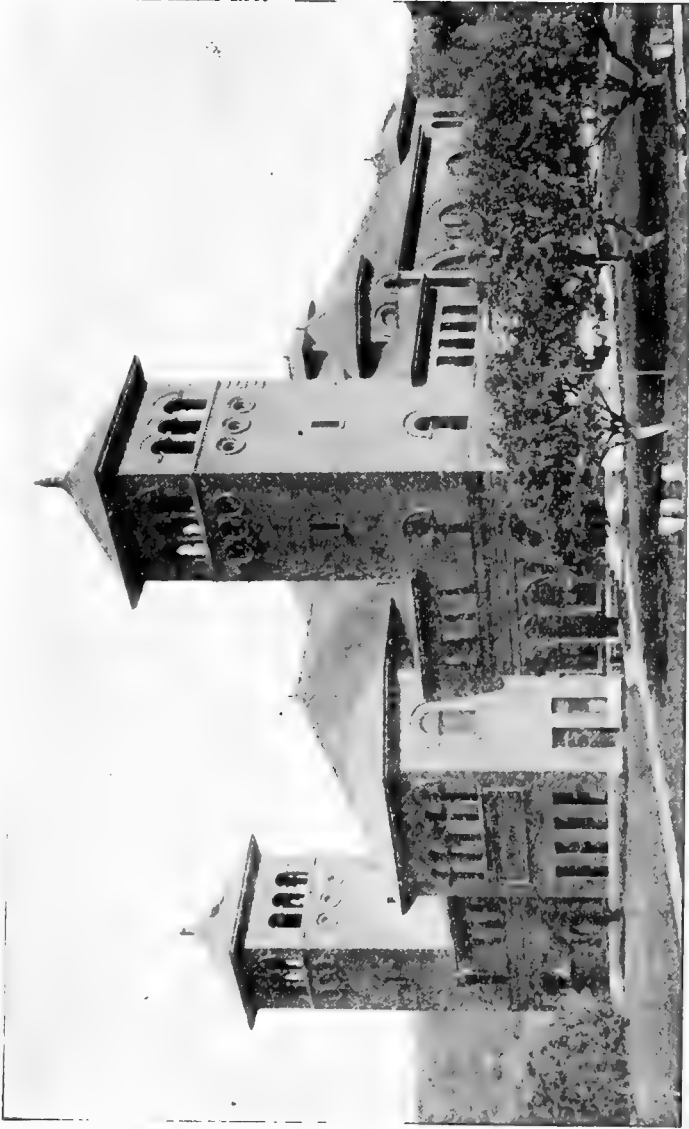
XIII.

METHODS OF WORK.



MOODY'S name has grown to be a synonym of method. He had method in everything. He believed in details, not indeed for the sake of details, but because he felt that no detail was too small to be considered in the supreme business of winning souls for Christ. He was ever on the alert. If there was a vacant seat he saw it. If there was a noise in the street he heard it. The opening and closing of doors, a tendency to drag in the singing, the inability of the people in the corner to hear—all these he noticed and sought to remedy. He had the happy faculty of knowing how to cut out plans without giving them a chance to dry. This was perhaps due largely to the snap which pervaded his whole being. He believed in making things move. He never allowed the service to drag under any circumstances. Nobody could complain of awkward pauses or weary moments of waiting. Dr. Wharton says that he has gone with him to a great theatre building, when no one was in the house except the employes. "As soon as the people came rushing in he was ready to start the singing. Not that he sang himself. He makes 'a joyful noise unto the Lord,' and, as a gentleman remarked, when asked what he thought of Mr. Moody's singing, 'I could at least say I have never heard anything like it.'"

Dr. Chapman says that he used to love to watch him in the meetings he conducted. "His eyes were always open to take in the most minute details of the service,



THE AUDITORIUM, NORTHFIELD.

things to which other ministers would be blind. He was ever seeing. I frequently almost lost the message he was giving in my admiration of the messenger. While he was sitting in the first part of the service he would make a dive into his pocket, take out a piece of paper, and write a message to some one of his workers, put down an illustration, or record something which was to be the seed-thought of a future sermon."

Moody never allowed any one to run the meeting for him. He always insisted upon having his own way, no matter in whose church he might be. He believed in advertising. "The more publicity given evangelistic meetings and addresses the better," he would say; and again, "There is no method of circulation like the press. What I or any other man can say is heard only by one or two thousand people—and that is a large audience. The essence of the sermon is often conveyed to two or three hundred thousand in a single newspaper."

He was always careful to see that ample accommodations for reporters was provided. During his World's Fair campaign he had a bulletin-board made, upon which large notices could be fastened. These were placed outside of the church. In one case, the church officer objected to the bulletin as being undignified. "Undignified!" exclaimed Mr. Moody, "why, that is just like a lot of these fossils—killing their church with dignity! I should like to know if it is not a good deal more undignified to have a minister preach to an empty church fifty times a year? When you've something good to give a hungry world, let them know it and you will fill the church."

One evening in San Francisco he sat in his room at the hotel playing a game of "Authors" with Mrs. Moody

and two friends, when a messenger came in with a dispatch. As the boy stood waiting for an answer, Moody suddenly asked, "Won't you sit down, my lad, and have a game of 'Authors' with us?" The boy declined, and presently left the room. The door had hardly closed when Mrs. Moody said, "Why, Dwight, what made you think of inviting that boy to sit down and play with us?"

"My dear," replied Moody, "don't you see, if I had not called the boy's attention to the fact that we were playing 'Authors,' all the morning papers would certainly have announced under big headlines that D. L. Moody had been discovered in a San Francisco hotel engaged in a game of cards?"

Once while in Boston he was accused of lowering the pulpit because he insisted that the Church should seek those who did not seek the Church. He replied, "If lowering the pulpit means bringing it to the people, then I would to God that I could lower it. If I wanted to hit Boston, you don't think I would mount my gun on Bunker Hill Monument, and fire into the air, do you?" He was a great Christian strategist—"never so happy," says Mr. Meyer, "as when organizing some great campaign, like that during the World's Fair at Chicago, when he occupied the largest halls in Chicago with evangelists gathered from all the world; or when in later years, he promoted the distribution of Bibles and the holding of evangelistic meetings among the soldiers of the Cuban army." He was the Von Moltke of the religious world in the United States. He would lay plans for a winter's campaign in such a city as New York, or Boston; would engage some large central building, and hold two or three meetings a day, interesting reporters and gaining the attention of the press, working out pres-

ently into new quarters of the city, until the whole community had felt the impact of the religious momentum communicated through him. Ministers would open their churches and respond to his appeals for help; lists of converts would be furnished to the several churches; and the whole campaign so contrived as to increase the zeal and activity of the churches that had ranged themselves under his leadership."

No man was ever more at home on the platform, and no man ever had greater success in making people feel at home in the audience. At the strangers' meetings, which he often held, he spoke with such freedom as few men would have dared to do. He determined to make strangers feel perfectly at home, and he greeted them with the heartiness of an old friend. He would ask their names, where they lived, what they were doing, what church they attended; then he would give them such information and advice as he thought would be of practical service.

"You, brother, over there by the first window; do you love the Lord?" he would say.

"That red-haired man on the back seat, are you a Christian?" And the timid brother thus addressed would rise tremblingly to his feet and give a reason for the hope that was in him, if he had one. Thereupon Moody would immediately ask his name, and residence, note them down in his book, and tell the new man that he was now to count himself an old member and begin to help others feel at home.

"Sometimes," says Mr. Daniels, "he would walk up and down the aisles, looking into the faces of the congregation for signs of the work of the Holy Spirit on their hearts; and when he noticed a person who seemed

to be thoughtful, or penitent, he would go straight to his side and say, 'Are you a Christian?' If the answer was at all doubtful, he would instantly follow with, "Do you want to be saved? Do you want to be saved now?" And, before the half-penitent sinner had time to make objections, he would have him on his knees in prayer, kneeling himself beside him, while the whole congregation were kneeling around him. "The man thus publicly brought out as a seeker of religion would generally give himself up to the Lord, being as it were, pushed headforemost into the kingdom of heaven; though under a less impetuous leader he might, for years, have dragged himself along at a snail's pace toward the entrance of the church.

"Everything was done promptly; no long speeches or prayers were tolerated. Sometimes a slow-going brother would fail to notice the stroke of the bell, which was a warning that his three minutes were up, and if the one in charge of the meeting hesitated in his duty, Mr. Moody would jump to his feet and perhaps ask the stranger a question. Then catching the first few words of his answer, he would use it as a rudder with which to bring the meeting up before the wind and send it off on its proper course again."

It was his rule to make the most of every incident that could in any way serve his purpose in winning souls. One Sunday, during the World's Fair campaign, he preached a sermon from the text, "The Son of Man is come to save that which was lost."

When he had finished, a little boy was brought to the platform by an officer, who said he found him wandering in the crowd, evidently lost. Moody took the little fellow up in his arms and, standing before the great throng, asked the people to look at the lost child.

"This boy has a father who is no doubt at this moment looking for him with an anxious heart," said the preacher. "The father is more anxious to find his boy than his boy is to be found. It is just so with our Heavenly Father. He is seeking us to-day, seeking us with unspeakable solicitude. For long years he has been following you. Oh, sinner; he is following you still. He is calling to you to-day."

At this instant a man with blanched face and excited eye was seen elbowing his way toward the platform. As he reached it the little boy saw him, and, running quickly over the platform, threw himself into his father's outstretched arms. The multitude witnessed the scene with breathless attention, and then broke out into a mighty cheer.

He knew what he could do and what he could not do, and he was careful to take account of his limitations, as well as of his power. He believed in his ability to control an audience, and he never found one beyond his strength. The story is told that when he was on a trip in the western part of Massachusetts he called on a minister at the end of the week, thinking to spend the Sabbath with him. The man appeared to be glad to see him and said: "I should be very glad to have you stop and preach for me to-morrow, but I feel almost ashamed to ask you."

"Why, what is the matter?" said Mr. Moody.

"Why, our people have got into such a habit of going out before meeting is closed, that it seems to be an imposition on a stranger."

"If that is all, I must and will stop and preach for you," was Mr. Moody's reply.

When the Sabbath day came and Mr. Moody had

opened the meeting and named the text, he looked around the assembly, and said:

"My hearers, I am going to speak to two sorts of folks—saints and sinners. Sinners, I am going to give you a portion first, and I would have you give good attention."

When he had preached to them as long as he thought best, he paused and said: "There, sinners, I have done with you now; you may take your hats and go out of the meeting-house as soon as you please."

But all tarried and heard him through. On another occasion, when he was addressing a crowd of roughs, a man in the rear of the assembly kept shouting to him, "'Old yer jaw there." For some time Moody paid no attention to his insulting remarks, but at length he deemed it necessary to call him to order, and when the man spoke again, he calmly replied: "Don't forget, my friend, that example is better than precept." The rebuke—it is hardly necessary to add—had the desired effect.

Dr. Trumbull gives a pleasing instance of Moody's regard for his limitations.

"In the fall of 1878," he writes, "when he was conducting a series of meetings in Baltimore, he telegraphed me, asking if I would come down and pass the night with him, as he wanted to talk a matter over with me.

"I went down, joined him in his meeting, and then passed the night in his temporary room. In the morning he asked me to conduct worship in his family group. I said I would read the passage for next Sunday's lesson, 'Zaccheus the Publican.' Noticing my pronunciation of the proper name, he said, 'Is that the way to call it?'

'Yes,' I said, 'the proper pronunciation is "Zach-che'us," but we Yankees most always start the emphasis a little too soon, "Zach'cheus." '

" 'Zach-che'us,' 'Zach-che'us,' said Moody trying the word to his ear; and then added, 'I guess I'd better stick to the old way.' He measured himself aright; as he did a good many others."

"The charm of his character," says Mr. Meyer, "was his thorough naturalness. Perhaps it was this that carried him so triumphantly through his career. That a matter had always been dealt with in a certain way was no reason why he should follow the beaten track. On the contrary, it was a reason for striking out with some novel and unconventional method. He was perfectly unmoved by the quotation of established precedent; utterly indifferent to the question as to whether the course he proposed would bring praise or blame. When he had mastered all the difficulties of a problem, he would set himself to its solution by the exercise of his own sanctified tact and common sense. There was no limit to his inventiveness, his rapid appreciation of the difficulties of a situation, or his naive solutions. I have often compared his method of handling a perplexity with his driving, for he always went straight before him, over hedges and mounds, up hill-sides, through streams, down dykes, over plowed fields. The last day I was with him at Northfield, he drove me from the Conference Hall over ground so irregular and uneven that every moment I expected we should be overturned. But we came out all right, at the gate we wanted, and it was certainly the shortest cut. So it was always with him."

In personal work he exhibited remarkable insight and sympathy, though the yearning of his heart was often

obscured by a blunt manner. One or two anecdotes may serve to illustrate this side of his life-work.

"An infidel came the other day to one of our meetings," he says in one of his sermons, "and when I talked with him, he replied that he didn't believe one-twelfth part of the Bible, but I kept on quoting Scripture, feeling that if the man didn't believe, God could do what he chose with his Word, and make it quick and powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword. The man kept saying that he did not believe what the Bible said, and I kept on quoting passage after passage of Scripture; and the man, who, two hours before, had entered the hall an infidel, went out of it a converted man; and a short time after his conversion he left the city for Boston, a Christian, to join his family in Europe. Before this gentleman went away, I asked him if he believed the Bible, and his reply was: 'From back to back, every word of it.'"

In another sermon, he says, "I remember when on the Northside, I tried to reach a family time and again, and failed. One night in the meeting, I noticed one of the little boys of that family. He hadn't come for any good, however; he was sticking pins in the backs of the other boys. I thought if I could get hold of him it would do good. I used always to go to the door and shake hands with the boys, and when I got to the door and saw this little boy coming out, I shook hands with him, and patted him on the head, and said I was glad to see him, and hoped he would come again. He hung his head and went away. The next night, however, he came back, and he behaved better than he did the previous night. He came two or three times after, and then asked us to pray for him that he might become a Christian. That was a happy night for me. He became a Christian and

a good one. One night I saw him weeping. I wondered if his old temper had got hold of him again, and when he got up I wondered what he was going to say. 'I wish you would pray for my mother,' he said. When the meeting was over I went to him and asked, 'Have you ever spoken to your mother or tried to pray with her?' 'Well, you know, Mr. Moody,' he replied, 'I never had an opportunity; she don't believe, and won't hear me.' 'Now,' I said, 'I want you to talk to your mother to-night.' For years I had been trying to reach her and couldn't do it.

"So I urged him to talk to her that night, and I said 'I will pray for you both.' When he got to the sitting-room he found some people there, and he sat waiting for an opportunity, when his mother said it was time for him to go to bed. He went to the door undecided. He took a step, stopped, and turned around, and hesitated for a minute, and then ran to his mother and threw his arms around her neck, and buried his face in her bosom. 'What is the matter?' she asked—she thought he was sick. Between his sobs he told his mother how for five weeks he had wanted to be a Christian; how he had stopped swearing; how he was trying to be obedient to her, and how happy he would be if she would be a Christian, and then went off to bed. She sat for a few minutes, but couldn't stand it, and went up to his room. When she got to the door she heard him weeping and praying, 'Oh, God, convert my dear mother.' She came down again, but couldn't sleep that night. Next day she told the boy to go and ask Mr. Moody to come over and see her. He called at my place of business—I was in business then—and I went over as quick as I could. I found her sitting in a rocking-chair weeping. 'Mr.

Moody,' she said, 'I want to become a Christian.' 'What has brought that change over you, I thought you didn't believe in it?' Then she told me how her boy had come to her, and how she hadn't slept any all night, and how her sins loomed up before her like a dark mountain. The next Sunday that boy came and led that mother into the Sabbath School, and she became a Christian worker."

Moody never asked a man his denomination, and throughout his career he was distinguished for his beautiful catholicity of spirit. Some years ago, while he was preaching in a New England city, which was conspicuous for its affiliation with the American Protective Association, a secret order which had for its avowed purpose antagonism to anything calculated to promote the interest of the Roman Catholic Church, he was asked when he intended to preach against the Catholics.

"Just as soon as all of the Protestants are converted," he answered.

In an account of the Baltimore meeting, Mr. Daniels tells an amusing story of Moody's efforts in the rôle of music-director. He had dismissed Mr. Sankey to England, and was making a brave effort to take his place. One night he appeared at one of the services for men half an hour before the time, and avowed his intention of showing them how to sing—a statement altogether incompatible, it would seem, with the fact that he never could sing a tune in his life.

His first call was for the best singers to come up on the platform by his side: and he was very quick in finding out who they were.

"Here, James Robinson, up there in the gallery," he would say, "come down and help me sing. There is a

man here who tells me you are a good singer." And the man thus invited would make all haste to the platform. A few more calls sufficed to give him the number he wanted for his "choir," and then he said:

"Now everybody sing. I am going to be chorister myself, and I want you to do your very best for my sake."

Finding the supply of singing books to be inadequate, he dispatched a messenger to buy out the entire stock of No. 3's of a neighboring bookseller, and when the books arrived he commenced to toss them to the boys all over the house, the scene becoming quite exciting as twenty or thirty hands reached out to catch each book as it fluttered through the air, aimed at the head of some man whom he happened to know was able to use it.

When the books were distributed the singing school was ready to begin. His main reliance was the choir, whom he directed to sing all the solos; and then, for the better advancement of his great class, he divided it into three portions, thus: "Right gallery," "Left gallery," and "Floor."

"Now, my men, you can all sing, 'Are Your Windows Open Toward Jerusalem?' and I am going to see who can sing it best. The choir will sing the solo, and we will all join in the chorus. Let every man sing. If you can't sing the words, say them; it'll do you good. Say them now after me," and the master recited the words of the chorus several times over, the men shouting them back to him till the ice was thoroughly broken, and then the choir was directed to strike up.

It can hardly be said that Mr. Moody is an adept in the art of beating time, but he has the instinct to stop when he finds he is altogether out of the measure, and

wait for an easier place in the music, when he begins to wag his head and wave his hand again, much to the enjoyment of his audience.

"That'll never do," he would break out. "Why, I can sing better than that myself," at which there was an incredulous laugh all over the house. "Come, now, sing louder, sing louder, men! Here, let the galleries sing the chorus along with me and the choir, while the floor keeps still."

This was done.

"Now let the floor sing and the galleries listen," and the floor sings; of course better—that is, louder—than the galleries, upon which the leader remarks:

"There, they beat us. We must try it over again." And so on, and so on.

Thus this great leader, by the use of his shrewd common sense, without knowing a note of music, or being able to sing a single strain, was able to teach a singing school in a way that was very effective, as well as in a way that was wholly his own.

XIV.

MOODY AS AN EDUCATOR.



WHEN Moody returned from England he realized that the hand of the Lord had been laid upon him, and that under that hand he was destined to go hither and thither doing the Lord's work unto the end. Naturally he began to look about for a place to which he could repair at intervals for a brief respite from his labors, and as naturally his thoughts turned towards the place of his birth and the home of his mother. He had now labored as an evangelist for thirteen years and had laid up nothing. He had not only taken no thought for the morrow, but he had refused to allow his friends to take thought for him, except for his immediate expenses. At last, however, realizing that he was being severely criticised for his apparent indifference to the future welfare of his loved ones, he yielded to the earnest solicitations of his friends and accepted a sum of money sufficient to buy a comfortable home in Northfield that his wife and children "might have a roof over their heads" when he was gone.

He had hardly settled his family in Northfield—or to be exact, East Northfield—when his habit of looking for work to do asserted itself, and he began to think of the needs of his neighbors. While driving out one day he noticed two women—a mother and daughter—sitting in the door of a miserable hut, braiding straw for a hat. "What a narrow life that poor girl has before her," he said to himself as he drove on; and immediately there was born in his heart a determination to do something

to secure better things for the large class which the poor girl represented. He had always lamented the deficiencies of his own education, and his experience as an evangelist had taught him that men must not only be called from the ways of sin, but must be trained mentally as well as spiritually for God's service. It cannot be said that he had any conception at this time of the vast educational system which he was destined to inaugurate. Indeed, he seems to have begun without any definite plans except to provide from day to day for the immediate needs of his own community. First, he gathered together a few of the poorer children of the neighborhood and taught them in his own house. When his little school had grown to twenty pupils he built an addition to his house for its accommodation. Later a small brick dormitory was erected across the street. This soon became overcrowded, but he was obliged to feel his way along. About this time a large hillside farm near the old homestead in which his mother lived was offered for sale. This was bought and Moody at once began to plan a seminary for girls. He was now joined by a most sympathetic and efficient coadjutor in the person of Mr. Marshall, a retired Boston merchant, who having been led to consecrate himself and his property to God, and feeling a strong personal attachment for the evangelist, concluded to move to Northfield and assist him in his seminary project.

The first building, known as East Hall, was erected in 1879. The situation of this building is more commanding than that of any of the subsequent structures. "From the eminence on which it stands, the view to the west and north is superb. The foreground is the eastern slope of the Connecticut Valley; the river itself



DICKINSON LIBRARY.

gleams at intervals throughout many miles of its winding course. The western slope of the valley, partly wooded, rises gently and culminates in a range of verdure-crowned hills. In the direction of Vermont the range of vision is almost unlimited; the color of the landscape changes gradually from bright green to pale and still paler blue, until at last the actual horizon becomes indistinguishable as mountain peaks melt into hazy sky."

East Hall is constructed of brick and granite, with towers on each end, and has a delightful porch which is reached by a long but easy flight of granite stairs. It cost nearly forty thousand dollars. Within a year this building was crowded, and Moody began to realize the economic advantage of conducting the operations of the seminary upon a larger scale. The expense to the institution for each student was then about one hundred and sixty dollars a year, and he estimated that with another large dormitory the cost could be considerably reduced. He mentioned the matter to a few friends just before starting on his second evangelistic tour of Great Britain, which consumed the greater part of three years. In his absence the heirs of the estate of Mr. Frederick Marquand undertook the erection of the much-needed dormitory, and in 1884 it was completed at a cost of about sixty-seven thousand dollars. It is a beautiful structure. On the granite arch over the porch is inscribed, "Frederick Marquand Memorial Hall, 1884." During this year Stone Hall was built. This hall was used for religious meetings during the summer vacations until the great Auditorium was built several years later. The Talcott Library was built in 1888. It is of granite, and was the gift of James Talcott of New York. It contains, in addition to the library, a delightful reading-

room and an office. This building cost twenty-five thousand dollars. Weston Hall was completed in 1887, at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars. This building was given by Mr. Weston, a sugar magnate, who also presented Moody with fifty thousand dollars to be expended for his schools as he saw fit. The Skinner Gymnasium, which is perfect in all its appointments, was the gift of Mr. William Skinner, a silk manufacturer of Holyoke, and cost not far from twenty-five thousand dollars. The Betsy Moody Cottage is a frame structure of neat appearance, used as a hospital, although it is said its capacity for this sort of work has never been severely taxed. It was erected in 1892, and is named in honor of Moody's mother. Two smaller dormitories are situated on the Winchester road—Hillside Cottage and Maple Lodge. Near them is the large barn which is a necessary structure for the seminary acres. A farmer's boy who had hoed corn, Moody never lost his knack for farming, or at least his interest in it, and the seminary farm always received his most careful personal attention. Nearly two hundred acres of the six hundred owned by the seminary are under cultivation for the special use of the institution. All the vegetables, milk and cream are supplied by this farm; and here all the pork and the best part of the beef are raised. The farm owns sixty cows and twenty-four horses, with hens and chickens, the crowing of which, a newspaper reporter has declared, would arouse an army to battle. These latter were Moody's pets. A barn replacing one struck by lightning a few years ago is one of the finest in its arrangements in a county noted for its skillful and educated farmers. While the farm is, of course, in charge of an overseer, Moody when at home kept his hand on everything, and

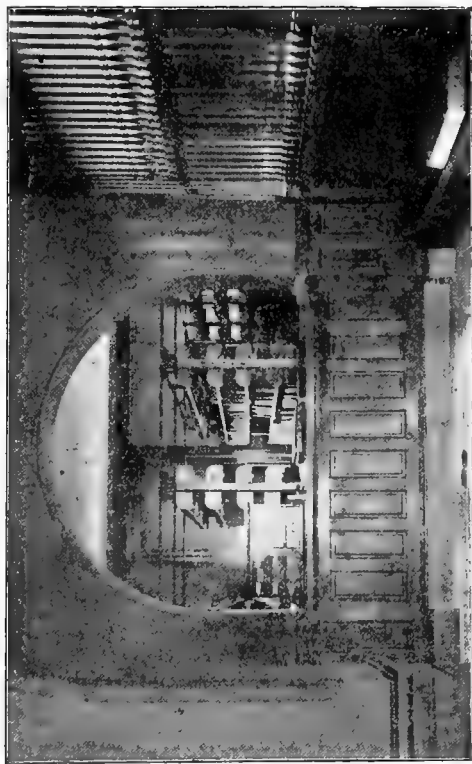
was sometimes seen driving over the place as early as four o'clock in the morning. He looked after the finances of the farm, and his employes declared him to be a prompt paymaster, fair and just to all. And, as they used to say, "He loves our little 'uns too."

In addition to the Seminary buildings, there is the Hotel "Northfield," which in summer is occupied by visitors. In winter it is used as a training school where thirty or forty girls are given instruction, not only in religious training, but in housework of every description. This hotel is controlled by a corporation having a capital stock of one hundred thousand dollars. Not a drop of liquor, nor a piece of tobacco in any form, has ever been sold in the hotel. "With these exceptions," says a reporter, "it is provided with every creature comfort."

Another building at East Northfield is the Auditorium, which has a seating capacity of thirty-five hundred people. The Congregational Church is situated midway between Northfield and East Northfield. It is a handsome structure, for which the community is indebted mainly, it is said, to Mr. Moody.

In 1879, when the seminary for girls was just getting under way, a valuable farm across the river about four miles distant was purchased at a very low figure by Moody and several of his friends, with the hope that the way would be opened to utilize it for a boys' school on which he had set his heart. The following year the late Hiram Camp of Connecticut visited Northfield, and learning of Moody's project, gave him twenty-five thousand dollars to get the school under way. An adjoining farm was then secured, and with two other purchases, two hundred and eighty-five acres of land and two large farm houses came into possession of the school. This

noble tract has been since enlarged until the school now stands in the centre of a tract of more than four hundred acres in extent, beautifully diversified by grassy slopes to the river and the hill on which the buildings stand. The first boy made his appearance at this school May 4, 1881. In 1883 a row of brick cottages was started, and when Moody returned from England in June he brought with him twelve boys who occupied the first of the cottages to be completed. This first class graduated in 1887. The next year the school opened with an attendance of two hundred and seventy-four, and since then it has had more applications for admission than it has had room to accommodate. It now has nearly five hundred students, and is kept open the entire year practically without vacation. This school which is known as Mt. Hermon is a unique institution. It was founded for poor boys who could not elsewhere obtain an education. Such boys are drawn there from all over the world, and last year there were represented in the school nineteen different nationalities. The school is unique in that no entrance examinations are required, and in that every student is obliged to work two hours a day on the farm or in some other department. The standard of scholarship is high, and graduates are admitted to many leading colleges on the principal's certificate. A vigorous Young Men's Christian Association is maintained, and there are in addition to the usual literary societies a good government club formed for the purpose of studying questions of government and making good citizens. The buildings occupy a commanding position on the banks of the Connecticut River. The view which greets the visitor to Mt. Hermon is that of a hilltop crowned with a row of cottages which is flanked by the great Crossley Hall,



DICKINSON LIBRARY.

which is filled with two hundred students, and a tasteful dining-house, to which "the youths with appetites sharpened by required exercise on the farm regularly repair." Across the campus is the recitation hall, and down by the roadside the two cheerful farm houses "turned to uses their owners never guessed." Over the way there is a barn, a great stricture with its generous herds and gathered crops. Near by is the new science building, the gift of Mr. H. D. Silliman of New York, which is surmounted by an observatory. And there is the Moody Chapel, built from a fund which was intended to be a personal gift to Mr. Moody.

Besides these, there is the splendid Overton Hall, the gift of J. Campbell White (Lord Overton) of England. Both the Moody Chapel and Overton Hall are new buildings, having been completed within a year. The cornerstone of Overton Hall was laid two years ago by Miss Helen Gould. This hall is the outcome of a letter which Moody wrote to Lord Overton, in which he said that he had been informed by the principal of the school that a hundred more boys were needed to carry on the farm and that there was no place for them to sleep. Lord Overton's reply to the letter was in the form of a check for twenty-five thousand dollars.

Neither the seminary for girls nor the school for boys has ever been self-supporting, Moody having insisted from the start that the tuition and board for the school year should be placed at about one hundred dollars, which is little more than one-half the actual cost. The annual deficiency has been made up by friends and by the royalties from the sale of Gospel Hymns and Moody's books.

In his educational work Moody exhibited a remark-

able amount of common-sense. This work, says the editor of a leading paper, has made evident his perfect sanity. Every step that has been taken in enlarging the work has been carried out according to plain, common-sense principles. For example, he recognized very early that it was essential to have a fine hotel where wealthy Christians could be well fed. The result was one of the most pleasant summer resorts in the land. Here many people of wealth and refinement spend the summer. As some one has said, Moody recognized the fact that contributions could be best obtained from people when their stomachs were comfortably filled, and the hotel has proved an excellent investment. Here the Earl of Aberdeen, his Countess and many other English notables have been entertained.

Many interesting stories have been told in connection with Moody's educational work in Northfield which strikingly illustrate the everyday side of the man. On one occasion he is said to have needed a sum of money—five or ten thousand dollars—for his Mt. Hermon school, and he sat down and wrote to a man in a distant city to send him a check. He knew that no human influence could be brought to bear to induce this man to give him the amount asked for, and therefore before the letter was sent he took it to his room, placed it on a chair, and kneeling by it prayed over it. The letter reached the man while he was at breakfast. He read it, and exclaimed, "Preposterous!" and threw it aside. But something moved him to read it again. Then he read it the third time; and finally he went to his library and sat down and wrote the check and sent it. In his letter he explained the circumstances, and said he made haste to write before going to his office for fear he might change his mind.

Moody was at his best at the commencement exercises of his schools. It was his custom as soon as the diplomas were passed around to announce that refreshments would be served, and everybody was invited to the serving-room. He would then lead the way and assist the boys and girls in bringing out refreshments and serving them to the guests—never taking a mouthful himself until the smallest urchin was satisfied.

One day one of the seminary trustees left a meeting of the Board and was driving away, when Moody raised the window and calling to him asked if he would give one thousand dollars to the work if he himself would do the same. "All right!" came the answer, and Moody closed the window. As he turned around he remarked that he did not have a thousand dollars, but that he would raise it in some way. Thereupon one of the trustees remarked that he thought it a somewhat irregular proceeding. "Oh, yes!" Moody replied, "but we do everything up here different from other people."

Some years ago when the Northfield girls were holding their first commencement exercises in the old Congregational Church, Moody was delayed at the railroad station. When he arrived at the church he found the auditorium crowded and the principal standing at the door with an anxious look upon her face. "What is the matter?" he asked. "Why, Mr. Moody, we have been waiting for you to lead in prayer." "Waiting for me!" he exclaimed. "When it is time to begin a meeting never wait for any one, no matter who he is. Start with what you have; no man is big enough to keep a religious meeting waiting."

In the course of an address delivered one afternoon at Mt. Hermon, Moody referred to a wooded elevation as

"Temptation Point." One of the trustees remarked that he had never heard the spot called by that name before.

"Neither have I," the speaker replied.

"Why did you hit upon such a name as that?" came the inquiry.

"Oh!" said Mr. Moody, "because I thought that some day some one might be tempted to erect a chapel for us on that point."

His wish has since been gratified, for a beautiful stone chapel now adorns the little hill.

In 1880 he issued a call to Christian workers everywhere to hold a ten-days' convention at Northfield. This was the beginning of the Northfield summer conferences which have become such a prominent feature in the religious world of to-day. The first summer the meeting was held in a tent pitched on the seminary grounds. Under this canopy meetings of the most thrilling character were held. When the exercises came to a close, "it seemed as if the windows of heaven were opened and in each waiting soul there was even more of the Spirit than he felt able to bear." The results of these meetings were soon apparent when the delegates who came from all parts of the world had returned to their respective spheres of labor. In 1881 the convention met especially for Bible study and continued in session thirty days. During the three summers following, Moody was absent in England and no meetings were held; but in 1885 he issued another call, and from that time Northfield has been the Mecca to which multitudes of Christian workers from many lands have made their annual pilgrimage. The influence of these conferences can never be computed. Among those who have attended them have been missionaries from every clime, students in preparation

for foreign fields, evangelists, eminent clergymen, editors of metropolitan newspapers, city missionaries and Sunday School workers, and it is safe to say that few have come away without having received a great spiritual impulse.

Still another educational enterprise was evolved from Moody's fertile brain. Almost from the beginning of his evangelistic career he had been impressed with the fact that an enormous amount of energy was running to waste in the church which might be turned to real service in the preaching of the Gospel. Something he felt was needed which would not interfere with the work of the theological seminaries and yet would provide systematic and thorough Biblical instruction, and that training in practical evangelistic methods which was needed by many earnest but inexperienced young men and women. As his experience widened, he realized more and more the increasing demand for consecrated men and women schooled in the knowledge and use of the Bible and familiar with aggressive methods of work to act as pastors' assistants, city missionaries, Sunday School missionaries, evangelists, Bible readers, and in various other fields of Christian activity both at home and abroad. It was his habit when he discovered a pressing need to begin at once to look for ways and means to meet it. His first step was to hold an institute for Bible study in Chicago as an experiment. The first session lasted but a few weeks. This was followed by others of longer duration. It was a success from the start and Moody soon decided to organize the work on a permanent basis. Ground adjoining the Chicago Avenue Church was purchased with buildings which were fitted up for a Ladies' Department and a building for the

Men's Department was erected. The Institute began its regular work in October, 1889, under the superintendency of the Rev. R. A. Torrey. "One great purpose we have in view in the Bible Institute," said Moody, "is to raise up men and women who will be willing to lay their lives alongside of the laboring class and the poor and bring the Gospel to bear upon their lives." The method of training adopted by the Institute is admirably adapted to this special object. Study and work are happily combined. Several days of each week are devoted to actual work in the homes of the people, in cottage meetings, missionary meetings, tent meetings, inquiry meetings, children's meetings and industrial schools, the object being to teach students not only the theory of work, but also the work itself. The Institute has always acted on the principle that the best way to learn how to do a thing is to do it. Only those are admitted into the Institute who give some evidence of burning zeal and devotion to the cause of Christ, and every effort is made in giving them the necessary training to maintain their spiritual warmth. All the students reside in the Institute under the eye of the superintendent. At night the men go out to the most sunken and degraded parts of the city and hold meetings in many halls and tents under the guidance of skilled evangelists. Sometimes these young men come back flushed with success and sometimes baffled. Then they get together and have a talk about notable experiences—of hairbreadth escapes, perhaps, or of some notable thief humbled at the foot of the cross. The Institute has fairly won its place at the front of Christian training schools, "standing out among all other institutions with a distinct, strong individuality—a powerful Christian agency 'come to the kingdom for such a time as this,'"



MOODY IN THE PULPIT—A CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE.

Mr. Torrey, the superintendent, is a graduate of Yale Theological Seminary. During his last year in the Seminary he worked for six weeks in the inquiry room in Moody's meetings in New Haven, where he acquired a love for the work of winning souls. After graduation he entered the ministry, but in 1882 resigned his charge to study in Germany. On returning home he accepted a pastorate in Minneapolis. Here he passed through a deep spiritual experience in which God was evidently training him for future service. Realizing his need he declared that he could not preach again until filled with the power of the Holy Spirit. After days of heart-searching and prayer he believed himself to have received an endowment of power such as he had never before known. About this time Moody offered him the superintendency of the Bible Institute, and feeling the call to be of God, he at once entered upon its duties.

Writing to a London paper of the work of the Institute, Henry Varley, the English evangelist, says: "I question whether the energy, ability, devotedness, and unity of hearts which exist here have ever been exceeded. As the waters in Ezekiel's vision flowed out, so here literally truth, zeal, and energy for God and man pour forth from nigh two hundred living springs. The impress of the beloved leader marks the majority of the students, and Mr. Moody appears to have engraved, under God, upon these young men and women who for more than four months have carried on this great and holy war, the motto, 'Out and out for Christ.' What a training for the Gospel ministry!"

XV.

THE WORLD'S FAIR CAMPAIGN.



IN the autumn of 1878 it was announced by the papers that Moody had taken a house in Baltimore for his family with the intention of devoting himself to study. It was also stated that he was in need of rest and that if he should do any evangelistic work at all, it would be on a very small scale. Moody had been in Baltimore but a few weeks, however, when he called together some of the leading members of the Young Men's Christian Association and other Christian workers and proposed to them to hold a series of meetings to be conducted in the principal churches in the city. From the first almost the entire ministry and membership of the Baltimore churches were in full accord with the movement and it soon became evident that no church was large enough to hold the crowds. This experiment of covering the city by many small meetings held in the churches was so successful that Moody decided to adopt the method for the future; and during the remaining years of his evangelistic career a "tabernacle" meeting was an exception.

From the close of his memorable tour of the leading cities of the country until his death, his time was divided mainly between evangelistic labors of the type I have just mentioned, educational enterprises, and prison work. In 1881 he visited Great Britain, where he remained three years engaged in evangelistic efforts. In 1891 he made his last tour of Great Britain, returning in May, 1893. On reaching home he immediately called



NORTH CHURCH.

together a number of leading Christian workers and unfolded to them a plan which he had carried on his heart through all his trip abroad. Like other good Americans he had been thinking of the World's Fair, but with this difference, that while other Americans were thinking how they could make the Fair redound to the glory of America, he was planning how to make it redound to the glory of God. He realized that the Fair would attract millions of people out of every nation under heaven, and his heart yearned with desire to make it an opportunity for the kingdom of God by having the Gospel preached to the multitudes of all nations who should come. During his trip abroad he had been planning the campaign and engaging the services of eminent evangelists, and when he returned home he entered upon the work with all the confidence of a man who had seen the finger of God pointing out the way. He not only felt called to the work, but he was under a solemn vow to undertake it. Of this vow Moody himself has told us a touching story:

"Just as I was preparing to leave London," he says, "the last time I was there, I called upon a celebrated physician and he told me that my heart was weakening and that I had to let up on my work, and that I should be more careful of myself; and I was going home with the thought that I would not work quite so hard. I was on the steamer "Spree," and when the announcement came that the vessel was sinking, and we were there forty-eight hours in a helpless condition, no one will ever know what I passed through, as I thought that my work was finished, and that I would never again have the privilege of preaching the Gospel of the Son of God. But that dark night, the first night of the accident, I

made a vow that if God would spare my life and bring me back to America, I would come back to Chicago, and at this World's Fair preach the Gospel with all the power that he would give me; and God has enabled me to keep that vow during the past five months. It seemed as if I went to the very gates of heaven during those forty-eight hours on the sinking ship, and God permitted me to come back and preach Christ a little longer."

His zeal for the Lord at this time almost consumed him. At Northfield and Mount Hermon, he gathered the teachers and students together at six o'clock in the morning to seek the anointing of the Holy Spirit and pray for the campaign that was about to open. "If you think anything of me," said he, with choking voice and tear-filled eyes, "If you have any regard for me, if you love me, pray for me that God may anoint me for the work in Chicago. I want to be filled with the Spirit that I may preach the Gospel as I never preached it before. We want to see the salvation of God as we have never seen it before."

During the first two weeks of the meeting Moody was occupied in fully maturing and developing his plans. The city was laid out in three large sections; in each of these sections a church was secured as a centre where a force was rallied for the meetings every night in the week and several times on Sunday. These centres were soon found to be insufficient and many other churches had to be called into use. "Then," to quote Dr. Torrey, "we made an assault upon the theatres." The Haymarket Theatre, which holds 3,500 people, was first secured, but it would not hold the crowd. Then the Empire Theatre across the way was rented; then the Standard, three blocks away; then the Columbia Theatre; then the

Music Hall; then the Hooley Opera House; then the Grand Opera House, and several other theatres. Every Sunday services were held in at least six theatres in addition to the churches. This was only a beginning. To accommodate the multitudes around the Fair grounds several large buildings were rented. Then the "Model Sunday School" building was secured; then the Epworth Hotel; then the Christian Endeavor Tabernacle; then the theatre; these not being enough five tents were erected. At last it became evident that no amount of accommodation would be sufficient for the crowds that wanted to attend the meetings, and so open-air services were appointed to be held in every part of the city. "Now," says Dr. Torrey, "we thought as long as the whole world was going to Chicago, we ought to try to reach all nations, and so we sent over to Germany for Dr. Stoecker, the famous preacher, to come over and preach to the Germans; then we got a preacher from the Swedes to preach to 1,500 of them nightly. We sent to Paris for a preacher to preach to the French, and one of our own students preached to the Bohemians, so we reached all these different nations by the preaching of the Gospel."

Never in the history of the world was such a time known in religious circles as that through which Chicago passed during the World's Fair season. "From the farthest suburbs," said a Chicago paper at the close of the campaign, "to the centre of civic life, to the most beautiful quarters, among the most magnificent boulevards and to the slums of our city, the effect of this movement has been felt. But Chicago is not the only place to be benefited by this wonderful work. The hundreds of thousands which thronged these great gather-

ings came from every land on earth. Every State in the great Republic sent a host of representatives. Returning to their homes over the whole wide world, they have taken with them the influences of the lessons to which they have listened, the songs they have heard, and the enthusiasm here inspired.

"To sum up the results of such a work is impossible for man. It cannot be measured in time, for eternity alone can tell, and God alone knows how many hundreds of thousands of hearts have been and will be reached."

The extraordinary generalship which Moody displayed throughout the campaign was a revelation even to many of those who knew him best. Much, however, might be said in behalf of his magnificent army of co-workers, which included many of the most eminent preachers and evangelists in the world. Perhaps the most effective work was done by our own men, Dr. Chapman, Dr. A. C. Dixon, Major Whittle, Dr. Torrey, and that plain, blunt man of the people, Ferdinand Schiverea, and a host of others. Among the laymen who aided in the work was young Lord Bennett, of England, who was converted while reading one of Moody's sermons in his own home at Chillingham Castle.

One of the most successful meetings was held in Forepaugh's circus tent, which had a seating capacity of fifteen thousand. It was estimated that nearly twenty thousand persons came to the circus to hear the Word of God. "It was a terribly hot day," says Dr. Torrey, "and it seemed as if we would all die before the service was over; but there that great crowd of men and women sat and stood beneath the overheated canvas, the per-



BETSY MOODY COLLEGE.
A Northfield School-Building Named for Moody's Mother.

spiration rolling down their faces, and listened to the Gospel. Among those brought to Christ on that morning was an actor, a man who had made a wreck of his life through strong drink. A large number of men and their wives were brought to Christ. Some people from the very highest classes of society were converted. For example, among the young men converted is one of whom I will tell you. A certain business man who has business interests in Chicago, who gives us thousands of dollars every year for our work, and has given us several thousand dollars this year, had an unconverted son. He was deeply interested in him. This boy came to Chicago and came to our meetings in Haymarket Theatre. One night at the close of the service he walked up on to the stage, took Mr. Moody by the hand, and told him he had accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour. That father thinks he has invested his thousands well."

In concluding a review of the campaign the writer whom I have just quoted says: "If you were to ask me what I thought was the great secret of this marvelous success, I would say it was this: that the leaders in this movement looked up to God to give the victory and expected him to do it and he did it. We were disappointed in men. Some of the men whom we expected the most of we got the least out of, and some of the men we expected least out of we got the most out of. But we were never disappointed in God. He helped us all along the line. He helped us in getting the blessing in the meetings, he helped us in overcoming obstacles, and he helped us in getting the money we needed. I do not know how many thousands of dollars it cost. We are figuring that up now. I presume they know now, but they did not know when I left Chicago; but, friends,

it was in answer to prayer that money came. I do not mean that people were not asked to give, because they were asked to give all over this country, and they did give most generously; but time and time again we got into a corner and there was no man to go to, and we went to God, who brought us out of our difficulty. Let me give you a single illustration of that. It was in August. Mr. Moody had to go East. It was near the 10th of the month. We pay part of our bills on the 1st of the month and part on the 10th. Four thousand dollars had to be paid on the 10th of that month. Mr. Moody was to go away in a day or two, and there was no money to pay it. We did not know what to do. Mr. Moody gathered some of us together, the inner circle of workers, at the dinner-table in his room. A great burden was upon his heart. He did not know where the money was to come from. I do not think he was discouraged; but I think he was as near discouraged as I ever saw him in my life. We sat down at that table. Just before we were seated a letter came enclosing an English letter of credit for nearly a thousand dollars. There was a prayer going up from the heart of Mr. Moody and from the hearts of two or three others who knew of the dilemma we were in. As we sat at that dinner-table a man came in with a telegram. He took it to Mr. Moody. Mr. Moody opened the telegram and then passed it down to me. That telegram read: 'Your friends at Northfield have given to-day as a free-will offering six thousand dollars for your work in Chicago, and there is more to follow.' Four thousand dollars more did follow, ten thousand in all. Friends, need I tell you we did not finish that meal? We pushed back with one accord from the table, and knelt by our chairs, and with tears and

sobs lifted our hearts in gratitude to God. He had heard our cry, and while we were yet speaking had answered our prayer. And so it was all this summer. Men often failed us, difficulties often came, but we had one Friend that always stood by us, and when money ran short, when the meetings grew dull, when obstacles came up and doors seemed closed, we went alone with God and we looked up to God for his blessing and for his power, and God heard us every time. The money came and the obstacles went, and, best of all, the Spirit of God came down."

•

XVI.

ABUNDANT IN LABORS.



IN his younger days Moody expended a vast amount of energy looking for work to do; but with increasing years came increasing labors, until in the latter part of his life he carried enough burdens to overwhelm a dozen ordinary men. Although it was repeatedly stated that he was about to retire from the evangelistic field, he remained in it until the end. He was always carrying on his heart some great city which he longed to win for Christ. This one passion was enough to consume the strength of most men. His schools were always on his shoulders, and he was continually organizing a campaign, or building something, or planning something, or collecting money for something, or publishing something. No one, not even Moody himself, ever knew how much money he raised by personal appeals for special enterprises outside of his own schools, which annually required a large amount. He built the Illinois Street Church in Chicago, and the Chicago Avenue Church, which grew out of it; he erected the Young Men's Christian Association building of that city, and when it was burned he built another, and when that was burned he built a third. He raised money for Association buildings in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Baltimore, Scranton, Richmond and many other cities. He erected more than twenty buildings at Northfield, and several Institute buildings in Chicago. He raised money for Christian Union buildings in Dublin, the



STONE HALL.



HILLSIDE COTTAGE.

Moody's First School Building at Northfield.

Christian Institute building in Glasgow, Carubber's Close Mission in Edinburgh, the Conference Hall, Stratford, Down Lodge Hall, Wansworth, London, and an Association building at Liverpool.

He found time for farming; he found time to take hold of every great enterprise that needed his leadership. The Army and Navy Commission, which was organized when the war with Spain broke out, lay very near to his heart, and an enormous amount of the detail work of the Commission was thrust upon him. In this enterprise he raised a large sum of money, which was wisely expended. He was interested in the Students' Volunteer movement, and he undertook mission work of various kinds in this and foreign countries. He took thought for the Indian work, the temperance work, fresh air funds—indeed, for every sort of Christian activity that came to his mind; and amid all these labors he found time to look up the poor, the afflicted, the needy of every sort. He would lay down everything and go miles to see a depraved wretch whom everybody had given up as a hopeless case. He was never too busy to look up an infidel carpenter to tell him that Jesus was a carpenter. Great as he was, full of labors as he was, he did not wait for poor sinners to come to him—he went to them.

He loved to visit prisons, where, by the way, he was always sure of a warm welcome. The convicts used to cheer him when he would preach to them, and he knew many of them by name. He was always using his influence for the pardon of some penitent criminal. One of his best stories is an account of one of his visits to the New York City prison.

"I have good news to tell you," he would say.

"Christ is come after you. I was at the Fulton-street prayer-meeting a good many years ago, one Saturday night, and when the meeting was over a man came to me and said, 'I would like to have you go down to the city prison to-morrow and preach to the prisoners.' I said I would be very glad to go. There was no chapel in connection with that prison, and I was to preach to them in their cells. I had to stand at a little iron railing and talk down a great narrow passage-way to some three or four hundred of them, I suppose, all out of sight. It was very difficult work; I never preached to the bare walls before. When it was over I thought I would like to see to whom I had been preaching and how they had received the Gospel. I went to the first door, where the inmates could have heard me best, and looked in at a little window and there were some men playing cards. I suppose they had been playing all the while. 'How is it with you here?' I said. 'Well, stranger, we don't want you to get a bad idea of us. False witnesses swore a lie, and that is how we are here.' 'Oh,' I said, 'Christ cannot save anybody here; there is nobody lost.' I went to the next cell. 'Well, friend, how is it with you?' 'Oh,' said the prisoner, 'the man that did the deed looked very much like me, so they caught me, and I am here.' He was innocent, too! I passed along to the next cell: 'How is it with you?' 'Well, we got into bad company, and the man that did it got clear, and we got taken up, but we never did anything. I went along to the next cell. 'How is it with you?' 'Our trial comes on next week, but they have nothing against us, and we'll get free.' I went round to nearly every cell, but the answer was always the same—they had never done anything. Why, I never saw so many innocent men together in my life.

There was nobody to blame but the magistrates, according to their way of it. These men were wrapping their filthy rags of self-righteousness about them. And that has been the story for six thousand years. I got discouraged as I went through the prison, on and on and on, cell after cell, and every man had an excuse. If he hadn't one the devil helped him to make one. I had got almost through the prison, when I came to a cell and found a man with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. Two little streams of tears were running down his cheeks; they did not come by drops that time.

"What's the trouble," I said. He looked up, the picture of remorse and despair. "Oh, my sins are more than I can bear." "Thank God for that," I replied. "What," said he, "you are the man that has been preaching to us, ain't you?" "Yes." "I think you said you were a friend?" "I am." "And yet you are glad that my sins are more than I can bear." "I will explain," I said. "If your sins are more than you can bear, won't you cast them on One who will bear them for you?" "Who's that?" "The Lord Jesus." "He won't bear my sins." "Why not?" "I have sinned against him all my life." "I don't care if you have; the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanses from all sin." Then I told him how Christ had come to seek and save that which was lost; to open the prison doors and set the captives free. It was like a cup of refreshment to find a man who believed he was lost, so I stood there and held up a crucified Saviour to him. "Christ was delivered for our offences, died for our sins, rose again for our justification." For a long time the man could not believe that such a miserable wretch could be saved. He went on to enumerate

his sins, and I told him that the blood of Christ could cover them all. After I had talked with him, I said, 'Now let us pray.' He got down on his knees inside the cell and I got down outside, and I said, 'You pray.' 'Why,' he said, 'it would be blasphemy for me to call on God.' 'You call on God,' I said. He knelt down and like the poor publican he lifted up his voice and said, 'God be merciful to me a vile wretch.' I put my hand through the window, and as I shook hands with him a tear fell on my hand that burned down into my soul. It was a tear of repentance. He believed he was lost. Then I tried to get him to believe that Christ had come to save him. I left him still in darkness. 'I will be at the hotel,' I said, 'between nine and ten o'clock, and I will pray for you.' Next morning I felt so much interested that I thought I must see him before I went back to Chicago. No sooner had my eye lighted on his face than I saw that remorse and despair had fled away, and his countenance was beaming with celestial light; the tears of joy had come into his eyes, and the tears of despair were gone. The Sun of Righteousness has broken out across his path; his soul was leaping within him for joy; he had received Christ, as Zaccheus did—joyfully. 'Tell me about it,' I said. 'Well, I do not know what time it was; I think it was about midnight. I had been in distress a long time, when all at once my great burden fell off, and now I believe I am the happiest man in New York.' I think he was the happiest man I saw from the time I left Chicago till I got back again. His face was lighted up with the light that comes from the celestial hills. I bade him good-bye, and I expect to meet him in another world."

In the night watches, as he expressed it, there came



EAST HALL.



WESTON HALL, NORTHFIELD SEMINARY.

before him the vision of the chain gang, the prison, and the army of prisoners within, with no wholesome reading or helpful influences. He saw in remote villages families destitute of books, or satisfied with meagre dime novels or sensational literature. He saw the shelves of other booksellers filled with cheap and poor books sold for a trifle to satisfy a depraved taste. To reach the criminal classes he determined to publish books of a high grade, yet interesting and instructive, that could be manufactured in good style and placed on the market at as low a rate as the poorer books. Hence the "Bible Institute Colportage Association," which he established three years ago in Chicago, with an eastern branch at Northfield. Since the establishment of the Association seventy different volumes have been issued. These volumes have been sold by booksellers in the usual way, and by colporters and students, some of whom are enabled thereby to pay their board and tuition at the Moody schools. The Association is self-supporting, and no funds have been solicited for this enterprise. The sales of its books have amounted to as many as one hundred thousand copies a month, and already two-and-a-half millions have been scattered over the land. Many of these have gone into the hands of prisoners. Books are published in English, German, Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish, and it is said that Polish, Bohemian, Dutch, and French will be added. One can find them for sale in Shanghai, and they are being placed on the fishing-boats off Newfoundland. Two scientific gentlemen out collecting in Zululand, recently sent an order for a large number of copies to be scattered among the traders in that far country. Like Spurgeon and other preachers of world-wide fame, Moody not only reached a vast mul-

titude with his voice, but he has reached a larger number with his published sermons and addresses. He wrote about fourteen volumes, which have had a combined circulation of more than two millions. Of his "Way to God," six hundred thousand have been issued, translations having been made in German, Swedish, Danish, and Norwegian. A quarter of a million of copies of his book on "Heaven" have been scattered over the world. The sale of the Gospel Hymns has been almost fabulous.

Many remarkable stories have been told of souls led to Christ through his printed sermons. Valentine Burk, a noted thief, while confined in prison at St. Louis, came across a paper one day containing a sermon by Moody, who was then preaching in that city. The reporter had headed it, "How the Jailer at Philippi was Caught." Thinking that the article was a story of jail news, and supposing that Philippi, Illinois, was meant, he began to read it. He soon found his mistake, but for some reason, he never knew why, he read on until he had read it through. Nine times in the course of the sermon he came upon the words of Paul to the frightened jailer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." The words set the man to thinking, and it was not long before he became a true penitent, and pledged himself to God to be an honest man. When his time was up, and he went out into the world, he found the usual fate of the ex-convict awaiting him. Nobody would give him employment, and after a time he drifted to New York; then he drifted back to St. Louis, and there the sheriff, in whose custody he had so often been, told him he had been shadowing him wherever he went, and was convinced that his reformation was real. The sheriff made him his deputy, and subsequently his

treasurer. "The man who had spent twenty of his forty years in jail could be trusted when religion changed him." In his account of Burk, which he gives in the little book, "Crime and Criminals," Moody relates in his quaint way how at one time Burk felt that the repulses he met with everywhere were caused by his ugly face, and prayed the Lord to make him handsome. Whether with or without a miracle the reformed man had his wish. No one who knew him in his days of sin could have recognized him a few years after his conversion without being told his name. He had actually become handsome. What made the striking change Burk himself best knew. On the back of his picture that had hung in the Rogues' Gallery he wrote, "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust."

XVII.

MOODY AT HOME.



ONE of Moody's favorite illustrations was a story of a sick child who, as the shadows of death began to gather about him, said to his father: "Lift me up, please." The father reached down and tenderly took him in his arms. "Lift me higher, father;" and he lifted him higher. "Higher," pleaded the little fellow faintly, and the father held him as high as his arms could reach. Presently the little form grew very still; he had been lifted higher. "I believe," Moody would say, "that he lifted him into the arms of Christ." And then his kindly face would glow, and as the tears welled up in his eyes he would say: "I would rather have my children say that about me than to have a monument of gold that would pierce the clouds."

And he did so live in the presence of his children that they could say this very thing of him—he lifted them higher. "I don't think," said his eldest son, in the touching testimony which he gave at his father's funeral, "I don't think he showed up in any way better than when on one or two occasions in dealing with us as children, with his impulsive nature, he spoke rather sharply. We have known him to come to us and say, 'My children,' 'my son,' 'my daughter,' 'I spoke quickly; I did wrong; I want you to forgive me.'"

Often in his sermons he gave us unintentional glimpses of this side of his heart. "I remember," he used to say, "my little girl had a habit of getting up in

the morning very cross. I don't know whether your children are like that. She used to get up in the morning speaking cross, and made the family very uncomfortable. So I took her aside one morning and said to her, 'Emma, if you go on in this way I shall have to correct you; I don't want to do it, but I will have to.' She looked at me for a few moments—I had never spoken that way to her before—and she went away. She behaved herself for a few weeks all right, but one morning she was as cross as ever, and when she came to me to be kissed before going to school, I wouldn't do it. Off she went to her mother, and said: 'Mamma, papa refused to kiss me; I cannot go to school because he won't kiss me.' Her mother came in, but she didn't say much. She knew the child had been doing wrong. The little one went off, and as she was going downstairs I heard her weeping, and it seemed to me as if that child was dearer to me than ever she had been before. I went to the window and saw her going down the street crying, and as I looked on her I couldn't repress my tears. That seemed to me the longest day I ever spent in Chicago. Before the closing of the school I was at home, and when she came in her first words were: 'Papa, won't you forgive me?' and I kissed her and she went away singing. It was because I loved her that I punished her. My friends, don't let Satan make you believe when you have any trouble that God does not love you."

His love for his mother, as I have already said, was exceedingly beautiful. He could not pay her too much reverence or respect. He always visited her daily when in East Northfield, and he took delight in saying that it was due to her strength, her noble Christian character and love that under God he owed his success. The af-

fection which he showed for all his relatives was often very touching. When Miss Helen Gould laid the cornerstone of Overton Hall, the last dormitory built at Mt. Hermon, Moody saw one of his relatives coming toward the platform. He turned to his wife and said, so that every one on the platform could hear: "There comes Aunt Mandy Holton; mamma, make a good place for her." And his order was carried out. "Aunt Mandy," by the way, was one of his severest critics.

To those who came to Northfield with no other knowledge of Moody than as a man of movements and a leader of great enterprises, the domestic side of his character was a delightful revelation. It was beautiful to see the intense love which he showed for the "quietness and delight"—as Mr. Meyer expressed it—"of his own immediate family circle." It cost him more than the world ever dreamed to leave his home and the delights of comradeship with those who were nearest to him. "If the only motive of his life," says the writer whom I have just quoted, "had been that of self-pleasing, I very much doubt if he would ever have left the immediate companionship of wife and children and grandchildren. It was the strength of the Christ life that sent him forth through all the years and to the end."

Was it a mere fancy that led so many visitors to say that his home seemed to be filled with a holy atmosphere? Certainly, there was something about it which made his friends think of heaven. Not that it was a melancholy place, or stupid, or mouldy and dark—Moody's piety was of too healthy a type for such things. He had no fancy for sick-room odors and felt slippers in the spiritual life. To him there was a good deal that was akin to religion in a healthy laugh and a good romp

with the children. I don't think that any one ever noticed anything else about the house that was remarkable. It was a plain, substantial New England home, with plenty of white paint and green blinds, and porches and lawns—a good comfortable home—nothing more. It satisfied Moody, if it failed to satisfy the critics who insisted that he had spent a fortune on it.

A day's life, such as Moody lived during his summers at Northfield, would make an exceedingly interesting story if the spirit of the man could be breathed into it. In bare outlines it differs little from the daily life of most men. He was an early riser and loved to be up before any one else was stirring about. At five o'clock he was in his study, and for two hours he gave himself up wholly to the Bible and its Author. It was his custom to read the Bible consecutively from beginning to end, a method which gave him a comprehensive knowledge of the Word such as is possessed by few men. He did not confine himself, however, to this method. Any one meeting him during the day, it is said, would detect from his conversation the fact that his morning hours had been spent in this way.

The younger members of the family always looked forward to the breakfast hour with pleasure, because at the table the great evangelist usually became a boy again, and often gave himself up to the pleasant task of making fun for the entire household. He would not deny himself his little joke even if it had to be made at his own expense. He excelled in pleasantries, although on occasions he found a match in some younger member of his own family. The story is told that his daughter Emma wanted to attend an entertainment which did not meet with her father's approval. She went all the

same, and the next morning, when she came into the dining-room, Moody said: "Good morning, Satan's daughter!" "Good morning, papa!" came the answer, quick as a flash. "Who that ever sat about his table," says Dr. Chapman, "can forget his laugh; he knew just how to put every man at his best."

Of his prayers at the family altar, Mr. Jacobs says: "I think I never heard a man pray who could comprehend so much in a few words as he did. His family, his schools, his workers and their families, the work in hand, missionaries, ministers and all forms of Christian work in all places are treated in an incredibly short space of time and brevity of speech. You rise from your knees, having belted the globe with tender petitions for God's care for his own."

After prayers came his correspondence, which was always very heavy. Moody was never able to dictate to a stenographer, and this caused him much additional hard work. If he could get through with his correspondence before the heat of the day he would go out for a drive, in which he usually combined business with pleasure. There were the schools to be looked after, and the farm, and the sick neighbors, and, as Drummond wrote home—"the milk, and the beefsteak for dinner, and so on." Perhaps he was never more interesting than he was during these morning rides. He knew everybody, and everybody knew him, and he was always looking for a chance to show his interest in the people he met. "He was my friend," said an old man at the funeral. "But then," he added, "he was everybody's friend."

Dr. Morgan has given a charming description of one of the rides which he had the privilege of sharing with the evangelist during a visit to Northfield. "Suddenly



MOODY OUT FOR A DRIVE

he pulled up his horse to speak to a group of children. 'Have you had any apples to-day?' said he. 'No, Mr. Moody,' they replied. 'Then go down to my house and tell them to give you all you want.' Away they went, and so did he, both happier. Down a narrow lane he drove next, and through a gate to where a man was at work in a field. 'Biglow,' said Mr. Moody, 'it's too hot for you to work much: half a day's work for half a day's pay, you know, while this heat lasts.' "I sat by his side," adds Dr. Morgan, "and watched and began to understand the greatness of the man whose life was so broad that it touched sympathetically all the phases of life."

Moody was as fond of doing farm-work himself as he was of superintending it. The *Ladies' Home Journal* recently published a picture of him taken as he was standing knee-deep in the water, engaged in—to use his own words—"converting this little pond into a reservoir for those houses down in the valley." "But," said the friend to whom he spoke, "I thought you converted people, not ponds." "Oh, well," he replied, "some ponds need conversion just as much as people do. I am going to cleanse this one and make a Christian of it."

Henry Drummond was charmed with Moody as a host. He thought him almost as grand helping his guests at the table as he was when appealing to a house full of sinners to give themselves to Christ. Dr. Morgan, whom I have just quoted, writes in a similar vein: "After the evening meeting, at his invitation, I saw him in a new rôle—that of the host. He sat in his chair at the head of the table and helped the ice cream, directed the conversation, and listened with the patience and simplicity of a child to every word that others spoke. That night the talk turned on the most serious subjects, the

inner life of the people of God, and its bearing on the work of the churches among the people. As we broke up I went to bid him good-bye, as I was to depart by an early train on the morrow. 'Oh,' said he, 'I shall see you in the morning; and you are to preach at ten o'clock.' That was my first notice. What did I do? I preached as he bid me, as other and better men have ever been glad to do. That was his way. He printed no program of the Northfield Conferences. He gathered around him a band of teachers and speakers, and then as the days moved on he manipulated them according to the necessities of the case. After speaking next morning I hurried away, but in that brief stay Moody had become more to me. Strong, tender, considerate, from that day I more than revered him; I loved him."

During the summer he was accustomed to spend his evenings quietly at home; but when conducting his evangelistic campaigns night brought little rest. "A man under such intense mental and physical strain," says Mr. Jacobs, "must of course show signs of temporary exhaustion. This was very often the case when, after two or three services a day, he had reached his room completely exhausted, but always cheerful and alert concerning reports from workers." He seldom admitted that he was weary. His workers usually gathered in his room before retiring, to give reports from different parts of the field. In these meetings, which were always very informal, the stronger characteristics of the man were very vividly brought out. "How eagerly," says the writer whom I have just quoted, "he drinks in the report of a successful worker who speaks of gathered sheaves for the harvest home. But no less eager when,

after several reports, perhaps there is one who cannot speak of a successful meeting and must confess he has met with failure. As some worker rises and relates his seeming failure or tells of some particularly distressing circumstance of some individual with whom he has personally dealt, I have seen Mr. Moody's face change from joy to deep solicitude and sympathy as his eyes became suffused with tears, and with one consent all heads bowed, while he commended the work and workers to God and especially mentioned this one to him who sees all our work and to whom no doubt our successes are often signal failure and our failures the highest success."

Fortunately he could sleep at will. It is related that a man was admitted to Moody's room one afternoon when he returned very weary from a meeting. The evangelist quickly realized that his visitor was a fanatic, and endeavored to get rid of him; but the man was entirely impervious to hints and so persistent as to be extremely annoying. When at last there seemed no hope of escape, Moody asked permission of his caller to lie down while listening, as he was very tired. This just suited the stranger, who now felt that he had his victim at his mercy. But his exultation soon changed to dismay, for Moody's regular, deep breathing presently showed that he was in a state in which ordinary mortals are invincible to argument.

XVIII.

THE MAN HIMSELF.



GLANCE at the man would not have led one to the conclusion that he was in the presence of one of the most famous men of our time. There was nothing extraordinary about his appearance—at least, when he was in repose. Indeed, to many the first impression he gave was that of a rugged, uneducated man to whom fortune had been kind but had not greatly improved. At a second glance, however, there was, as some one has said, “an indefinable something discovered that calls to mind the Village Blacksmith.” As one studied his face there would spring from the rugged features a surprising light of intelligence. His magnetism was extraordinary, and no one who talked with him could resist it. “It is one thing to feel the magnetism of the man whose words stream at you from the pulpit; it is a very different matter to sit face to face with him and feel that magnetism scintillating about you and making it seem as if the air itself were filled with electricity of the mental sort.” On first meeting him one would be apt to say to himself: “Where in the world did he get his reputation?” After one had talked with him a little while the impression would grow upon him that whatever the man’s education he was certainly not of ordinary mould.

“As he sat in his chair at the hotel the other evening,” said a New York reporter, “discussing his plans and his hopes, he looked the picture of the prosperous farmer who is paying a visit to the city and believes the business

situation of a pleasing nature. A loosely-fitting business suit of dark blue was his very unfashionable attire. He was guiltless of a linen shirt, and in place of a collar a handkerchief was knotted about his neck. His feet were encased in felt slippers, and above them showed almost brilliantly the white stockings that one so seldom sees on the feet of a man nowadays.

"His rugged face twinkled, his eyes fairly shot fire, and his iron-gray hair and beard quivered in all directions as he talked about what was in existence and what ought to happen. 'I'm no deep thought man,' he said, 'I'm just one of the people, and I talk to them from their own standpoint. It's no way to get people to be good to lecture them; no way at all. The man that talks to congregations from a deep thought basis will get the twentieth man; but, mind you, I get the other nineteen. I say I get them; I don't mean that. The man who gets them is he who talks from the standpoint of humanity.'"

I am not sure that Moody said these very words, but that may pass. I am sure, however, that a great deal of his bluntness was nothing more than a quick-working mind having its way. Moody did not think in circles or in angles; his mind fairly shot at things. He reached his conclusions by short cuts, and as a consequence he often ran over rugged places, and we know it is given to few men to run over rugged places very gracefully. When others were just beginning to realize a difficulty, Moody was just discovering the way out of it. The conference of college men that annually gathered at Northfield was greatly perturbed one afternoon by a drowning accident in the Connecticut River. The evangelist immediately stopped the service and led the young men to the river to assist in the work of recovering the body.

One man stated that it would be possible to look far down into the water if a piece of window-glass were fixed at one end of a long narrow box, so that it could be pushed into the water and used as a telescope. Moody turned to one of his farm men and asked him to go to the house and get a box and a piece of glass that could be fitted into it.

"There's no glass at the house," was the reply.

"Then take a pane out of the front door or a window," was Moody's order.

"Who but Moody," asks Mr. Meyer, "would have taken the rough-and-ready way of testing a man's orthodoxy by asking him if he thought the whale had swallowed Jonah! To my certain knowledge he subjected two doctors of divinity at least to this crucial test before admitting them to his platform at Northfield. There was no *finesse*, no 'beating about the bush' in his dealings with questions. You always knew where to find him. If he could not untie knots he would cut them."

But it is the heart rather than the head that gives the truest measure of a man. "If you were to ask me," says Dr. Chapman, "what most impresses me in his daily life, I would answer, his unconscious humility and the utter absence of selfishness." He had been honored above degree; his name had become a household word in all Christian nations; his sermons were read around the world; he had been entertained in palaces of royalty, and yet "his daily life was the personification of child-like humility." Mr. Meyer says that in all the numberless hours he spent with him he never once manifested the least sign of affectation; never drew attention to himself; never alluded to the vast numbers that had attended his meetings, the distinguished persons who had

confided their secrets to him, or the enterprises which, like the Student Volunteer movement, had originated in his suggestion, or been cradled under his care. It seemed as though he had never heard of D. L. Moody, and he knew less of his doings than the most ordinary reader of the daily press. "Not unfrequently I said to myself, when in his company, 'Is this the man who can gather and hold at his will ten thousand people by the month together in any of the great cities of the world?' "

A story that he often told about himself strikingly illustrates the humility of the man. "I found myself in Chicago a few years ago," he would say, "getting jealous of a prominent clergyman. I found that I was generating much feeling about him. I said to myself, 'Moody, this won't do.' I went to him and told him that at a certain time I wanted him to take charge of a large meeting. He said he'd come. Then I took pains to see that he would have a tremendously large audience. He preached a fine sermon. He came to me and said kind words. Since then we have been great friends." Moody was already famous, and his name was dear to Christian workers the world over when he first met "Uncle" Johnnie Vassar, the noted lay evangelist. Dr. Trumbull relates how a friend to whom both were dear introduced them as they met on the street.

"Uncle Johnnie, this is dear Moody; and, Moody, this is dear Uncle Johnnie Vassar."

Uncle Johnnie's face glowed with even more than wonted lustre as he grasped Moody's hand and looked into his speaking face, while saying heartily:

"And so this is dear Brother Moody! How glad I am to see the man that God has used to win so many souls to Christ!"

"You say rightly, Uncle John, 'the man whom God has used,' " said Moody earnestly; and as he stooped down and took up a handful of earth at his feet, he poured out the dust, and added, "There's nothing more than that of Dwight Moody, except as God uses him."

The basis of his character was sincerity. He was thoroughly genuine, and he believed in genuineness. He had an inveterate aversion to every form of sham or pretence. Many who were drawn to Northfield by curiosity would listen to Moody and to no one else, because they could not help admiring him for his rugged honesty and sturdy independence of character. Some one has said that Moody was never charged with hypocrisy. No one who heard him could but be impressed with his sincerity of purpose and the directness of his aim in presenting his message.

Perhaps his most conspicuous trait—certainly it was his most useful—was his consideration for others. If Bunyan had written his name in his book it would have been "Thoughtful Soul." He had a passion for doing considerate things. He was never satisfied unless he was doing something to show his interest in his fellow-men. He was especially kind to those whose position in life made kindness almost a stranger. Said a newspaper reporter, "Mr. Moody always had somewhere in that big heart of his a warm spot for reporters. He always treated them kindly, and was very much interested in their work, often making inquiry as to how they were getting along, what line of reporting they liked best, and so on. Many a time I have sat at the table, and taken notes on one of Mr. Moody's addresses, and after the meeting was over he would lean over and ask: 'Well, did you have any difficulty in taking down the sermon to-

day?' On other occasions he has suddenly discovered that the reporters were not joining with the audience in singing. Between the verses of the song he would say: 'Why aren't you reporters singing? Everybody has to sing at these meetings.' With this remark, or with one of a similar nature, he would come forward and pass his own hymnal to the reporters."

One morning Moody rose somewhat earlier than was his custom, in order to study and prepare an address for the morning session of the students' conference. He went to the window and looked out to see what the indications were for a pleasant day. As he did so, he saw trudging down the street a student carrying a heavy valise. It was evident that the young man was on his way to the station to catch the early morning train. "I started in to read my Bible," said Moody, in speaking of it afterwards, "but somehow I could not fasten my attention to the book. I could see before me as I read that young man trudging along with that heavy box. Perhaps he gave the quarter it would have cost him to ride to the station to the collection taken up at my request the day previous. Yes, and he has nearly two miles to walk. Surely that box must be heavy. I could not stand it longer. I went to the barn, hurriedly hitched up my horse, overtook the young man and carried him and his baggage to the station. When I returned to the house I had no further difficulty fixing my attention on the subject I was studying."

Several years ago at one of the early conferences, there were two newspaper correspondents who sent their news letters by a train that left South Hermon about five o'clock in the morning. The letters were taken to the station by two Mt. Hermon students, who were obliged

to get up shortly after four o'clock in order to catch the train. The boys were always prompt, and one of the newspaper men asked them how they managed it.

"Oh, D. L. wakes us up," they replied. It afterwards transpired that Moody slept with an alarm clock almost directly at his ear, and took the trouble each morning to arouse the messengers.

His love for little children was very beautiful. It has often been said that he was never happier than when playing on the floor with his little ones. And almost every one who ever heard him preach will remember how he would ease the mind of a mother who was worried over her crying infant, by saying: "That's right; bring the children. They are never too young to learn of Christ." Mr. Meyer says that the most pathetic revelation of the man was made to him on his last visit to Northfield, "when all through the long summer days his little grandchild, whom he loved passionately, was dying, swinging in her hammock in the garden, or borne on his heart as he drove slowly about among the lovely scenes of that locality. Again and again he asked me to beg the people not to express their sympathy when they met him, lest it should break him down altogether. And how the strong frame would shake with convulsive sobs as we prayed that her life might be spared. God, however, knew better, and took the little one home that she might be there in time to greet the strong, true nature that loved her so sincerely, when in turn his servant was called to enter his reward."

XIX.

THE TRIUMPHANT END.



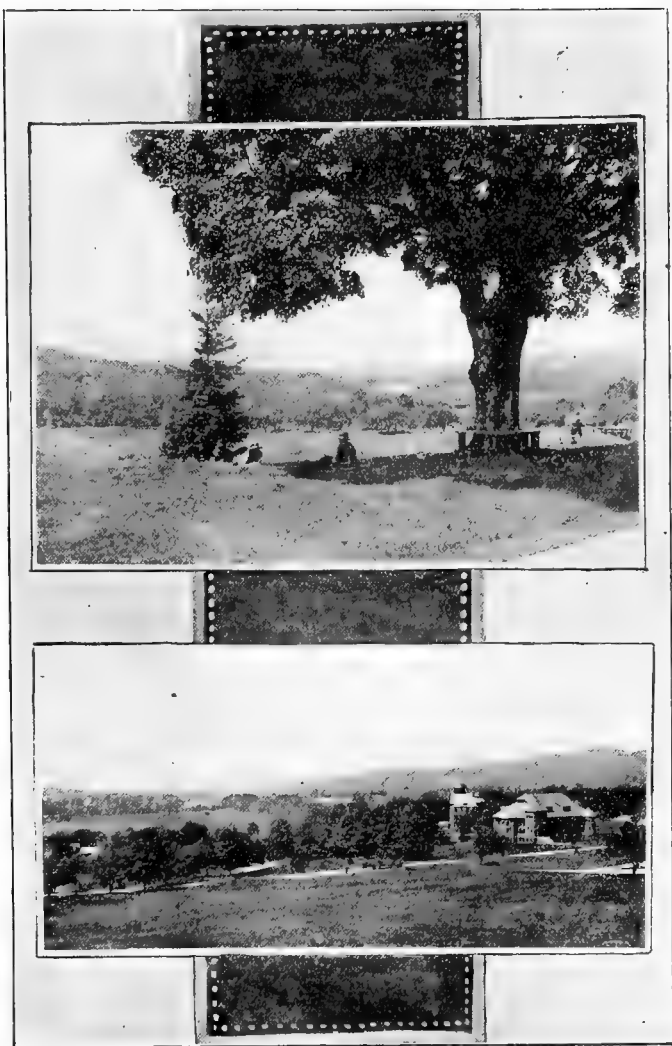
HE had been known for several years that Moody was troubled with weakness of the heart. He had been advised by a London physician of his condition and had thereupon resolved to diminish his pace; but it was as much against his nature to hold himself down, as it was to be held down, and he presently returned to his work with almost superhuman energy as if bent upon making the most of the few years remaining to him. On his sixtieth birthday, his friends throughout the world presented him with thirty thousand dollars and urged him to retire from active work. He accepted the money for the use of his schools, and said, "You are very kind, but I must keep on. It would make my head hang with shame to give up the fight as long as I can preach."

And he did keep on. In the early part of November, 1899, his passion for soul-winning led him to Kansas City. To a friend whom he met on the way he said, "Oh! if I could only get hold of one great city in the East before I die." His zeal was consuming him. He seems to have had a presentiment that it was his last opportunity, and he brought to the work all the power he could summon. His strength had been phenomenal, but it was at last overtaxed. On the evening of the 16th of November he preached with extraordinary power to an audience of fifteen thousand persons. Next morning his heart became alarmingly weak, and at the request of his physician he canceled his engagements and re-

turned home. He rallied for a time, and there was hope of his recovery, but in a few weeks a change came for the worse and he gradually declined until the 22d of December, when he quietly passed away.

Early in the morning of the last day he realized the approach of the end. Suddenly he opened his eyes and exclaimed, "Earth is receding; heaven is opening; God is calling." His oldest son said to him, "Oh! no, father; you have only been dreaming." "No," he replied, "I am in the gates. I have seen Irene and [mentioning the names of his grandchildren]. This is God's call." The household was hastily summoned, and as the loved ones gathered about his bed, he said, "No pain; no valley. Is this death? This isn't bad; it's sweet; this is bliss." Later he said, "This is my coronation day, and I have been looking forward to it for years." His wife seemed on the point of breaking down and he said to her, "Mamma, you were always afraid of sudden surprises; brace yourself." His children sat about his bed to receive his dying message. He said, "I have always been an ambitious man—not ambitious to lay up wealth, you understand—but to leave you work to do." Then he added, "I think it is time that I had made my will now. Will, you may have the Mt. Hermon school to look after. Paul, you may have the Seminary, when you are fitted for it. Emma, you and Percy [her husband] take care of the Bible Institute in Chicago."

"Oh! father; we can't spare you," cried his weeping daughter, as she threw herself down beside him. He looked at her for a moment in silence; then he said, gently, "I am not going to throw my life away. If God has more work for me to do, I will not die." Several times his lips moved as though in prayer, but the words could



VIEWS FROM ROUNDTOP, WHERE MOODY WAS BURIED.

not be heard by the family, who were now gathered about him. A little before noon he aroused as if from partial slumber to consciousness and recognized those around him. In the brief moments which remained, he spoke comforting words to the weeping family and declared anew his absolute confidence in God, and his faith in Christ as his Saviour. His last breath was as one breathing in a peaceful sleep.

"Here," says Dr. Buckley, "was no 'leap in the dark,' no 'setting sail on an unknown sea,' no muttering, 'To be, or not to be,' no 'Death is a pall.' But there was the 'evidence of things not seen,' 'the substance of things hoped for,' a stingless death, a grave robbed of its victory. Thus fully was D. L. Moody persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, was able to separate him from the love of God, which was in Christ Jesus his Lord."

The death of a sovereign could not have stirred the heart of the world more profoundly. From every quarter telegrams of sympathy came pouring in, and a multitude of America's most eminent Christian workers hastened to Northfield to attend the funeral. He was buried, not as one who had fallen, but as a conqueror. There was no hearse, no tolling of bells, no funeral music, no crepe, no veils and no outbursts of grief. Loving hands bore the casket to the church, and members of the family manifested their faith in the Christian doctrine which strips death of its terrors by joining in the songs of the service.

"We are met, dear friends," said Dr. Scofield, "not to mourn a defeat, but to celebrate a triumph. He walked

with God, and he was not, for God took him. There in the West, in the presence of great audiences of twelve thousand of his fellow men, God spoke to him to lay it all down and come home. He would have planned it so. This is not the place, nor am I the man to present a study of the life and character of Dwight L. Moody. No one will ever question that we are to-day laying in the kindly bosom of the earth the mortal body of a great man.

"Whether we measure greatness by character, by qualities of intellect, or by things done, Dwight L. Moody must be accounted great.

"The basis of Mr. Moody's character was sincerity, genuineness. He had an inveterate aversion to all forms of sham, unreality, and pretences. Most of all did he detest religious pretence, cant.

"Along with this fundamental quality Mr. Moody cherished a great love of righteousness. His first question concerning any proposed action was, 'Is it right?' but these two qualities necessarily at the bottom of all noble characters were in him suffused and transfigured by divine grace. Besides all this, Mr. Moody was in a wonderful degree brave, magnanimous and unselfish. Doubtless this unlettered New England country boy became what he was by the grace of God.

"The secret of Dwight L. Moody's power lay: First, in a definite experience of Christ's saving grace. He had passed out of death into life, and he knew it. Secondly, Mr. Moody believed in the divine authority of the Scriptures. The Bible was to him the Word of God, and he made it resound as such in the consciences of men.

"Thirdly, he was baptized with the Holy Spirit, and knew that he was. It was to him as definite an experience as his conversion.

"Fourthly, he was a man of prayer. He believed in a living and unfettered God.

"But, fifthly, Mr. Moody believed in work, in ceaseless effort, in wise provision, in the power of organization, of publicity. I like to think of Dwight L. Moody in heaven. I like to think of him with his Lord, and with Elijah, Daniel, Paul, Augustine, Luther, Wesley and Finney.

"Farewell, for a little time, Great Heart, may a double portion of the Spirit be vouchsafed to us who remain."

Dr. Torrey said: "How much the conversion of that boy in Boston forty-three years ago meant to the world no man can tell; but it was all God's grace that did it. God's love and grace were magnified again in the development of that character that has made him so loved and honored in all lands to-day. He had a strength and beauty of character possessed by but few sons of men; but it was all from God. To God alone was it due that he differed from other men.

"The death of Mr. Moody," Dr. Torrey added, "is a call to go forward. A call to his children, to his associates, to ministers of the Word everywhere, to the whole Church. 'Our leader has fallen, let us give up the work,' some would say. Not for a minute. Listen to what God says: 'Your leader is fallen, move forward. Moses, my servant, is dead; therefore arise, go in and possess the land. Be strong and of good courage, be not afraid. As I was with D. L. Moody, so I will be with thee. I will not fail thee nor forsake thee,' These are the admonitions we should heed to-day."

Dr. A. T. Pierson said: "When a great tree falls, you know, not only by its branches but by its roots, how much soil it drew up as it fell. I know of no other man

who has fallen in this century having so wide a tract of uprooting as this man who has just left us.

"I have been thinking of the four departures during the last quarter of a century, of Charles Spurgeon, of London; A. J. Gordon, of Boston; Catherine Booth, mother of the Salvation Army, and George Muller, of Bristol, England, and not one made the world-wide commotion in their departure that Dwight L. Moody has caused. Dwight L. Moody was a great man. That man, when he entered the church in 1856, in Boston, after ten months of probation, was told by his pastor that he was not a sound believer. That pastor, taking him aside, told him he had better keep still in prayer-meeting. The man the church held out at arm's length has become the preacher of preachers, the teacher of teachers, the evangelist of evangelists. It is a most humiliating lesson for the church of God.

"When, in 1858, he decided to give all his time, he gave the key to his future. I say everything D. L. Moody has touched has been a success. Do you know that with careful reckoning he has reached one hundred million of people since he first became a Christian? You may take all the years of public service in this land and Great Britain; take into consideration all the addresses he delivered, and all the audiences of his churches, and it will reach 100,000,000. Take into consideration all the people his books have reached and the languages into which they have been translated; look beyond his evangelistic work to the work of education, the schools, the Chicago Bible Institute, and the Bible Institute here. Scores of people in the world owe their spiritual existence to Dwight L. Moody as a means of their consecration.

"No man who has been associated with him in Christian work has not seen that there is but one way to live, and that way to live wholly for God. The thing that D. L. Moody stood for, and will stand for, for centuries to come, was his living only for God."

"Because he held fast to the absolute truth of the Bible," said Bishop Mallalieu, "and unequivocally and intensely believed it to be the inerrant Word of God; because he preached the Gospel rather than talked about the Gospel; because he used his mother tongue, the terse, clear, ringing, straightforward Saxon; because he had the profoundest sense of brotherhood with all poor, unfortunate and even outcast people; because he was unaffectedly tender and patient with the weak and the sinful; because he hated evil as thoroughly as he loved goodness; because he knew right well how to lead penitent souls to the Saviour; because he had the happy art of arousing Christian people to a vivid sense of their obligations, and inciting them to the performance of their duties; because he had in his own soul a conscious joyous experience of personal salvation, the people flocked to his services, they heard him gladly, they were led to Christ, and he came to be prized and honored by all denominations, so that to-day all Protestantism recognizes the fact that he was God's servant, an ambassador of Christ, and indeed a chosen vessel to bear the name of Jesus to the nations."

Dr. Chapman said: "Mr. Moody was the dearest friend I ever had on earth.

"When a student in college Mr. Moody found me. I had no object in Christ. He pointed me to the hope in God; he saw my heart, and I saw his Saviour.

"When I was a pastor, a preacher without much re-

sult, one day Mr. Moody came to me and, with one hand on my shoulder and the other on the open Word of God, said: 'Young man, you had better get more of this into your life.' And when I became an evangelist myself, in perplexity I would sit at his feet, and every perplexity would vanish, just as mist before the rising sun."

When the services at the church were concluded the body was taken to Round Top and laid to rest, where Moody desired to be buried, and where he had often gathered the students and visitors together on a pleasant summer evening for prayer and praise.

"By-and-by," he had said but a few months before, "you will hear people say, 'Mr. Moody is dead.' Don't you believe a word of it. At that very moment I shall be more alive than I am now. I shall then truly begin to live. I was born of the flesh in 1837. I was born of the Spirit in 1856. That which is born of the flesh may die. That which is born of the Spirit will live forever."

XX.

AS WE THINK OF HIM.



THE tributes which were called forth by his death would fill a library. Thousands of addresses upon his character were delivered from the pulpits all over the land, as well as in the memorial services which were held in all the large towns and cities in Great Britain and America; while nearly every newspaper in the English-speaking world contained an editorial estimate of his life-work. As I sat down to write this chapter, it occurred to me that a few pages woven out of single phrases which I had selected from the tributes which came to my hand, would express perhaps better than any single mind could express, the world's estimate of the man.

He was—I am quoting the words of the world's leaders in many departments of life—he was the great spiritual luminary of two generations. Considering his birth in obscurity and his lack of early promise, he was perhaps the most wonderful product of the century. He was cast in a large model. A born leader, he had a vast fund of old-fashioned common-sense which seldom failed to stand him in good stead. Without culture or learning such as most preachers of renown have possessed, he made a deeper impression on the religious thought of the English-speaking world than any of his contemporaries. No man could go to a city and shake the strongholds of sin so mightily as he. The people hung upon his words because they believed in him, and because he was one of them—in strength of character,

nobility of purpose and outright honesty. He struck straight from the shoulder; he dealt sledge-hammer blows. He used the elementary powers of oratory; he knew profoundly the power of Christ to save.

There was no cant about him, no stiffness, no ceremonialism, no compromise. He gripped the conscience with religious vigor; he melted the heart with homely pathos; he cut through the outside sham and found the manhood in you, if there was any left. He broke grammar sometimes, but he also broke human hearts. He lived close to God. He had no will but to do God's will, and God in consequence empowered him to do his will and to do it right royally. He was the greatest soul-winner since Whitefield; though his forte perhaps was to stir up and bring to life the flagging columns of the Christian church. He was without doubt the most extraordinary Gospel preacher of this country, as Spurgeon was the most extraordinary in Great Britain. He had the profoundest sense of brotherhood with all the unfortunate, and all the outcasts. He was infinitely tender and patient with the weak and sinful. There have been in our time preachers, and many of them, of greater eloquence than he, but there never was a man among them all to equal him in the heart interest which he had for humanity. It gave him a hold on men. It was one of the secrets of his power to win them. He brightened and sweetened hundreds and thousands of lives, both for the world that now is and for that which is to come. Few men have been more bitterly criticised and ridiculed, but no one remembers that he ever spoke bitterly of his critics. Many who did not care much for the truths he spoke were delighted with the man whose soul was on fire and was so anxious for them to think as he thought.



OLD ST. LAWRENCE



OLD CHAPEL

Above all shone his spirit of consecration. He was so simple that a child could understand his sermons. And he was full of faith—faith in God and in man. Praying was as natural to him as breathing. Some called him narrow, but little did they know, if he had used his powers in other directions, he might have been as successful as he was in leading them to accept Christ as their Saviour.

One of the potent elements of his success was the spotlessness of his reputation, which is the guarantee of the genuineness of his character. Whether in the crucible of private criticism or in the glare of publicity, his moral and religious constancy were impeachable. It was this which gave him even more power in private and personal appeals than he had in public. Men instinctively yielded to a man whom they intuitively perceived to be what he professed to be. In religious experience he had nothing new; it was a living faith and a living fire. His good sense gave him the impulse to save men, to help them, teach them, and convert them. Goodness and service were his aims, and the doctrines of his fathers were good enough for him. He reached the essentials of rugged existence and was impatient of intellectual refinements. He carried his message, and whatever men might say of the way he carried it, and he got there with it. This was the thing that commanded the confidence and respect of business men and made them his ready helpers. Tremendously busy with his life's purpose, he had no time to waste, and he never wasted any.

He was much like the early Christians in his simple, sincere faith, in his democratic instincts which led him to look upon all men as brothers, and in his unselfish devotion to the cause of Christ. His life has typified the

power of energy, conviction and devotion to a single great purpose. Nothing short of an indomitable resolution and will-power could have conducted the uncultured, uneducated lad from the old shanty in Chicago, where he began his work, to the Opera House in London, where royalty waited on his words. No one has analyzed his power; he was a revelation to himself. Apart from his moral worth he was a genius. His one theme was the Gospel, but he could have commanded attention on any platform. His sermons were plain and few, but when he preached them they never failed to captivate and persuade. No one thought to make a suggestion in his presence; the ablest thinkers were silent from impulse. His presence at a meeting was that of a general on the field: things naturally shaped themselves according to his will. He was pure business and the incarnation of good sense in practical matters. Although alone except for the help of God, with no learning except what he gained in his study of Scripture and ceaseless observation of character, unassisted by those advantageous circumstances upon which others have climbed to prominence and power, he made his way forward to the front rank of his time, and became one of the strongest religious factors of the world.

He will have no successor; but his high courage, his trust in God and in the Bible, his love for man, his passion for souls, and his deathless zeal will live on for ages to come and continue to thrill the world. More cultured men than he may come to the front, and may show themselves by their achievements to be men of power, but few can hope in the new century to approach the marvelous successes of Moody in the century just closed. All the obsequies that may be observed, all the obituaries that may be written, and all the monuments that may be built

to his memory cannot make him dead. He lives in the words he uttered ; he lives in the books he has published ; he lives in the institutions he established ; he lives in the example of fidelity and righteousness and zeal which he has set before all the nations.

Among the tributes which have been paid to Moody's greatness I have seen none better than the following from the pen of Dr. Trumbull* which I have selected as a fitting conclusion to this chapter :

"That Dwight L. Moody was a great man, in the strictest sense of the word, is already recognized by very many. It will be acknowledged by more and more as the years go on, and as he stands out in his true proportions in the light of history. As with many another great man, Moody's greatness was, while he lived, most readily recognized by those of marked ability and discernment. It needs but small capacity to distinguish a surface defect at any time ; it often requires a keen and discriminating eye to perceive the beauty and power pervading the whole.

"It was not only, nor even mainly, as a preacher, or as an evangelist, that Moody evidenced greatness ; yet in that sphere, as in many another, his marked superiority was more apparent to the superior man than to many a man who was of average ability or less. While 'the common people heard him gladly,' many an uncommon man listened to him with profound interest, and even with admiration, and did not hesitate to bear testimony to his surpassing power in his personality, and as a preacher.

"Few preachers or statesmen, if any, in modern times, have had and held such hearers, such distinguished hearers, as Dwight L. Moody ; and his power to have and to hold them continued to the last. One Sunday after-

* *Sunday School Times.*

noon in January, 1876, Moody was preaching in Philadelphia in the old depot at Thirteenth and Market streets. Among his hearers there sat, on the platform near him, the venerable George Bancroft, instructor, author, diplomat, cabinet officer. He listened with closest interest. That afternoon the seats in the body of the house were given exclusively to women, in order that they might be sure to find room. When, just before the close of the service, Mr. Moody announced that he would that evening repeat the sermon to men alone, I heard Mr. Bancroft ask if he might attend again in the evening, as he would much like to hear the discourse a second time. Not many clergymen or platform speakers could draw such a hearer twice in a day to hear the same address.

At that same series of meetings Dom Pedro, the last Emperor of Brazil, was more than once an interested hearer of Mr. Moody's sermons. Dom Pedro was a Roman Catholic, George Bancroft was a Unitarian. Both were glad to sit, as it were, at Moody's feet, to learn from him; nor were they exceptions in this.

"Mr. Gladstone more than once attended the services conducted in Great Britain by Mr. Moody, and he bore testimony to his power in public speech. British peers eminent for their ability as well as their station, prominent prelates of the Church of England, professors and divines who had made their impress on the race, were glad to hear him and to be his helpers, while recognizing his leadership. Year after year, at the summer gathering of students at Mr. Moody's home in Northfield, there were college presidents and professors and distinguished pulpit orators from both sides of the ocean; yet always the favorite speaker was Mr. Moody himself. Hundreds of the brighter students in the leading colleges and universities of Europe and America preferred to hear Mr.

Moody, as a speaker, above any man whom he had invited to be there with him, and to whom he modestly looked up as better worth the students' hearing.

Moody's published sermons as reported and printed have been translated into various languages, and widely circulated in different lands. Some of these have been actually preached as original by priests of the Orthodox Greek Church in the East, as well as by other preachers, to the edification of their Oriental hearers. It is probable that no preacher ever lived to address directly by his voice so many hearers in so many lands as Dwight L. Moody, and this in addition to those reached by him through the printed page. And the more he was known as a preacher the more he was prized.

"In the face of such facts as these, it sounded strange to hear it said, as one sometimes did, that Mr. Moody was not a remarkable or powerful preacher. Such a comment was indeed a measure of the *critic*, but not of the preacher.

"Yet, as I have said, it was not as an evangelist or preacher alone that Moody's superiority was recognized by those who knew him best. I have had occasion to learn their personal estimate of his administrative power, his executive ability, his commanding generalship, his skill as a financier, and his intellectual superiority, from a score or more of men standing high above their fellows in one sphere or another, and who were associated with him, at one time or another, in movements for the public good; and every man of these was unqualified in praise of Moody's eminent and surpassing ability where they were best able to judge. And this hearty testimony was borne, not in eulogy after Moody's death, but while he was yet in life and action.

"A good illustration of such testimony was put on record by the late Professor Henry Drummond, out of his experience and observation and acquaintance, and is worthy of repetition. He said, unqualifiedly, 'Moody was the biggest human I ever met.' Again, in 1895, he wrote: 'Whether estimated by the moral qualities which go to the making up of his personal character, or by the extent to which he has impressed these upon whole communities of men on both sides of the Atlantic, there is, perhaps, no more truly great man living than D. L. Moody.'

"Also, 'If Mr. Moody had remained in business, there is almost no question that he would have been to-day one of the wealthiest men in the United States. His enterprise, his organizing power, his knowledge and management of men, are admitted by friend and foe to be of the highest order; while such is his generalship, . . . that, had he chosen a military career, he would have risen to the first rank among leaders. One of the merchant princes of Britain, the well-known director of one of the largest steamship companies in the world, assured the writer lately, that, in the course of a life-long commercial experience, he had never met a man with more business capacity and sheer executive ability than D. L. Moody.'

"As to Moody's place among men, in comparative intellectual power, Professor Drummond makes his own the high estimate of Moody given by an 'author of world-wide repute, . . . who has met every great contemporary thinker from Carlyle downward,' who says: 'In sheer brain size, in the raw material of intellect, Moody stands among the first three or four great men I have ever known.'

"Is it not a high privilege to have met and known and loved such a man as Moody was, and is, and is to be?"

XXI.

MOODY'S CO-WORKERS.



O more eloquent tribute was ever paid to Moody's manhood than Moody's own appreciation of men. He believed in men and he always had them around him.

During his evangelistic career he gathered about him first and last hundreds of fellow-workmen—men of widely varying types, agreeing only in love for God and willingness to work. The preachers who submitted themselves to his leadership in the World's Fair campaign would have made an army. The teachers whom he called to his help in Northfield would have equipped a dozen universities. Elsewhere in this volume I have given brief sketches of a few of the men who were at one time or another associated with him; in this chapter I wish to add a few more names which I have chosen to indicate how wide was the range from which he selected his working companions.

Perhaps Moody never made a happier discovery for his Northfield summer conference than when he found the Rev. F. B. Meyer, who has done perhaps as much as any other man for the promotion of a deeper spiritual life among Christians.

"There are some ministers," wrote the late Dr. A. J. Gordon, "whose church is their parish, and others to whom the Lord has given such a cosmopolitan bishopric that the world is their parish. Mr. Meyer, by the grace of God, enjoys the latter pre-eminence. Christians of all names sit under his ministry, and are fed by his evan-

gelical pastorate. To Americans he has become especially known through his addresses at Northfield, to which thousands have listened during his visits to the summer conference held there; while to Christians of all lands he has become even better known through his admirable published writings."

Mr. Meyer is still in the prime of manhood, his ministry having begun in 1869 in Liverpool. His theological training had been acquired at the Regent's Park College, and he had taken his degree of B. A. at London University. "Probably," says Dr. Gordon, "he would, if questioned, speak of another college from which his highest preparation for the ministry has been gained—the school of the Holy Spirit, whose tuition it has been his especial work to commend to Christians. At all events, he has, by the ordering of God, become a teacher in that school, leading believers to see the vast importance of definite and constant submission to the Paraclete who has been sent to lead disciples into all truth. In April, 1872, Mr. Meyer became pastor of the Baptist Chapel in York; from thence he went to the Victoria Road Church, in Leicester. Here he inaugurated a system of aggressive philanthropic work, through which he made his influence powerfully felt throughout the entire city. 'Philanthropic work,' we say, but the evangelistic spirit and method so penetrated this work that it was more spiritual than humanitarian; or, rather, it was humanitarian in the highest sense, because so deeply spiritual. This enterprise centred in Melbourne Hall, whose audience room could seat fourteen hundred people, which during the last days of his ministry in that town used to be crowded to the doors. The hall became the centre of a vast system of evangelical industries—Sunday



REVELL HALL.

HOLTON HALL.



MT. HERMON DORMITORY.

Schools, open-air missions, prison visitation, temperance lectures, foreign missionary meetings, Band of Hope and rescue work, industrial schools, etc. It was a noble and vast work, and one wonders how Mr. Meyer could have disentangled himself from it and accept a call elsewhere. But he did so; and we find him next settled as pastor of the Baptist Chapel in Regent's Park, London, where he began his work on February 5, 1888. It was during the summer of that year that the writer heard him for the first time, while attending the Exeter Hall Missionary Conference. Going into his chapel on the first Lord's day morning after arriving in England, we were at once won to him by the clear, simple, fervent and richly evangelical tone of his preaching. After much acquaintance and fellowship with him in London, we listened to him again and repeatedly at the summer conferences in Northfield. The place which he had already won at Keswick and at Mildmay in England as an instructive and stimulating spiritual teacher, he gained in America. No one in all the years since those conferences began has been listened to with greater interest or profit. Mr. Meyer has a rare genius for exposition—for the two-fold exposition of the Bible and of the heart. He knows how, in a singular degree, to match the word to the life; to find out for his hearers what is in the Bible, and to make the Bible find them. What he is as an oral teacher he is equally as a writer. He has sent out a large number of devotional books and tracts. Mr. Meyer is doing much for promoting a deeper spiritual life among Christians. His teaching in this direction is wise and well balanced, and while strenuously urging Christians forward to a whole-hearted consecration, he is judiciously wise in holding them back from presumptuous profes-

* sions. It is an occasion for rejoicing that in handling so important a theme he deals with it so wisely; that he can inspire fervency of spirit without begetting fanaticism of speech."

One of the most successful workers in the World's Fair campaign was the Rev A. C. Dixon, of Brooklyn. Mr. Dixon is a native of Cleveland County, North Carolina, and comes of a family of preachers. "His father," says Dr. Wharton,* "belongs to that great army of frontier preachers who follow the plow and use the spade during six days, thereby supplementing a meagre salary in order that they may bring up their family respectably and preach the Gospel on the seventh." Young Dixon was converted in his eleventh year, and at fifteen entered Wake Forest College, from which he was graduated four years later. He intended to study law, but two churches in his neighborhood persuaded him to become their pastor. In this work he was eminently successful, baptizing about one hundred converts during the first nine months of his pastorate. He resigned to take a six months' course of systematic theology, after which he accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Chapel Hill, under the shadow of the North Carolina State University. During his ministry of three years at this place seventy-five of the University students were won by him to Christ. From Chapel Hill he went to Asheville, North Carolina, where within three months two hundred and fifty persons were brought to Christ. Here he remained three years and a half when he accepted a call to the pastorate of a church in Baltimore. From Baltimore he went to Brooklyn where he soon attracted attention and

* "A Month with Moody." By H. M. Wharton. Baltimore: Wharton & Barron.



MARQUAND HALL, NORTHFIELD.

established a national reputation, both as a preacher and a writer.

Mr. Dixon is a man of deep convictions and intense zeal. He is wonderfully magnetic as a speaker and vast crowds are drawn to hear him wherever he goes. "The late Charles H. Spurgeon," says Dr. Wharton, "was captivated by him." On meeting him, Mr. Spurgeon eyed him carefully from head to foot (he is considerably over six feet in height) and said: "You carry things in America to a great length."

Another effective worker in the Chicago campaign was Ferdinand Schiverea, who began life as an actor in a New York variety show. Returning from the theatre one night, his mother exclaimed: "Son, I have good news for you; you are going to be converted and preach the Gospel before I die." Schiverea, with his dissipated father in mind, and remembering the accumulation of sorrows that had come upon his mother through his father's misconduct, thought she had suddenly become demented, but he soon concluded that it was his own mind rather than hers that was unsettled. He sought to recover his former buoyancy of spirits, but in vain; conviction had sunk too deep into his heart. While under this depression he was led to one of Moody's Gospel meetings in Brooklyn where, after a terrible struggle, he was powerfully converted. His first impulse was to tell his mother. When he found her at home she was sitting in her chair asleep. He awoke her with a tender caress and told her what God had done for him. The dear old woman put her arms about her son and said: "I have asked God for this, dear child; I have given you to God, and he has just done what he said he would if I only would believe."

Schiverea, like Andrew, began his work for Christ at home. His first effort was to lead his own brother to Christ. Then he fitted up a small room in his humble home and his converted brother went out on the streets and invited the people to come to the improvised chapel where Schiverea preached to them. Every night for months the work went on, constantly growing in numbers and power.

During this period, and indeed for several years afterwards, Schiverea supported his young wife and mother by hard manual labor; but in the intervals of work he gave himself to the study of the Bible and to earnest prayer. Although devoid of even the rudiments of an education, his preaching won large audiences and his first great meeting (which was in Brooklyn) continued for twelve months. This meeting resulted in the transformation of one of the slums of the city into a highly respected neighborhood. From Brooklyn he went to many of the principal cities and towns of the United States where the masses flocked to hear him and his work was abundantly blessed. He is a plain man for plain people. Dr. Wharton says that "although he is a power among the common people on the platform, it is in the after meetings that the man's true power and spirit is manifested. Here he at once goes to the heart and life of the sin-sick soul; he often puts one of his great strong arms around some poor drunkard or fallen man and the other points him to the great Burden-bearer of the weary world. By the very force of his earnestness and loving pleading men break down in an agony of tears and at once take the Christ held out."

Another writer speaking of his work says: "He is a simple, unlettered man, ignorant ever in the way of

scholarly attainments, but he possesses a wonderful verbal knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, an intensity of earnestness and a plain, pointed, direct way of presenting truth that carries conviction."

Dr. Wharton tells some good stories about him. He was praying on the street once with a man, both on their knees, when some one threw a firecracker in between them. It went off and both rolled over, thinking they were shot. "Are you killed?" said Schiverea to the penitent. "No," said he, "but I am scared to death." At another time he was holding a meeting in the street, and when he knelt to pray he gave his hat to one man and his umbrella to another. When the prayer was done the hat and umbrella had both disappeared. It is said that when he prays now he puts his arm around the neck of the man who is holding his hat.

A zealous workman from abroad, who came to help Moody in his Chicago campaign, was the Rev. Thomas Spurgeon. Speaking of Spurgeon's early life, an English paper says: "The great divine [Charles H. Spurgeon] had two children, twin boys, born on September 20, 1856, in the modest house in the New Kent Road in which he began home making. About their earliest days there is nothing remarkable to report except their training. Mrs. Spurgeon well understood that mysterious art which Dr. Adler terms the 'sacred science of childhood.' 'Son Tom' never had very robust health and naturally became 'mother's boy.'"

"Mr. Spurgeon, amid his many engagements, found time and opportunity to care for his boys; he would play with them with all the zeal of a child and teach them with the wisdom of a sage. The favorite pastime was riddle-making in which fun was made the minister of

instruction. Upon one of these merry occasions Thomas was asked to tell which tree he liked best. 'Yew, father,' was the ready reply, indicating affection and mother wit. Of these days, Mr. Charles Spurgeon writes, 'When we went through the churches in Paris he seemed to know every picture, every tomb. And if we went through old ruins of castles, abbeys, and the like, he would tell us all about them, for he seemed to us to know everything.'

"School life at Camden House soon revealed the disposition of 'Son Tom;' he made rapid advances in learning and won the affections of his playfellows and tutors by his tender, woman-like consideration for others.

"On Monday, September 20, 1874, a large congregation saw Mr. Spurgeon baptize both sons previous to their being received into church fellowship. Very soon they engaged in religious work, going to the help of a worthy workingman, who was conducting mission services in his own home at Clapham. Here 'Master Thomas' did his 'prentice work' in public speaking; the audiences became too large for the room and a new chapel was erected, mainly by the efforts of the younger Spurgeons. During this time Thomas was learning the trade of a wood-engraver, in which he displayed special skill."

At this time the health of young Thomas was so feeble that it was decided to send him on a visit to Australia. During the voyage he acted as chaplain, conducting divine service on Sundays. During his visit to Australia he made a preaching tour which was attended with great success. On his return to London he decided to enter the regular ministry, but in 1879 he again went into exile in search of health. A church in Auckland sent him a call, which was accepted. Here his congregations soon grew so large that it became necessary to build a taber-

nacle, which was designed much like the famous building in London. He remained in charge of this church until 1889, when it became impossible for him to continue the work and he accepted an invitation from the Colonial Baptist Union to become their traveling evangelist, in which position he remained until he was called to London to take his father's place.

"In the pulpit," says the paper from which we have quoted, "Mr. Spurgeon is most at home; his crisp, nervous English goes straight to the heart. The humor which peeps out with the modest grace of a timid child vividly recalls the now sainted Spurgeon in his earliest days. Indeed, the personality of the father is strongly reproduced, especially in the manner of utterance; there is an absolute straight-forwardness with his audience, he speaks with the emphasis of conviction, and gives the impression of a pleader who has nothing to keep back. He knows the heart-chords and touches them at will; yet always with a tender hand and for a purpose."

XXII.

MOODY'S PRAYERS.



OUR Heavenly Father, we thank thee that we have come and given our time at this noon-tide hour, to pour out our hearts in prayer to thee for these requests that have been read before us. We pray for these sons and these daughters, for these husbands and these fathers, and for these wanderers, and for those who have been brought before us to-day. O God, hear our cry, for thy Son's sake, and answer our prayer, and the prayers of these dear friends for the unsaved. We know how sin has blinded them, how Satan has deceived them. We pray thee, O God, that thou wilt come and open their eyes, and show them their true condition, and plead with them for their salvation. We pray heaven's blessing to rest on these fathers and mothers who have come at this hour to pray, many with sad and heavy hearts—hearts burdened for their loved ones; and may they cast their burden on the Lord Jesus Christ. Help me, O God, to make known their requests unto thee to-day; and while they are praying, may the answer come. May these friends for whom they are praying be saved. We pray that thy blessing may rest on all that was said and sung here and in the pulpits of Boston yesterday. May it be sown in good soil and spring up and bear fruit abundantly; and may hundreds and thousands be turned to them. O Spirit of the Master, let thy work go on mightily in this city, and turn many from darkness to light. Now we pray that the words

spoken here yesterday may be remembered. May the word not return to thee void, but accomplish that for which thou didst send it. We pray that thy blessing may rest upon what was done here yesterday morning and afternoon, in the inquiry-room. May those who have not found peace find it now; while they are pouring out their hearts in prayer may the answer come, and may they be saved and redeemed by the precious blood of Christ. We thank thee for that blessed meeting of yesterday. Grant that many may rise up in eternity and thank God that he has led them to these meetings. Now we come to ask a blessing upon the meeting that is to take place here to-night. 'Bless, we pray thee, Mr. Cook, who is to preach. May the Spirit of God come upon him and anoint him with power from on high; and mayest thou give him physical strength and power; and grant that the Spirit may speak through him to-night, that many hearts may be broken, and the cry may arise from husbands and brothers and friends, "What shall I do to be saved?" May the King be with us to-night in the camp, and may his presence be felt, and may many be drawn to God. Give us wisdom to-night from on high and teach us the way of truth and life as it is seen in Christ; and may the work in Boston spread and deepen and extend all over New England; and Christ shall have the praise and the glory. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we praise thee for thy blessed Word. We thank thee that thy Son didst formerly come down into this world; that he did so use his mighty power while on earth that he has power over devils and unclean spirits; that he can by a word cast out devils and that he can save our sons and daughters, and

save our children, can save our unsaved friends. O God, increase our faith to-day! O God, we pray that thou wilt come down upon this town with the power of thy word, and that we may have strong faith in thee and thy promises. We pray thee that if any evil influence, or if our sins keep back the great and mighty blessing that we want in this city, we pray that thou wilt bring it to light. We pray that the Holy Spirit may reveal to each one of us all our sins, that we may turn away from them and hate them with a perfect hatred; that thy Spirit may come with power upon our hearts and fill them with holy desires. O God, we pray thee that thy blessing may rest on all the churches of New England, upon this day of fasting and prayer. We pray that thy blessing may rest on all the fathers and mothers closeted with thee to-day, as they pour out their hearts in prayer for their children. O God, hear and answer their prayer, and may the joyful tidings of souls redeemed be coming in from all over New England before long. Let the summons of grace be everywhere heard, that the wilderness may blossom and the solitary places be made glad. O God, we pray thee that the churches in New England may be blest, that the mothers, heart-broken on account of their children, may be comforted, and may those who were in darkness see the blessed light of the sun. O God, come in power upon us, and pass through New England, that a cry may be raised, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." O God, hear our supplications here to-day, and answer our prayers; answer the many prayers that are going up to thee. Come, Holy Spirit, in thy mighty power, and convict our hearts of sin, and melt them and turn them from darkness to light. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we pray that thy blessing may rest upon all that have assembled in this hall at this hour; and that every man in this assembly that is without God and without hope in this dark world may be convicted of his sin at this hour. We pray that the Holy Ghost may do his work; and that there may be many that shall look back, in after years, to this hour and this hall, as the time and place where they became children of God and heirs of eternal life. We pray that thou wilt bless them; and wilt thou bless the gospel that shall be spoken this afternoon, and may it reach many hearts. May there be many led by the Spirit of God, this day, to the cross of Christ, there to cast their burden and their guilt upon him who came into the world to put away the sins of the world by the sacrifice of himself. And may there be many here who shall hear the loving voice of the Good Shepherd saying unto them "Come unto me all ye that are burdened and heavy laden, and I will give you rest:" and may those that are burdened and heavy laden find rest in Christ to-day. May those that are cast down on account of their sins, this day be lifted up by the gospel of Jesus Christ. And, O God, we pray thee that thou wouldst snap the fetters that bind them and set the poor bondsmen free to-day; and may this be the day that they shall come unto thee. And thy name shall have the power and the glory forever. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank thee that thou dost answer prayer; that thou didst hear the cry of Saul, when from the depths of the heart he prayed, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" We thank thee that thou didst hear the prayer of the poor publican, "God be merciful to

me a sinner," and didst send him to his house justified; that thou didst save Peter, as he was sinking in the water, when he cried unto thee, "Save, Lord, or I perish!" O God, there are many here who are sinking in the waters of affliction and trouble. In their darkness and trial, O Son of God, help them; and as they cry unto thee, reach out thy almighty hand and save them. May the rich blessing of thy salvation fall upon them as they cry, with the thief on the cross, "Lord, remember me;" and may many hearts be led to the Saviour and profess Christ and him crucified. And help us, who call ourselves by thy name, O Lord, to love thee more. May we be as beacon lights in this dark world, so that none may stumble because of us. Son of God, advance thy kingdom here; and as we draw near the close of these meetings, hear us as we once more lift up our hearts to thee in prayer, that these closing meetings may be the best we have ever had. We pray that every unsaved soul here may accept salvation to-night. O Lord, open the eyes of all such to-night. Cause the scales to fall from their eyes, that they may see, as did Saul, the power of God. Be with us as we go to yonder inquiry-room; bless the after-meetings abundantly; and thy name shall have the praise and the glory. Amen.

HIS SERMONS.

I.
SERMONS ON GREAT DOCTRINES.

GOD.

GOD IS LOVE.

MY text is on fire to-night, [pointing to the gas-light letters above the platform, "GOD IS LOVE,"] and I wish it might be burned into all your hearts. There is no text that the devil has tried so hard to blot out of men's minds as this.

We used to have that text in letters of light over in the North Side Church, and one night a poor wanderer caught a glimpse of it through the door, which was slightly open. "'God is love.' I don't believe that," he exclaimed. "I don't believe that God loves me." But he went along for a few blocks, with the text ringing in his ears, till at last he came back, stayed through the service, and at the close of it I found him weeping bitterly. The text had broken his heart, and it was not long before he was happily converted.

Some people wonder why God should love such sinners as we are. Well, I suppose it is on the same principle that the sun shines. The sun is light, and can't help shining; God is love, and he can't help loving.

Let us not think of God as we do of one another. If a man receives a wrong from another he casts him off; not so with God. He hates sin with a perfect hatred, but

he loves the sinner with a perfect love: and if you are finally lost in hell, it will be in spite of the infinite love of God. In John xiii, 1, it is said of Jesus, that "having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end." He loved Judas, who betrayed him; he loved Peter, who denied him; he loved all the disciples, though, in the trying moment, every one of them forsook him and fled.

In Isaiah xlix, 15, God asks the question, "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." There is no love equal to that of a mother, except it be God's. A wife may forsake her husband, but a mother will cleave to her son, even though he is denounced as a criminal, tried for his life, and finally hanged. To the last she stands by him, and when they give his poor broken body over to her, she covers his dead face with tears. But God loves us better than that. A mother may forget, but God never does.

In Jeremiah xxxi, 3, God says to Israel, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

"Well," says one, "I believe that. That suits me a great deal better than the sermon of last night about the blood." Don't make a mistake, my friend. God loves sinners, but he cannot bring them into heaven unless they repent and give their hearts to him. If he was to do that they would raise the flag of revolt close beside his throne, and there would be war in heaven again.

A lady came to me in England, and told me of one of her sons who was an exile from his home. He had written to ask that he might come back, and yet his

parents did not dare to bring him back, for they thought he would be sure to turn their home into a hell, and ruin all the rest of the children.

An old gentleman in New York had a wicked son, who had already sent his gray-haired mother to the grave with a broken heart; and one night, when the boy was going out, the father begged him to stay with him, saying, "You have not spent one evening at home since your mother died. Will you not stay one night with me?"

"No," said the boy, "I will not."

Then the father threw himself down in the open door and said, "My son, you are stronger than I, but you shall not go out to-night, unless you go over my poor old body."

And that wicked son leaped over his father's body, and rushed away to his old companions in sin. Just so it is with a great many sinners, who rush to destruction in spite of all the tokens of the love and mercy of God.

In Isaiah xxxviii, 17, the prophet cries out, "Thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back." I like that word "all." If all my sins were cast behind *my* back, the devil might find them and bring them up to ruin me; but when they are cast behind *His* back nobody can ever find them again. There are four expressions used for putting away sins. One is "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgression from us;" another is, that He puts them away "as a cloud;" another, He casts them into the sea of forgetfulness; and then this one, He casts them behind his back.

Do not try to put away your own sins. You cannot forgive yourself for robbing another man of a thousand

dollars. You may have nothing against him, but he has something against you. Come to God and ask him to put away your sins for the sake of the blood of his Son, and he will put them away so far that nobody shall ever be able to find them again.

In Isaiah lxiii, 9, we read, "In all their affliction he was afflicted." God pities us. Our lost condition moves his heart, so that just as he hastened down to Eden after Adam's sin, and dealt with him in grace, he will come to any sinner who will receive him, and share his sorrows, and take away his sins.

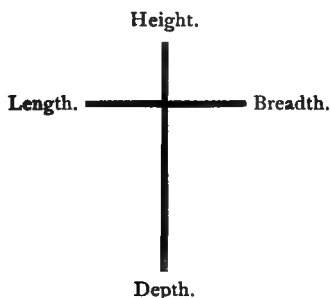
A gentleman from Manchester, England, visited Chicago just before the fire, and when he went home he tried to tell what a wonderful city it was, but nobody cared to listen to him. Pretty soon the news came over the wires that the city was on fire, and that a hundred thousand people were burned out of house and home, and were actually in danger of perishing out on the prairie, unless assistance should come at once. Then that city was full of interest about Chicago; men were in tears, and what was better, they were giving their money by thousands to send to the sufferers.

So with God. Our sorrows cry out for us louder than our sins cry out against us. He feels his heart going out to us, and sends his Son to redeem us. Here in Revelation i, 5, it speaks of Jesus Christ, who has "loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood;" not washed us and loved us, but loved us first and washed us afterward; loved us in spite of the defilement of our sins.

In Ephesians iii, 18, we are told about the height,

and depth, and length, and breadth of the love of God. My friends, if you want to know this, come to Calvary. Nothing will show you the love of God to sinners so well as the Cross of his Son, Jesus Christ.

When the French and Prussian war was going on, and the Commune was imprisoning people and putting them to death, they took a Roman Catholic archbishop and put him into a prison which had an opening in the door in the shape of a cross; and when they went to bring him out to die they found that he had written over the ends of the cross thus:—



Ah! that man had been to Calvary.

Some people say, "I don't see why I have so many troubles and afflictions, if the Lord loves me so much." Well, that is just the very proof that he does love you. That father who lets his son go on in the way to death and destruction without correcting him is the one who does not love him "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

In Romans viii, 28, we are told that "all things work together for good to them that love God." A member of my family was sick one night, so I got a prescription

from a doctor and went to the druggist to have it made up. He took a little out of one bottle, and a little out of another, and another, and another, putting them all into the same bottle, and gave it to me, saying it was all right. So you see these different medicines all "worked together" for the good of the patient. So with all things in God's providence and grace—bitter and sweet, pain and pleasure, joy and sorrow—all things work together for good to them that love God.

Paul understood this love of God. When they put the thirty-nine stripes on him, and stoned him, and cast him into prison, he would say to himself, "'All things'—and these are some of them—work together for my good." He knew he loved God; the devil couldn't make him doubt that, and so every thing was all right for him. If it hadn't been for those prisons we might not have had those epistles of his: we haven't any of his sermons, they have all been lost; but these epistles are ours, and I doubt not that thousands of people have gone up to heaven and met the grand old apostle, and said to him, "I thank God for that Epistle to the Corinthians;" "I thank God for the Epistle to the Ephesians."

Some one may say, "Of course God loves them that love him." Well, I used to preach that half-way doctrine once; but when I was over in Dublin, in 1867, a young man came to me—he didn't look as if he were more than seventeen years old—and asked if I wouldn't like to have him come to America and preach along with me. I did not want him, for he didn't look as if he could do much preaching, so I came off, and didn't let him know when I sailed. After awhile I got a letter from him, saying

he was in New York, and that he would come to Chicago and preach for me if I wished it. I wrote him in reply, telling him he must come and see me if he ever came to Chicago, and pretty soon, sure enough, he wrote to say that he would be with me on Thursday of that week. I was just going off to Iowa to be gone till Sunday, so I told my people they might let the young Englishman preach on a week night, and I went away feeling pretty anxious about it.

The first thing when I got home on Saturday night I asked about my young preacher. My wife said he spoke very well, but that he preached some different doctrines from me. Then, of course, I didn't like him. But we went to church on Sunday, and I noticed there was a large congregation, and that they were all bringing their Bibles. He had got them in that way in two evenings. When he gave out his text I noticed a smile running round the audience. It was the third chapter of John and the sixteenth verse: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The people were so much interested that a crowd filled the church in the evening, when he took the same text again; and so wonderfully did he explain it that we asked him to preach every night that week.

The week was a memorable one. Night after night Mr. Moorehouse preached to immense congregations, taking the same text every time, until he made the love of God appear the central truth of the whole Bible. At the close of the seventh sermon from the same words, he said :—

"If I were to die to-night, and go up to heaven, and there meet Gabriel, who stands in the presence of God and if I were to ask him how much God loves sinners, this is what I think he would say: 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

He spoiled one or two of my sermons for me: I have never seen them since; but he showed me that God loved sinners in spite of their sins.

I pity the man who goes down to hell with that text hanging over him. My friends, don't forget that it was while we were yet sinners that Christ died for us. I have been into some homes in this city that were so vile and dirty that I couldn't stay there five minutes; but Jesus Christ waits to come into the heart of the vilest sinner and take up his residence there. It isn't because we are lovely, but because he is love, that Christ died for us, and offers to come and dwell with us. "He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love;" and again, "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

Love always grows as it descends. The mother loves her child more than the child loves its mother. Just so God loves us more than we can ever love him.

The badge of discipleship which Christ himself ordained was their love to one another. Some people tell me they don't have any doubts about God's love to them, but they can't find out whether they love God; and I just tell them to test themselves by the fourth chapter of

St. John's First Epistle, and they can very easily find out. If you have any hard feelings in your heart against any man or woman, you may be sure the love of the Father is not in you.

I remember hearing, a few years ago, of a scholar in a Sunday-school who was conquered by love. It was a boy whom nobody could manage, and at last it was thought he would have to be turned out, when a young lady of wealth and position said, "I wish you would let me have that boy." The superintendent replied, "If none of the men can manage him I am quite sure you could not. If he talks so vulgar that the men can't have him in their classes, I am sure you cannot."

"Let me try him," she said.

The next Sunday he put the boy in her class, and for a few Sundays he heard of no trouble. Every thing went on well. But one Sunday he broke the rules of the class, and when she corrected him he spit in her face. She took her handkerchief and wiped it away, and said nothing. At the close of the school she said, "I wish you would walk along home with me, and have a talk with me."

"I wont. I wouldn't be seen on the street with you. I am not coming to this old Sunday-school any more."

"Well," she said, "wont you let me walk home with you? I don't want to scold you; I want to talk with you."

"I wont. I wont be seen with you."

So she tried another course; she tried the curiosity course, and said: "I wish you would come to my house

on Tuesday morning; I shall not be home on Tuesday, but you just come and ring the door-bell, and tell the servant there is a bundle for you on my bureau."

"I wont; you may keep your old bundle."

Still she felt pretty sure he would come. After he got over his mad fit he began to want to see what was in the bundle, and on Tuesday morning he was there. The servant understood the matter, and gave him the bundle. The little fellow opened it, and there was a little jacket, a little necktie, and a note from his teacher telling him how much she loved him, and that every morning since he had been in the class she had been praying for him that he might be a good boy and a good man.

The next morning, before she was up, the servant came and said a little boy was down stairs, who wanted to see her. When she came down she found him lying on the sofa, crying as if his heart would break.

"What is the trouble?" she asked.

"I have had no peace since I received your note. You have been so kind to me, and I have been so unkind to you! I hope you will forgive me."

The teacher said, "Certainly," and she knelt down and prayed for him. Love conquered him. There is nowhere a heart so hard but love can conquer it.

I used to think more of Christ than of God. It seemed to me that God was away off somewhere sitting on his great white throne, and not taking any interest in me. But that is all changed now, and it seems now to me that it took more love on the part of God the Father to give his Son to die for us, than it did on the part of the Son to suffer.

Some one may ask how it happens that God loves us. The answer seems easy—he cannot help it. “God is love;” and how can a being whose nature is love keep from loving, any more than the sun, whose nature is light, can keep from shining? But, my friends, we must not fail to keep in mind this fact, that while God loves us he hates our sins.

In the thirty-first chapter of Jeremiah, at the third verse, we have these words: “The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee.”

Here, then, are the three characteristics of the love of God. It is unchangeable, unailing, everlasting.

God leaves no doubt about his love in any man's mind who will read his Book. He has given his only Son to prove it, but the world would not have him, though he came to take away its sins, and to purchase an eternal redemption for them.

There is a passage in the Songs of Solomon that is very precious to me. It is this: “His banner over me was love.”

There was a man came from Europe to this country a year or two ago, and he became dissatisfied, and went to Cuba in 1867, when they had that great civil war there. Finally he was arrested for a spy, court-martialed, and condemned to be shot. He sent for the American consul and the English consul, and these two men were thoroughly convinced that the man was no spy, and they went to one of the Spanish officers and said, “This man you have condemned to be shot is an innocent man.”

‘Well,’ the Spanish officer says, ‘the man has been tried by our laws and condemned: the law must take its course; the man must die.’

The next morning the man was led out; the grave was already dug for him; the black cap was put on him; the soldiers were there and in a few moments the man would be shot, when up comes a carriage just in time. Out leaped the American consul, took the American flag and wrapped it around the condemned man, and the English consul took the English flag and wrapped it around him, and then they said to those soldiers, ‘Fire on those flags if you dare!’

Not a man dared to fire; there were two great governments behind those flags. So God says to you, my friends—to every one of you—‘Come under my banner, come under the banner of love, come under the banner of heaven.’ That banner covering you you are safe! That it may float over every soul here is the prayer of my heart. God don’t will the death of any who will come under his banner of love.

HIS POWER.

NOW I want you to take special notice of the words written in Jeremiah xxxvi, 17: ‘Ah Lord God! behold, thou hast made the heaven and the earth by thy great power and stretched-out arm, and there is nothing too hard for thee.’

I think the Lord was pleased with this prayer of Jeremiah, for he responds to him in the twenty-seventh verse ‘Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh: is there

any thing too **hard** for me?" God likes to have his people believe that there is nothing too hard for him. We talk about Frederick the Great, and Alexander the Great, but how very little are these mighty men when we come to compare them with God. If Tyndall, or Huxley, or Darwin had ever created any light, what a sound of trumpets there would have been about it! but we read in the Bible the very simple statement, "And God said, Let there be light: and there was light,"--and that is all there is said about it.

Here is this earth of ours, twenty-five thousand miles around, with its great oceans, and its great mountains, and its great rivers; and yet it is only a little ball that the Lord tosses out of his hand. The astronomers tell us that the sun is thirteen hundred thousand times larger than the earth. What seas, what mountains, what rivers there must be there! Besides this, there are eighty millions of other suns, and millions upon millions of other stars, that have been discovered; yet I suppose these are only like a few towns and villages on the outskirts of God's great empire. Now what folly to try to measure **God** with our little rule!

But I hear somebody saying, "If God is so great as that, he will not condescend to trouble himself about such an insignificant creature as I."

This is all wrong. If you study the Bible, you will find out that no sooner did the news come up to heaven that Adam had fallen, than God was right down in Eden after him. Men sometimes get to be so big that they don't care for little things, but God never does.

We are all the time limiting God's power by our own

ideas. There is a drunkard; the appetite for strong drink has overcome him; he has actually drunk up his will. Well what of it? He who said, "Let there be light: and there was light," can just as easily say, "Let there be life: and there will be life." The man may be a gambler, a deist, an infidel; the woman may be a harlot, and her feet may begin to take hold on hell; but the Lord, who created the heavens and the earth, won't find it hard to save the chief of sinners if they will only give their wicked hearts to him. Let us get our eyes off one another and fix them upon God. There is nothing too hard for him.

Whenever we go to a new place the people say, "O, yes; you did so and so in that city, but this place is very peculiar; there are special difficulties here such as you have never met before."

Yes, I suppose there are special difficulties in every case, but these obstacles won't stand in the way very long when God rises up to carry on his work. When Mr. Sankey and I first started out, we took this seventh verse of the thirty-second chapter of Jeremiah for our motto, "Ah! Lord God, . . . there is nothing too hard for thee," and we always had great success. After awhile we thought we would take some other motto; but we couldn't get on at all until we came back to this seventeenth verse, "There is nothing too hard for thee."

"And of his fullness have all we received." It is a very common fault with Christians to forget the Lord's fullness. They are living on stale manna, and trying to get happy over their past experience. They were converted twenty years ago; and they seem to think that the Lord gave them a blessing which was to last

them all their lives. Not so; there is an infinite "fullness" in Christ, and they who believe in him may receive of it all the time. Ask Enoch—he received of the "fullness," and so was able to walk with God. Ask Noah—he was able to live and preach one hundred and twenty years, while he was about the only man in all the world who believed in God, and this he could do because he had received of the Lord's "fullness." Ask Abraham—he was able to offer up his only son at the command of God. Ask Joshua—he received the "fullness," and nobody was able to stand before him all the days of his life.

Now, some people think those old patriarchs and prophets were a different kind of men from what we have in these days. Not at all. They were men of like passions with us. You just let the ministers and Christian workers nowadays get filled with the Lord's "fullness," and they will be like giants filled with new wine.

There were the reformers Knox, Wesley, Whitefield, and Newton. Were they any greater men in intellect than a great many others in their time? By no means; but they had received of the Lord's "fullness." That was what made them so great and strong in his work. Take the twelve apostles, they were not men of learning and science; they were not great orators; they were not rich, had no social position. But just think of a Galilean fisherman writing such a book as the Gospel of John! There isn't a learned man in all the world who could make such a book, unless he had received the Lord's "fullness."

JESUS CHRIST:

HIS CHARACTER AND OFFICES.

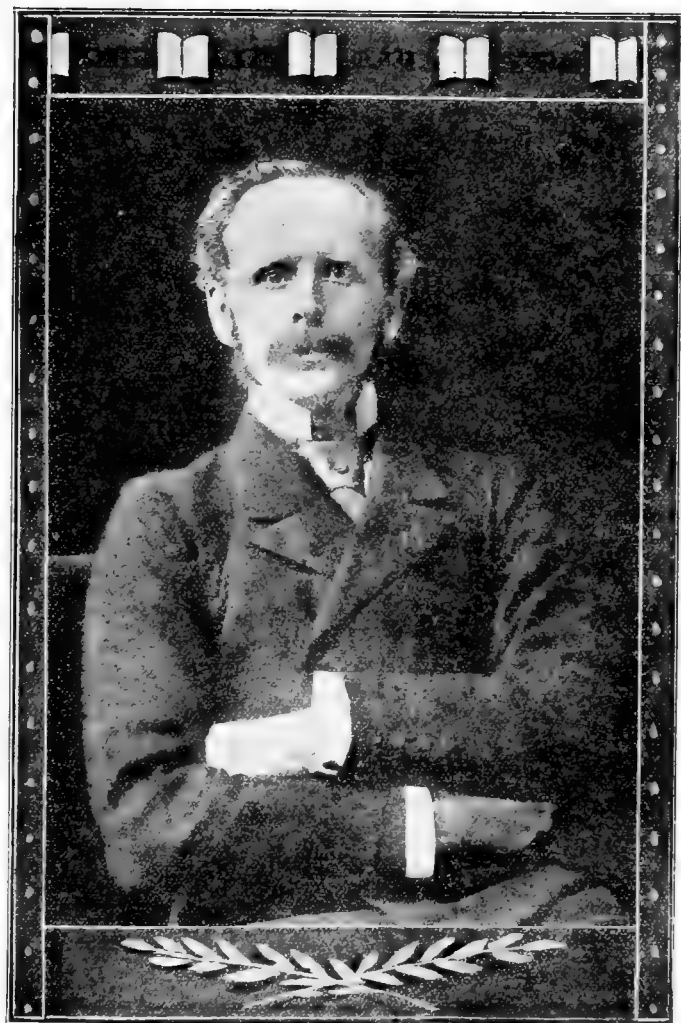
PROPHECIES CONCERNING CHRIST.

IN Second Timothy, third chapter sixteenth verse, we read, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God." That referred, of course, to the Old Testament, and is a text which ought to be preached on by ministers in these days who have their doubts about the inspiration of the Old Testament, while they profess to believe in that of the New.

When Christ was on earth he was constantly referring to the Scriptures; by which term, of course, he meant the Old Testament, as there were no other Scriptures then in existence.

There are two hundred prophecies in the Old Testament concerning Jesus Christ, every solitary one of which has been fulfilled; and yet there are some intelligent persons who say they really don't think that the Bible is inspired. Such people ought to remember that "the Scriptures cannot be broken."

Moses, and the Prophets, and the Psalms, all testify of Christ. If you turn to the twenty-fourth chapter of Luke and twenty-seventh verse, where Christ, after his resurrection, was talking with the two disciples as he walked with them to Emmaus, you will find these words: "And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself." Then in the forty-fourth verse of the



HENRY DRUMMOND.
One of Moody's Co-Workers in Great Britain.

same chapter: "And he said unto them, These are the words which I spake unto you while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning me. Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures."

There was never so much said about the birth, life, death, and resurrection of any man as about that of Jesus. Mark and John say nothing about Christ's birth. We are indebted to Matthew and Luke for all we know about it. For four thousand years, from the time that God made the promise in Eden, men had been looking for this child. The mothers of Israel had been praying that they might be the mothers of this child, and now, as we come into the first chapter of Luke, we find the long, dark night had rolled away.

We are told that Zacharias, the priest, received a visit from the angel Gabriel, and that he was somewhat staggered by the message. If you turn to Daniel you will find that it was the same angel that visited that prophet while he was praying.

Gabriel is only recorded by name as having made three visits to this world, and every time he came it was on something connected with Christ.

In the first chapter of Luke we find this same Gabriel visiting Mary at Nazareth, and revealing to her the great event that was to befall her. I call your attention to what Gabriel said to her about her son: "He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest." So we have the right to call him the Son of God, because the angel said he should be called the "Son of the Highest."

The birth of John was not a secret: and so you will find that, notwithstanding the claims of the infidels to the contrary, Christ's birth was not a secret.

The emperor of Rome issued a decree that the whole world should pay a tax, and that every one should repair to his native place and be registered. That is one of the most marvelous things in the whole word of God. I am told by very good Bible students that that impost was not collected for nine years afterward. The child Jesus would have been born at Nazareth had not the emperor sent out this decree. In consequence thereof Mary went to Bethlehem, and the child was born there; in other words, God set the whole world in motion to bring the virgin to Bethlehem, so that his word might be fulfilled. If that child had been born at Nazareth the Scriptures would not have been true, and if the Scriptures can be broken in one place, they may in another.

What are you going to do with the passover if you take Christ out of the Old Testament? What are you going to do with the atonement—the sacrifices—the brazen serpent—the sin-offering? What do they all mean?

The Old Testament is a sealed book if you take Christ out of it. He is the key of the word, and he unlocks the Old Testament just as he does the New.

Philip found Christ in the Old Testament at the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, (Acts viii, 30-35,) and you may find him in the same place, and in hundreds of other places in the writings of Moses and the prophets.

Study the Book of Genesis. You will find Christ there. "The Seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head."

Take Exodus. That may be called the book of redemption. Leviticus is the book of sacrifices. They both abound in typical references to Christ.

There is no other way of understanding the entire system of Old Testament worship except as types and prophecies of Christ.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CHRIST'S BIRTH.

THE angels came to the shepherds and announced the birth of Christ. I have an idea that they thought the whole world would rise as one man and receive him with open arms as the Messiah. I don't think they would have imagined men to be so blind and foolish as to not receive the Prince of heaven with joy. When a prince comes to this country every body wants to do him honor; but here was a Prince from heaven, and it would seem strange that He should not be received with joy and gladness.

The angels said to the shepherds, "We bring you glad tidings"—not bad tidings. Now I guarantee that nine-tenths of the people in Chicago think the Gospel bad tidings; they do not want it; that is the trouble with most people. They are afraid of good tidings, and that just shows the depravity of men's hearts. I never knew a person in my life who did not like to hear good news, and what better news can a man receive than that he has a Saviour?

There is no one in this audience but requires a Saviour. How many of those women here try to keep their temper, and cannot do it? How many men are trying to gain a

victory over their passions and lusts, and fail? The fact is, we all need a Saviour; and God, who knew just what the world needed, gave the very gift that meets our case. What folly, what madness, that all the world do not accept the gift with joy!

One word about Joseph. He just appears on the horizon, and then fades away, and we see no more of him. The last we hear of him is when he appears in the temple with Christ, when he is twelve years old.

Now about Christ's being born of a woman.

Some ask why he did not come from heaven in glory and grandeur.

I suppose he could have done so; he could have come from the throne in a golden chariot, and have gone through the world as an angel of light. But if a man wants to be a mediator he must be a friend of both parties, and how could Christ have been a mediator between us and God if he had not taken upon himself our nature? He had to take upon himself our nature in order to mediate between God and man. Some say it was a mystery that God ever permitted sin to come into the world, but it was a greater mystery that God ever sent his Son to bear the brunt of it.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

A MAN asked me the other day if there was any place in the Bible where Christ expressly said that he was any thing more than a man. It seems to me that the Gospel of John is full proof of the divinity of Christ. It was for that purpose chiefly that his Gospel was written.

When the Pharisees came to Christ with the question, "Which was the great commandment?" he turned upon them with the question, "What think ye of Christ? whose son is he?" They said, "The son of David."

"Well, then," said Christ, "how is it that David called him Lord?" And they were confounded, and asked him no more questions from that day. The fact is, the Jews did not believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ, and I want to say right here, if men don't believe that the whole Bible is gone. If a man is wrong on the divinity of our Lord, he is wrong on every thing. We must get the foundation right before we attempt to build.

But let us go still further. I am willing to summons the very devils of hell. When Christ came near a man possessed with a devil, the devil cried out, "What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of the most high God? I adjure thee by God, that thou torment me not." (Mark v, 7.) Even the very devils testified that he was the Son of God.

Next take the high priest, who, as president of the Sanhedrin, was there when the verdict of death was pronounced. What does he say? He put him under oath, and asked him if he was the Son of God, and Jesus answered, "Thou hast said;" that is, "I am." That is the very thing we glory in; we believe he is the Son of God.

In one sentence, I think, John has settled the question of the divinity of Christ. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." Indeed, the whole object of this Gospel is to teach us to believe in Christ as the Son of God, and to receive him as our divine redeemer and God.

If Jesus Christ were not the Son of God we are guilty of the very worst sin, because the very first commandment is, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Look at the millions of people who would be guilty of idolatry if Christ were not God in the flesh. Think of those who have poured out their blood to establish and maintain this truth! What an impostor he was if he were not God in the flesh!

In the eleventh chapter Christ says, "I am the resurrection and the life;" and concerning his own life, he says, "I have power to lay it down and power to take it again." No one less than God can do that.

But again, if Christ were not divine what are we to do with such texts as:—

"I and my Father are one." John x, 30.

"Before Abraham was, I am." John viii, 58.

"My Father worketh hitherto and I work." John v, 17, 18.

"I am the Son of God." John x, 36-38.

"He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." John xiv, 9.

"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst." Matt. xviii, 20.

"All things are delivered unto me of my Father." Matt. xi, 27.

"I [Jesus] am the root and the offspring of David" Rev xxii, 16.

•

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

THIS question is a legitimate, practical one, which every preacher has the right to ask, and one which, if I had time, I would like to put to every one here personally. What think ye of Christ? Whose son is he? Did he come from heaven, and was he with God when the morning stars sang together? Is it true that he was with God when the foundations of this world were laid? That is the question, and it is of the utmost importance. Men ought to make up their minds and decide who Christ is.

There is something remarkable about the sayings of Christ; they can be read over and over again, and every time you read them you see something new. Christ was a child's preacher. He preached so plain that little children like to read him; and yet his words are so deep that the greatest theologians cannot fathom their depths. I would like you to compare him with the preachers of the present day, and see how he taught the people. I am told by travelers in Palestine that you cannot see a thing in that country but what Jesus used to illustrate his sermons.

I would like to take him up as a preacher. Look at that wonderful sermon recorded in the fifth of Matthew. Infidels have tried to attack that sermon, but have failed. It has done more good than any sermon ever preached in this world.

I might ask what you think of him as a physician? We have some eminent physicians in Chicago, and

people are proud of them. Not long ago a lady suffering from diphtheria told me that her doctor had not lost a case, and she had great confidence in him. But I don't think you can find a doctor in Chicago who has not lost a case if he has had much practice. Jesus never lost a case, and he had some difficult ones. Some were dead even, and he brought them back to life. All the afflicted had to do was to press up to him and the virtue would come forth, and they would be healed. In some parts of the world we have what are called Hospitals for Incurables. They didn't need such institutions in Christ's day; there was nothing but what he could cure.

I would like to talk of him as a Comforter. Think how he comforted the wounded and broken hearts. But the point to-day is, "Was he God-man?" Was he in the bosom of the Father, and did he voluntarily leave heaven and come down to earth and suffer and die that we might live? The only way to find this out is to study the Scriptures.

If I was coming to Chicago to find out about a man, there are two classes of people I would like to meet—his friends and enemies, so that I could hear both sides. Now, I propose to bring up witnesses, and I want to make you a jury to decide this great question. I shall not be partial, but bring up both enemies and friends.

We will first call the Pharisees, who were Christ's bitterest enemies. One of the charges they preferred against him was, "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." Thank God for that! The very thing they bring against him is just what you and I like.

Let us take Pilate; he is not a Jew, and is unbiased and unprejudiced. His testimony is, "I find no fault in this man." Then Pilate's wife sent a message to her husband saying, "Have thou nothing to do with that just man, for I have suffered many things in a dream because of him."

Well, suppose we bring in Judas, the prince of traitors, and ask what fault he found in him. See his countenance fall, as remorse, despair, and agony come upon him, and he wrings his hands and throws down the thirty pieces of silver, saying, "I have betrayed innocent blood." A great many persons are crying out against Judas, but I tell you there are worse men than he in Chicago to-day.

It seems to me that I might rest the case here, and that you could render a verdict that Christ is the true Messiah. But this is only what his enemies said; I have a good many stronger witnesses among his friends. The testimony of John the Baptist, Peter, doubting Thomas, Paul, and the angels that appeared at his birth, is all to the same effect; and if I could just shout up to the throne and ask the angels there what they think of him, just imagine what would be the reply. It would be the voice that John heard—the voice of many angels—saying, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!" Would it not be a glorious thing for Chicago if its people would help swell that heavenly cry? Take God's own testimony, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." That is what God the Father thought. Sinner, what do you think of him?" If God was well pleased with him, wont you be pleased with him? If

God thought a good deal of him, wont you think a little of him? O that God may now tear the scales from your eyes, that you may behold him as "the lily of the valley," as the "rose of Sharon," as the "root and offspring of David," as "the bright and morning star," as God's beloved Son sent down to this dark world to save us.

Now, what do you think of him? Put the question to yourself. Do you think a good deal of him? What do you think of him, young man; what do you, you, and you [turning in different directions] think of him? Do you think enough of him to trust him? Let the question go up into the galleries. Dr. Thompson, what do you think of him—as much as ever? [Answer]—"More. He is my Lord and my God." Professor Fisk, what do you think of him? [Answer]—"Every thing."

Well, how many are going to think enough of him to trust him this afternoon? We must have a poor opinion of Christ if we wont trust him. Let all who are willing to trust him as their Saviour from this hour rise and sing, "Just as I am, without one plea," and let the rest keep their seats.

Almost the entire audience rose and joined in the hymn.

JESUS THE MESSIAH.

ON another occasion Mr. Moody read the lesson for the day from 1 Cor. i, 18, 22-24: "For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish, foolishness; but unto us which are saved, it is the power of God. . . . For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom: but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God."

THE world in these days is divided into the same three classes. There are the Jews and all their class, who seek after something else than the Gospel as a sign of its truth. In the third chapter of John Christ takes up this class of people, and mentions four signs or proofs of his Messiahship. First, John the Baptist testified of it; second, his own miracles proved it; third, God the Father had spoken from heaven to declare it; and, fourth, Moses and the law made reference to him. From his birth of a virgin predicted by Isaiah, until his death on the cross of Calvary, signs had followed him and wonders had been done by him; but the greatest sign of all was his resurrection from the dead. Besides all these, look at the sign which has been in the world for nearly nineteen hundred years. Here is a man who died as a malefactor at the hands of Roman soldiers, whose doctrines have been preached for a religion, and whose name has been believed in as a Saviour. Now how can you account for it? Just try to preach some other name, as Moses or Elijah, and see how long you can make it the basis of a new religion! What power would there be in it? How many could you get to hear and believe

it? But look at the results of preaching and believing the name of Christ! Take these regenerated drunkards, who had tried every thing else and failed, and at last came to Christ and were saved. Take those three thousand who were converted at Pentecost at the preaching of the life, the death, and the resurrection of Christ.

Now do you suppose it would have been possible to deceive that number of shrewd, wise-headed Jews and Greeks? Right there in Jerusalem, in the midst of those who wanted to believe that His disciples had stolen his body away, was the resurrection preached by those who had seen him and heard him, and eaten with him. He was seen by about five hundred brethren at one time, and if there had been a fraud wouldn't somebody have found it out? This blessed truth has been attacked again and again, but it still lives. There was never a time when Jesus Christ had more friends than now.

We find in the prophecy of Isaiah that His name was to be called "Wonderful," and if we take notice we will find that every thing about Christ was wonderful—another proof of his being God manifest in the flesh. There is nothing to be compared with it.

In the fourth chapter of John's Gospel, in reply to the woman of Samaria at Jacob's well, Christ declares himself to be the Messiah: "I that speak unto thee am he."

The second class mentioned in the text are the Greeks, who wanted to find out Christ by wisdom. We have plenty of these Greeks among us. They say of these meetings, "O yes, they are good, very good, for a certain class of poor and ignorant people; for drunkards and harlots, and such, but they are of no use to us

strong-minded people. These simple ones are deluded of course, but it does them no harm, and may do them some little good ; but as for us there is a more excellent way. We believe in education and culture."

Well, now, let me ask one of these Greeks what he would do with a drunkard who has fallen into the gutter ? Teach him astronomy ? That would save him from getting drunk, wouldn't it ?

Paul knew those old Greeks. When he was in Athens he found the city wholly given to idolatry. He found plenty of philosophers there, but of these the one class, the Epicureans, said there was no difference between good and evil, and the Stoics thought that God was no better than themselves. No wonder that society in Athens was as corrupt as hell.

Jews and Greeks are thick enough in Chicago ; but then there is the third class of people, namely, those who are in Christ. They learn the power and wisdom of God in learning Christ ; but how much do they find out about him when, in the pride of their own wisdom, they refuse to receive his Gospel ?

Those old unbelievers called Paul a babbler because he preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection ; but there was more power and wisdom in him than in all those nations of heathen put together. The power and the wisdom of God was in him because he was one with Christ ?

Now to which of these three classes do you belong ?

THE TEMPTATIONS OF CHRIST.

THIS afternoon I want to talk to you a little about the temptation of Christ. It is shown in the fourth chapter of Matthew that it was after God proclaimed Christ as his Son that Satan made his attack on him.

In the first chapter of Genesis we find this same enemy tempting Adam and Eve in Eden; and if you compare Matthew with the first book of the Bible you will see that Satan made the same attack on Christ as he did on Adam and Eve. He did not attack him as the Son of God, but as Jesus of Nazareth.

The first thing that Satan told him was to turn the stones into bread. He tempted him through the appetite, the same as Adam and Eve were tempted.

He was also tempted by ambition. You will remember that one of Satan's assertions when tempting Eve was, "Ye shall be as gods."

The difference between the first and second Adam is, that the first fell when he was tempted, but the second withstood temptation by the word of God. Every man that stands by the word cannot fall; it is those who begin to doubt that fall a prey to the devil. There is not a young convert here but will be tempted, and tempted, probably, as were the first and second Adam—through the appetite and ambition. But there is no need of his falling; it is the privilege of every child of God to live without falling. If we stand by our Bible we can defy the devil. But the trouble is, unbelief comes in. Men begin to doubt the word. The first



A. C. DIXON.

thing Satan did was to plant a doubt in Adam's heart and just as soon as we get that far our fall will be accomplished. We are living in a day when we ought to be careful what we believe, and when we ought to measure every sermon by the word of God. A man may be as eloquent as Gabriel, but unless he can stand the touchstone of the word he will be of no use. If Jesus overcame Satan by the word, how much greater is our need for that powerful safeguard against sin and temptation. There are a good many unbelieving Churches at the present time; be careful you don't get into one. I would rather some one should poison my children with drugs from the drug store than teach them false doctrine which would lead them away from Christ.

MIRACLES OF CHRIST.

THE miracles of Christ have been often attacked. As soon as Christ began his ministry he began to perform miracles.

The first miracle that Moses wrought was to turn the water into blood—that is, into death. Christ's first miracle was to turn water into wine—which means joy and life.

A great many are claiming that miracles can be accounted for by natural causes. Let me give you a little advice. If you go into a church and hear a minister make such a remark, take your hat and get out as quick as possible. Go as Lot went out of Sodom, and do not look behind. He is the devil's own minister, and if he

had been sent from the very pit of hell into this world to preach he could not be more pernicious. It is just bringing the Son of God down to the level of one of the mediums of the present day, and degrading the miracle to a sleight-of-hand performance. The idea that any one should be guilty of such a thing in regard to our Lord and Saviour! A miracle is a supernatural event, and if a man will only admit one miracle, that settles the whole question; but the moment we doubt one we are doing just what the devil wants us to do—doubting God's word. Is there a man or woman in this audience to-day that believes that Jesus did not turn that water into wine? The idea that God had not the power to do it! The God that could create this world out of nothing!

As Milton said when he was a school-boy, "The conscious water saw its God, and blushed."

The reclamation of drunkards now going on in this city is as wonderful as the miracles of the Bible; and those women who are toiling that the drunkards may be saved will have a great many bright jewels in their crowns. They will be better known in heaven than they are here.

I would like to have men explain the destruction of drunkards' appetites for liquor by natural causes. No. It is a miracle of grace, a miracle wrought by the divine Spirit, through faith in a divine Saviour.

CHRIST THE REFUGE.

AFTER reading the Scripture lesson from the twentieth chapter of Joshua, being an account of the appointment of the cities of refuge, to which he who slew his neighbor unawares might flee, to be safe from the avenger of blood, Mr. Moody said :—

THESE cities of refuge were typical of Christ.

The roads which led to them were always to be open, and the bridges in good repair. At the forks of the roads there were sign-boards with the word "refuge" in red letters, and a hand pointing the way to the city; and when once a fugitive got inside he found shelter, defense, and society.

Christ is the refuge for these poor drunkards, who are hunted down by the power of strong drink. Flee to him and you will find safety, pardon, a new nature, and the fellowship of Christ and his people.

Now I want to call your attention to the names of these six cities of refuge. The first is Kadesh; that means "holiness." "O," says one, "if I could only find holiness I should be safe!" Well, my friend, if you want to find holiness come to Christ. He is holy; even the devils admit that. Don't you remember how the devil answered him when he charged him to come out of the maniac? "I know who thou art: the holy one of God." Christ is holiness for you; you will never have any of your own. Flee unto Kadesh, and Christ shall be made unto you righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.

The name of the next is Shechem; that means "shoulder," something to carry burdens on. "O," says the

poor sinner, "if I could only get rid of this awful load of sin! It weighs me down to despair." Well, then, flee to Shechem. You haven't far to go. Christ is nigh thee. It isn't as if the city of refuge were ten miles away, and you must run to it with this terrible burden on your shoulders. Christ is right here. Just lay your burden on his shoulder, who is the great Burden-bearer, and he will carry it for you; or, still better, roll it into his sepulcher, and you shall see it no more.

The name of the third city is Hebron; that means "joined." Some of these drunkards would like to become Christians, but they are all the time afraid they can't hold out. Well, my friend, the thing for you to do is to flee to Hebron, and when once you are joined to Christ you are safe. Christ will carry out what he undertakes, and if you join yourself to him, and trust your salvation to him, you will be able to stand in him to all eternity.

I heard of a man who went into business out here in some of these western towns, where people said he was sure to fall; but he didn't; and after he had been getting along very well for some years, and showing no signs of failing, it was discovered that the man had a brother at the East who was very rich, and who helped him along from time to time. Just so with you, sinner; you have a Brother who is very rich, and, if you are joined in partnership with Him, he will help you to hold out. It is those who are not joined to Christ who fail; but they who are joined to him have power and grace. "They that trust the Lord shall not want any good thing."

The name of the fourth city is Bezer; that means "fortified." "The Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe." "None shall be able to pluck them out of my hand," says Christ. There is a fortress which all the powers of the world and all the devils in hell can never batter down. Flee to Bezer, and you will find yourself behind the fortifications cast up by Christ himself.

The fifth city is Ramoth; that means "high." Flee to Ramoth, up out of the low lands of your old lusts, and passions, and appetites, up to the high places of communion with Christ.

"And I, if I be lifted up," says Christ, "will draw all men unto me." If you will come to Christ he will lift you up above the world, above your old evil nature, and by and by he will raise you to the heights of his eternal glory.

The last city is Golan, which means "exile." We are strangers and pilgrims in this world. Like Moses in Egypt, we are exiles from home, and we seek a better country, that is, a heavenly one. What we want is to get to Golan, get where we feel that we are not of this world, but belong to the kingdom of Christ. "Our citizenship is in heaven." But after all, my friends, you haven't to flee to find the city of refuge. Christ is right here; right at the door of your hearts. Give yourself to him; make Christ your refuge to-day.

CHRIST THE REDEEMER.

The Blood Atonement in the Old Testament.

I WANT to begin to-night with the second chapter of the Book of Genesis, the sixteenth and seventeenth verses : "And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat : but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it : for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

This is a law, and if it is going to be of any force it must have a penalty. A law without a penalty isn't of any use. You might make a law that people shall not steal. but if there wasn't any penalty we should lose our watches before we could get home. There must be a penalty to all laws, and the penalty to this one is death.

I used to stumble over that text. God tells Adam that in the day he transgresses he shall die, and yet he lives more than six hundred years afterward. But after studying my Bible awhile it began to get clearer to me. How did Adam die in the day he disobeyed God? He lost the life of his soul; he became dead to God; got out of communion with him; so that when God came down to see him he hid himself among the trees of the garden.

God's chariot has two wheels, Grace and Government. I always feel glad to think that sin was covered before Eden was lost.

God deals with Adam in grace before he deals with him under the law. Here in the twenty-first verse of the third chapter of Genesis we read that God made Adam

and his wife coats of skins before he drove them out of Eden.

And now right here we find the Gospel doctrine of substitution. The animals were slain—of course they must be killed before God could get their skins—and so death, the first death we find in the world, was a type of the death of the Lamb of God on Calvary.

That is what the apostle preached; Christ “was delivered for our offenses, and was raised again for our justification.”

Now how can God be just and justify the sinner? I will tell you: Because God himself came down in the form of sinful flesh and took upon him our nature, and died that we might live. There is the doctrine of substitution.

You don't believe in the doctrine of substitution? Well, then, if you don't believe that you don't believe the Bible. I tell you, take the doctrine of substitution out of that Bible and I wouldn't carry it home with me.

“The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head” has run along down through the ages ever since Adam fell.

Take the history of those first two worshipers, Cain and Abel. Abel believed in the doctrine of substitution, but Cain did not.

I seem to hear Cain saying to himself: “I am not fond of shedding blood. I don't see why Abel must be always killing something for an offering to God. It seems to me much better to bring some of the fruits of the earth.”

But the Bible says that “the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering: but unto Cain and to his offering he had not respect.” There are a great many Cainites in

the world in these days. Take care, my friends, not to disobey God, and neglect the blood of his Son, lest he, as in the case of Cain, reject both your offering and yourselves. You insult the Almighty by offering the work of your own hands to atone for you.

Abel went to heaven by the way of the blood, and that is the way every other soul has gone to glory. We have a solo here from Mr. Sankey once in awhile. So I can imagine that when Abel went to heaven they had a solo there, for Abel could sing a song that none of them in heaven knew—the song of redemption by the blood of the Lamb. Now they sing it in grand chorus, for a great multitude have gone up on high, and they all sing the same words, “Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.”

In the eighth chapter of Exodus and at the twentieth verse, we find Noah opening the second era of the world by building an altar, and offering on it those clean beasts which God had taken care to have brought over the flood for that very purpose.

The Scripture says that Abraham saw Christ’s day, and was glad. Perhaps it was right there on the mountain when he was about to offer up his son. Perhaps God gave him a glimpse down the ages, and showed him the Saviour of the world climbing up the Mount of Calvary with the weight of all the sin of the world bearing him down.

In the twelfth chapter of Exodus, and at the second verse, we read: “This month shall be unto you the beginning of months: it shall be the first month of the year to you,” etc. What month was that? The month which began with the passover. All the time that Israel had been

in Egypt was to go for nothing, and they were to begin to reckon from the blood ; that is, the blood of the paschal lamb. My friends, our life don't start from the cradle, but from the cross of Christ. Noah began his reckoning from the altar set up after the flood, and when we reckon our years it is from the coming of the Lamb of God, who died to take away our sins.

The death of Christ is our life. People say we ought to preach up Christ's life and character. But Christ didn't say we were to preach his life as the salvation of sinners. God didn't say, "Tie a living lamb to the doorpost, and when I see it I will pass over you." If that had been done, death would have passed over the living lamb and taken the first-born. It was death that kept death off ; the only way to meet death is by death. The sentence has come, and I must either have some one to die for me or die myself. That is the lesson that God is trying to bring out—the great doctrine of substitution. The lambs were typical of the coming of the Lamb of God. They foreshadowed the scene at Calvary ; and they continued to be offered until Jesus Christ himself died for us.

I can imagine some of the lords and dignitaries of Egypt riding through Goshen the day before the passover. They could hear the bleating of the lambs all through the province, for every man had either his lamb ready to kill or was killing it ; and they were sprinkling the blood upon the door-posts.

I imagine I can hear those Egyptians saying, "Men ! what are you doing ? Why are you putting blood upon your houses ? Why are you disfiguring your door-posts ?"

"Ah !" say the Hebrews, "it is going to shelter us to-

night. It will be worth to us, at midnight, more than all Egypt."

The men go away laughing together, and thinking that these Hebrews had gone clean mad. But ah! at midnight they changed their minds. There was a wail that went up from every house. From the palace of the king down to the lowest hut death had come and taken his victim. He entered the palace of the rich and the hovel of the poor, and laid his icy hand upon the firstborn of all Egypt. But Israel was safe, sheltered behind the blood.

The lamb must be pure and spotless, for the Lamb of God was spotless. The blood must be put on the doorpost, not on the threshold; God will not suffer the blood to be trampled on. And when all this was done, and death came round to slay the first-born, wherever he saw the blood, he said Death has been here already; and so he left it and went on to the next house. Thus death kept death out.

I have heard people wishing they were as good as this minister or that mother in Israel; but I tell you, my friends, you are just as safe as any of them if you are only sheltered behind the blood. The smallest child in Goshen that night of the passover was just as safe behind the blood as Moses and Aaron themselves. The blood was the token which God had appointed; nothing else was needed, nothing else was of any use.

When I started for the east the other night the conductor came along and called out "Tickets!" He didn't look at me at all, but he looked at the ticket. That was all right, and it made no difference to him who the passenger was. So with the blood. If we have the token—

the blood of Christ applied to our souls—we are safe ; for that is all the law of God requires. Some one has said that a little fly in the ark was just as safe as the elephant : it wasn't the strength of the great beast that saved him ; it was the ark.

I wish I had time to take you through the book of **Leviticus** ; it is all about worship, all full of types which have been fulfilled in Christ.

There are one or two other verses we ought to notice : “ Thus shall ye eat it ; with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand ; and ye shall eat it in haste : it is the Lord's passover.” Now, there are many people who are satisfied with getting to Calvary ; they forget to feed upon the Lamb, and so they get thin, and poor, and sickly.

Here is a curious text that used to trouble me. I couldn't see what it meant. It is **Leviticus viii, 23** : “ And Moses took of the blood of the ram of consecration, and put it upon the tip of Aaron's right ear, and upon the thumb of his right hand, and upon the great toe of his right foot.” What is all that for ?

Well, my friends, I'll tell you. The blood on the ear was to help him to hear the voice of God. If he didn't hear well he wouldn't teach well. Nobody can hear the voice of God till his ears have been sanctified. There was a time when God the Father spoke to his Son out of heaven, but the people that stood by said that it thundered ; they didn't know the difference between God's voice and thunder. Then the blood on the right hand was to show that his work was consecrated to God. No man can do any good at working for God till he is washed in the blood of

Christ. I never knew any one who didn't believe in the blood to have any power in prayer, or to be able to lead any souls into the kingdom of God. The blood on the foot was to show that Aaron was to walk in the way of God's commandments.

In Leviticus xvii, 11, we read the meaning of the blood: "For the life of the flesh is in the blood; and I have given it to you upon the altar to make an atonement for your souls: for it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul."

Here, then, is the doctrine of substitution: Christ—died—for—us. Moses taught it; Isaiah taught it; the Gospels teach it; it is the scarlet thread that binds the whole Bible together; it is the one lesson which God has to teach us. The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.

My friends, what will you do with the precious blood to-night?

A good many years ago, when the California gold-fever broke out, there was a young man who left a wife and little boy and went to California. He told his wife that as soon as he could he would send for her and his child. They watched and watched for the letter to come, bringing the money; but he was not very successful, and it was a long time before the money came to take them to the Pacific coast. But at last the letter did come, and that wife and little boy were full of delight. They went to New York and took their passage in one of those beautiful Pacific steamers, but they had not been at sea very long when, one beautiful day, all at once there was a cry of "Fire!" "fire!"

The pumps were set to work, but, in spite of every thing, the flames increased. There was a magazine of powder on board, and the captain knew the moment the fire touched it all would perish. The life-boats were lowered, and the strongest of the passengers and crew sprang into them, and left the rest to die. Among the number left were that poor mother and her boy. The last life-boat was pushing away ; it was her last hope. She bent over that ship and begged them to take her boy and herself ; but no—the crew said they didn't dare to take any more. She pleaded with them until at last one of the men said, " Let us take them ;" but the others cried out against it. At last they agreed to take one of them.

What do you think she did ? Did the mother leap into the boat and leave the boy to perish ? But you, mothers, know that she wouldn't do that. She seized her darling boy ; pressed him to her heart ; handed him over the side ; and as she dropped him into the boat she said,

" My son, if you live to see your father tell him that I died in your place."

The boat pushed off, and in a little while that vessel was blown up, and that mother perished.

Young men, what would you say of that son if he should speak disrespectfully of his mother ? You would say he wasn't fit to live.

And what shall be said of you if you refuse to give your heart to Him who has purchased you with his own blood ?

The Blood Atonement in the New Testament.

LAST night I was talking about "The Blood" as it is set forth in the Old Testament. To-night I wish to call your attention to some things said about it in the New Testament. A lady once wrote me a letter saying she had followed our work with great interest both in England and in this country, but when she heard of my preaching about the blood she was thoroughly displeased with me. "Where," she asked, "did Jesus ever teach the barbarous, monstrous doctrine, that men are to be saved by means of his blood?"

Well, my friends, I'll tell you. In the fourteenth chapter of Mark, twenty-fourth verse, Christ says to his disciples, "This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many." Also in Luke xxii, 20, he says, "This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you." There are plenty more texts to the same purpose, but these are enough to answer the question. If Christ did not teach, and if the apostles and the early Church did not believe, the doctrine of the vicarious atonement of Jesus Christ, then I haven't got the key to this book at all.

A young minister once came to me in England and said, "Either you are wrong or I am."

"What about?" said I.

"Why, about this being saved by the blood of Christ." And then he went on to say that he did not believe one word of my sermon on "The Blood;" he thought and preached that it was the life, and not the death, of Christ that was the means of saving men's souls.



P. P. BLISS.

"Do you have any body converted under that doctrine?" said I.

"O, no; I don't work for that; I preach morality to my people, and expect them to be saved gradually by culture, and education in the truth."

"Why," said I, "I should feel as if religion was all a sham if, with these texts in the word of God, your notions of it were true."

"And I myself sometimes think it a sham," he replied.

So I read him some texts: "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree;" "the blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth us from all sin;" and a good many more of the same sort, and he didn't know what to do with them.

Let us take John xix, 34: "But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water." That was the crowning act of hell; but when that spear pierced his side, his heart's blood covered and glorified the spear; so every thing that is touched by the blood of Christ is sanctified. Even this earth is redeemed by it, and some day will exchange its thorns and briars for roses and myrtles.

In 1 Peter i, 18, 19, we read: "Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." "Redeem" means, to bring back. A friend of mine near Dublin was illustrating it to me in this way: he said he was walking out in the fields one day, and came across a boy with a sparrow in his hand which he had caught. The gentleman tried to persuade

the boy to let it go; but he answered, "Indade, sur, ar haven't I been chasin' him for half an hour, and d'ye 'spose I'd be afther lettin' him go?" So the man offered to buy him, and when he had paid the price that the little fellow asked for the bird, he took it up and laid it in the open palm of his hand. The little thing had been overpowered with fear, but presently fluttered its wings a little, and then soared away into the air singing as plain as it could speak, "Thank you! thank you!" So, my friends, we have been in the hands of the devil these six thousand years; he is too strong for us; he is older and wiser than we; but Christ has bought us, not of the devil, but of the law of God, which had sentenced us to die, and we ought to fill all the air with songs of thanksgiving.

Now the blood has two cries, salvation and damnation. God said to Cain, "Thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. And now art thou cursed from the earth;" but in Colossians i, 20, we find the blood of Christ making peace for us, and reconciling us to God. Some of you don't believe in being saved by the blood: tell me how you are going to get rid of this passage in Hebrews ix, 22: "Without shedding of blood is no remission." What hope have you if you reject this only means by which your sins may be remitted? In Hebrews x, 20, we are told that the new and living way by which we may enter into the holy place is through the vail of Christ's flesh. You know that when Christ died God rent the vail of the temple from top to bottom; not from bottom to top; the work was done from above; and that is to signify that the way into God's kingdom is opened by the offering

of Jesus Christ as a sacrifice for the sins of the whole world. You don't need a priest, or bishop, or pope to help you ; come yourself, come boldly, come all alone ; the way is open, even into the holy of holies.

There are a good many other passages I would like to notice, but I must hasten on. Take this one, Rev. xii, 11 : "And they overcame him [that is, the devil] by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony." There is nothing that the devil hates and fears so much as the blood of the Son of God. He likes to get ministers to touch lightly on it ; and if he could keep them from preaching it at all he wouldn't care how much they preached other things : but I tell you a minister may just as well sit down on a curbstone and whittle shavings as to go into the pulpit and preach if he does not preach redemption, substitution, and salvation, by the blood of the Lamb. There may be great crowds attending his ministry, but his work will all go to nothing unless he is faithful to this central doctrine of Christian faith.

An old minister who had preached the Gospel for fifty years was dying. He called for the Bible, and said, "Find me the First Epistle of John, the first chapter and the seventh verse ;" and when they found it for him he put his trembling finger on it and said, "I die in the faith of that verse." What is it ? "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"I am on the down grade and can't find the brake," said a dying man who used to be a driver on the overland stage line. "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb," said Alfred Cookman. My friends, when Christ ascended to heaven he left his blood

behind ; it was shed on Calvary, and there it has remained for us. What will you do with the blood of the Lamb ? Will you accept it ? Will you let it wash away your sins ?

Now the blood is on the mercy-seat : while it is there God says, " I cannot see your sins, I am looking at the blood." O press toward the mercy-seat while the blood is on it, and God will accept your poor sinful souls for the sake of the blood of his Son.

In 1 Corinthians xv, 3, we are told that " Christ died for our sins." I wish I could get every one here to believe that : to say, not, he died for all mankind, but, *he died for me*. I have often thought that if I could make this doctrine real—if I could tell the story of the cross so that people would see it and feel it—I would go around and tell it, and preach nothing else.

We take up the Bible, and read the account of his crucifixion and death—how he suffered in agony—and we go away, lay the Bible down, and think nothing more about it. I remember when the war was going on I would read about a great battle having been fought, where probably ten thousand men had been killed and wounded, and after reading the article I would lay the paper aside and forget all about it. At last I went into the army myself. I was at Fort Donelson and Pittsburgh Landing. I saw the dying men—I heard the groans of the wounded—I helped to comfort the dying and to bury the dead ; I saw the scene in all its terrible realities ; and after I had been on the battle field I could not read an account of a battle without it making a profound impression upon me. I wish I could bring before you in living colors the sufferings and death of Christ.

When a great man dies we are all anxious to get his last words ; and if it is a friend, how we treasure up that last word—how we tell it to his friends ! And we never tire talking about our loved ones, and how they made their departure from the world.

Now, let us visit Calvary ; let us go back in our imagination to the time of Christ's crucifixion ; let us imagine we are living in the city of Jerusalem, and that it is the last Thursday before he was crucified. Let us just imagine we are on one of the streets of Jerusalem. You see a small body of men walking down the street. As we get nearer we find that it is Jesus and his apostles. We just walk down the street with them and we see them stop before a very common looking house. They go in, and we enter also, and there we find Jesus sitting with the apostles. You can see sorrow depicted upon his brow. We are told that "he was sorrowful unto death."

While he was sitting there he said to the twelve, "One of you shall betray me." Then each of them wondered if he were the one of whom the Master spoke, and they said, "Is it I?" Then Judas, the traitor, asked, "Is it I?" "Judas, what thou doest do quickly," said the Saviour, and Judas got up and left the room. For three years he had been associated with the Son of God. For three years he had sat at the feet of Jesus. For three years he had heard those words of sympathy and love fall from his lips. He had seen him perform his wonderful miracles. He had heard the parables as they fell from his lips. For three years he had been a member of that little band, but now he gets up and goes out into the night, the darkest night this world ever saw. You can hear him as he

goes down those steps off into the darkness and blackness of the night. He goes to the Sanhedrin and says, "What will you give me?"

"Thirty pieces of silver."

That was a small amount. Men condemn Judas; but how many are selling him for less than that? How many will give him up for less than that?

It was on that night that Jesus said, "Let not your hearts be troubled. . . . I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, . . . that where I am there ye may be also." Instead of the disciples trying to cheer him, he is trying to cheer them. He takes Peter, James, and John off from the rest, and then he withdraws from them about a stone's throw, and there he prayed to the Father. He that knew no sin was to bear all our sins. He who was as spotless as the angels of heaven was to suffer for us. When he gets up from prayer he sees in the distance a band of men with lanterns and torches, and he knows they are looking for him. He went up to this band of men and said, "Whom seek ye?" And they said, "We seek Jesus of Nazareth."

"I am he."

Mr. Moody concluded the discourse with a vivid description of the scenes and events of the last hours of Christ, so life-like as to be absolutely painful, and in a style which it is impossible to reproduce to the mind of one who only hears it through his eyes. The trial before Pilate, the condemnation, the scourging, the crown of thorns, the mockery at the house of Herod, the cry of "Crucify him! crucify him!" the journey to Calvary, the nailing of his blessed body to the cross, his death-cry, the darkness, the earthquake, the spear-thrust, and at last, the descent from the cross, were all pictured so as to bring home to the vast congregation the sacred and awful truth of the vicarious death of the Son of God.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

AFTER reading the account of the resurrection of Christ, found in the sixteenth chapter of the Gospel by St. Mark, Mr. Moody said :—

A GOOD many people seem to think that Christ's resurrection was only a spiritual matter, and that his body 'laid in the grave and became food for worms, just like any other dead body. But the Gospels are very full and plain on this point. Not less than forty-two times is this blessed doctrine spoken of by Christ himself before his death, as well as by his disciples afterward. In Matthew xvi, 21, we find, "From that time forth began Jesus to show unto his disciples, how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day." In Matthew xvii, 9, Jesus charged his disciples saying, "Tell the vision [that is, the vision of the transfiguration] to no man, until the Son of man be risen again from the dead." In Mark ix, 9, 10, the same thing is repeated. These are only a few of the many places where Christ and his disciples declare the fact of his resurrection from the dead. The disciples seemed to have two chief texts to preach from: the death of Christ and the resurrection of Christ. These were the two hinges of the door leading into God's kingdom. These were the two foundation-stones on which that kingdom was built.

In Matthew xii, 39, the Jews come to Christ and ask him to give them a sign, and he tells them that no sign shall be given them but the sign of Jonah the prophet. What was that sign? The sign of the resurrection.

No doubt the captain of that ship on which Jonah took passage came to Nineveh, and told the story of the man whom they had been obliged to cast overboard, and that the last they saw of him was his heels as he went into the belly of that whale. Some people say that a whale's throat isn't big enough to swallow a man, but the Scripture puts that all right. It says, "The Lord prepared a great fish," and he could do that as well as any thing else.

A few days after whom should those Ninevite sailors see but Jonah, whom they knew had been swallowed. What could it mean? Here is a man come back from death! Surely, his message must be important.

"You want a sign, do you?" says Christ. "Well, you shall have one: as Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly: so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." There was death and there was resurrection.

Did you ever stop to think what darkness would settle down upon the world if it were not for this doctrine of the resurrection? How I pity those men who try to deny it. They are like Samson, pulling the house down upon their own heads.

In the sixth chapter of John's Gospel Christ tells his disciples three or four times, "I will raise him up at the last day."

There is, then, a resurrection for us also.

But let us keep to the resurrection of Christ. You remember that in a previous sermon we left him lying in the sepulcher in the garden of Joseph of Arimathea, where he had received a kingly burial, being embalmed with a hundred pounds of sweet spices, as the manner of the Jews is

to bury. If you could have seen Death on his throne just then you would have seen him exulting over the Son of God, and you might have heard him say, "Ah, yes, Jesus pays his tribute to me. Only two, Enoch and Elijah, ever escaped me." But even then his hands begin to grow warm—those same hands that had been nailed to the cross—life comes back into that body which had been pierced by the soldier's spear; he burst the bands of death; he broke the bars of the grave, and came forth according to his word, conquering death and hell for us as well as for himself.

Mr. Moody then, in his scenic and effective style, pictured the events of the resurrection morning, and of the eleven times when the risen Saviour was seen by his friends and disciples after his resurrection. The first of these was his appearance to Mary Magdalene; the second, as we find in 1 Corinthians xv, 5, 6, was to Cephas or Peter; the third, to the two disciples at Emmaus; the fourth, to the ten disciples as they sat at meat together; the fifth, about a week afterward to the eleven, Thomas, who was absent before, this time being with them; the sixth, to the disciples as they were sitting in their boats near the shore, having toiled all night and taken nothing, and then at his command they let down their nets once more and "made a great haul;" the seventh, his appearance to above five hundred brethren at once somewhere among the mountains of Galilee; the eighth, his appearance to James, mentioned in 1 Corinthians xv, 7; the ninth, the time when he appeared to his disciples and led them out as far as Bethany, where he ascended, and a cloud received him out of their sight; the tenth, his appearance to the martyr Stephen, who, when he was about to die, saw him standing at the right hand of God; and, last, his appearance to Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus. He closed by advising more study of the subject of the resurrection of Christ.

JESUS THE ANOINTED.

THE Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.—LUKE iv, 18, 19.

THIS was Christ's inaugural sermon.

After he had read the passage as recorded by the prophet Isaiah he closed the book, and began to say unto them, "This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears."

It was a sermon at Nazareth, among his own townspeople. He had been to the Jordan; John the Baptist had baptized him, and the people had heard a strange voice which spoke from heaven when he came up out of the water. Now he has come back they no doubt expect some great thing from him—and they get it. Christ preached the Gospel to them.

A great many people don't know what "gospel" means. It means good spell, or God's spell, the same as is meant in my text by "the acceptable year of the Lord."

In that sixty-first chapter of Isaiah Christ stopped right in the middle of the sentence; there were seven things he had come to do, but he omitted to say any thing about "the day of vengeance of our God." His business, then, was to preach the Gospel; so he stopped at that place and shut up the book. But he will come back again by and by, and open it again, and commence where he left off. Now he is on the mercy-seat; but then, when you cry for mercy, you will find that vengeance has begun.

One proof that people do not believe the Bible is, that

they wear long faces when they are invited to come to Christ, as if they had been invited to attend a funeral or an execution. The Gospel is good tidings of great joy. No better news ever fell upon mortal ears than the Gospel of the Son of God.

Christ here tells his neighbors what he was anointed to do. We find that Moses was anointed, and that when he went down to Egypt terrible plagues fell upon the Egyptians; Elijah was anointed of God for the work of a prophet, and he called down fire from heaven; Gideon was anointed as a leader of the Lord's hosts, and he slew his enemies by thousands; the Spirit of God came upon Samson, and he did the same thing; but when Christ comes he says, the Spirit of the Lord is upon me, not to take away men's lives, but to save them from death. The only man that ever really lost any thing through Christ was the man whose ear Peter cut off, and in less than five minutes he got it back again just as good as ever.

I like the Gospel because it came to destroy four of my worst enemies. The first of these is death. Up in that little village in New England where I came from they used to toll the bell when any one died, striking it once for every year. I used to think when the bell struck seventy, and sometimes eighty, Ah, death is a good way off; but sometimes it only struck a few times, and then it used to seem very solemn.

The thought of death used to trouble me so that sometimes I couldn't sleep in a room alone; but, thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, it doesn't trouble me any now. I have learned to answer that question, "O death, where is thy sting?" by replying—

Buried in the bosom of the Son of God !

There is a psalm which some people always quote wrong : " When I pass through the *dark* valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." But there isn't any "*dark*" there. Men put it there ; God does not. That valley is not dark any more since Jesus Christ went through it. He seized death and bound him hand and foot, and took away all his power over those who believe in the Son of God. The only dark thing that is left there now is the shadow of death ; but you know there is nothing terrible in a shadow ; the substance isn't there any more.

Another enemy which the Gospel of Christ destroys is sin. Sin brought death into the world, but Christ takes sin away.

Can you find any thing of a cloud after it has vanished from the sky ? Well, God has promised to blot out our sins as a cloud, and our iniquities as a thick cloud.

Another enemy is the grave.

It used to frighten me to hear the earth falling on the coffins, but now I hear the voice of Christ, saying :—

" I will raise him up at the last day."

The fourth enemy that I used to be afraid of is, the judgment.

But now the judgment for sin has passed. Christ has been judged for us ; Christ has been condemned for us ; Christ has been slain for us, the just for the unjust. There is to be a day of judgment to settle the rewards of our stewardship, but no more judgment for our sins if we have accepted Christ, who was judged, condemned, and slain in our stead. The Gospel says of the believer in

Christ, he "shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."

That is the Gospel of Jesus Christ; and do you think people ought to be gloomy or to put on long faces when they hear it?

Away out on the prairie, out in the western country, in the autumn, when there hasn't been any rain for months, sometimes the prairie grass catches fire, and if there comes up a very strong wind, the flames just roll along in a wall of fire twenty feet high, and go sometimes at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

When the frontier men see it coming what do they do? They know they cannot run as fast as the fire can. Not the fleetest horse can escape from that fire. They just take a match and light the grass around them, and then they get into the burnt place, and are safe. They hear the flames roar; they see death coming towards them; but they do not fear, they do not tremble; because the fire has passed over the place where they are, and there is no danger. There is nothing for the fire to burn.

There is one mountain peak that the wrath of God has swept over—that is mount Calvary; and that fire spent its fury upon the bosom of the Son of God. Take your stand here by his cross, where Christ died for you, and you will be safe for time and eternity.

I have read of a Russian nobleman whose son was wild and unmanageable, so he sent him into the army, hoping the strict discipline might correct him; but he made a very great mistake in supposing that a change of circumstances would save the boy; what he needed is just what all sinners need—a change of heart.

Instead of growing better, this young man got worse and worse. He borrowed money as long as he could, and spent it in gambling and dissipation, and when at last he could borrow no longer, he was sued for debt and was in danger of being sent to prison.

On the night before he was to be tried as a defaulter he sat in his barracks, thinking over his wicked course. After awhile he took a piece of paper and wrote down upon it all the sums of money he owed, that he might see how bad his case really was. It made a long, long list, and when he came to add it up he was altogether in despair. Then he wrote underneath the figures these words: "Who will pay all these debts for me?" and with his head bowed upon the barrack table, he wept himself to sleep.

It chanced that the emperor, who was accustomed to go about in disguise, came that night at a late hour through these barracks where the young soldier was asleep. Noticing him there, and the paper beside him, he guessed at once what was the matter. So he took the paper and read it: then, without awaking the broken-hearted boy, he wrote under the question, "Who will pay all these debts for me?" the single word *Nicholas*.

When the young soldier awoke and looked again at the paper he was overwhelmed with surprise to see the signature of the emperor underneath his list of debts. It seemed too good to be true, but early in the morning sure enough the money came from the emperor; he paid all his debts, and was saved from a felon's cell.

I don't know whether this story is true or not, but I know that a greater Emperor than Nicholas has paid my



MONUMENT TO P. P. BLISS.

Erected by the Sunday-Schools of the United States and Great Britain
in response to the invitation of D. L. Moody.

long list of debts and sins, and in his glorious love and mercy I am a free man. No prison for me ; no condemnation for me :—

“ Jesus paid it all,
 All the debt I owe ;
 Sin had left a crimson stain ;
 He washed it white as snow.”

II.

“ He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted.”

The next thing that Christ says he came to do is to heal the broken-hearted ; to carry our sorrows as well as to atone for sins. I often wonder why so many people with broken hearts persist in carrying their sorrow, when Christ offers to carry it for them and they might cast their burden upon him.

There is no class of people who are free from broken hearts. Some years ago I used to visit from house to house among the poor of this city, and since then I have made the acquaintance of a good many people who were rich, but I find broken hearts every-where, among rich and poor, high and low, wise and ignorant. There are no hearts strong enough to stand the strain and the blows of this sorrowful world.

I made five calls one day, and at every house I found a broken heart. The first was a mother whose son had come home drunk the night before : she had never known of his bad habits until then. The next was a mother whose little family of children had been broken by death since my last visit. The third was a wife whose husband had cruelly deserted her, and she neither knew where he was nor how she was to live through the winter, which was then coming on. I need not tell you the others, but

.n every house I entered that afternoon there was an afflicted heart.

I met a young man at the inquiry-meeting last night who had been so full of grief and despair that he said he had been down to the lake night after night, looked into its dark waters, and half resolved to take the deadly plunge.

If all the sorrows in this city were written down, this building couldn't hold the books which would be written. Ever since Adam was driven out of Eden this world has been no stranger to tears, and I wonder how it is that so many people can stay away from Christ, who offers to bear our griefs and carry our sorrows if we will only lay them on him. The Bible tells us of Jacob weeping over the bloody coat of his darling Joseph; of the tears of David as he went up to his chamber, crying out, "O Absalom, would to God I had died for thee!" And among the first sounds the Son of God heard when he came into this world were the voices of those Bethlehem mothers, weeping over the loss of their infant sons killed by the soldiers of Herod.

I want to call your attention to that little word "sent." "He hath *sent* me to heal the broken-hearted." My friends, no matter how great a work any man has to do, he will be certain to succeed in it if only God has sent him. God sent Moses down to Egypt to bring out three millions of slaves. When he got there the proud King Pharaoh said they shouldn't go, but that didn't make any difference with Moses. God had sent him, and he was certain to succeed. God sent Joshua to capture the land of Canaan. The cities were great, and walled up to heaven; but when the proper time came, the walls of Jericho

fell down. God sent Gideon, and Samson, and Elisha against great odds, but never one of them failed. And if the Son of God is "*sent* to heal the broken-hearted"—if God sends him—is he not certain to succeed?

If you break your arm or your leg, you straightway call a doctor to mend it for you; but if you break your heart what are you going to do?

In the time of Christ they didn't have any hospitals, but if there were people sick in the house they brought them to the door that people passing by might see them; and if any one went by who had suffered from such disease he would stop and tell the sick man how he had been cured. Sometimes this worked well enough, but a great many sick people never found any one who knew the right remedy. When the Son of God came and walked along those roads they brought out the sick people for him to see, and every one that was brought to him was healed. He only spoke the word and it was done. He knew a remedy for all the diseases. He has still a balm for every wound. He knows how to heal the suffering soul as well as the broken and wounded body; and yet you try to carry all your heavy sorrows yourselves, instead of laying them on him. You try every other doctor before you come to the great Physician.

I know two wives in this city whose husbands are dead, and they utterly refuse to be comforted; they will die of broken hearts before long unless they learn to cast their cares on Him who careth for them.

Three years ago a gentleman in this city took his wife and four children to New York and put them on that French steamer to cross the ocean. There was a col

ision, and the mother, with her children around her, went down on the deck of that vessel. She was afterward picked up, but the children were never found. When she reached England and I heard of the awful calamity, I left my work and hastened down to comfort the childless, broken-hearted mother. But I found that Jesus had been there before me. It seemed as if she had been permitted to take her little family right up to the gates of heaven, see them safely in, and then came back again for a little while to do some more work for the Master. Those children used to come to our North Side meeting with their mother, and one night they said, "Mamma, may we not go with the rest into the inquiry room and learn how to come to Jesus?" The mother brought them in, and in a little while they were soundly, intelligently converted, and we received them as members of the Church; and now Christ had taken the children all at once to himself, but he did not forget to bind up the heart that must otherwise have broken. That mother herself was telling this sad story at the woman's meeting in Farwell Hall the other day, or I should not have felt at liberty to tell it here.

A mother once came to me and said, "I have a boy who is a wanderer. I know not where he is. I would go to the ends of the earth if I could only find him; and how can I cast such a burden as that upon the Lord?"

"Do you not think he could carry it?" said I.

"Yes; but I cannot cast it off."

"Well, then, do not blame Christ for not carrying it, so long as you will not let him have it."

"But how am I ever to be comforted if I never can reach my lost boy?"

"You can reach him by way of the throne," said I.

Then I told her of some people down in Indiana whose son came to this city, and before he had been here many weeks was seen by one of his old neighbors lying drunk on the street. The man didn't like to tell his parents, but at last he thought if his own boy had been seen in that condition he should certainly want to know it, so he told the father, and the father told the mother. They did not sleep any that night. They wrestled all night in prayer for their lost boy, and just as the morning dawned his mother said, "I have an answer from the Lord. I don't know when our son is going to be saved, but God has told me that he shall not die a drunkard." One week from that day that young man started for his home, three hundred miles away, and as he entered the door he said, "Mother, I have come to ask you to pray for my soul." It was not long before he was happily converted, and then he returned to Chicago to become a useful and active Christian.

But some one says, "How shall I come to Christ with my troubles?" Come to him feeling and believing him to be your personal friend. Pour out all your sorrows before him. He has time enough to hear them all.

Mr. Moody then related the familiar story of the little girl who went to President Lincoln in behalf of her brother who had been condemned to be shot for sleeping at his post. He had taken the picket duty of a friend the night before, and thus was on watch two nights in succession. The intercession of this little sister saved his life, and Mr. Lincoln gave him a furlough to visit his home for her sake.

But don't think for a moment that the tender heart of that great man can for one moment be compared with the tenderness of the Lord Jesus Christ. His compassion is infinite. He pitied us so much and loved us so well that

he gave his very life to save us. Come, then, to Christ with all your sorrows as well as with all your sins."

III.

"To preach deliverance to the captives."

Now let us take the third clause of the verse: "To preach deliverance to the captives." In the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah, at the twenty-fourth verse, are these words: "Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered?"

"Yes," says the Lord Jesus Christ, "I am come for that very purpose." Now, my friends, just ask yourselves the question, whether a sinner can forgive himself, or a convicted criminal save himself from the penalty of the law he has broken. If he is to be delivered at all there must be a deliverer, for he cannot deliver himself. This text tells us who the deliverer is—Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Suppose I were to tell you that there is no way for you to escape from the perdition of ungodly men—that eternal death is certainly waiting for you—and that nothing can possibly save you from it—you would all reject such doctrine. Even the thieves and gamblers who have strayed in here to-night would reject such terrible doctrine as that.

Mr. George H. Stuart told me that he was once asked by Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, to go and tell a man who had been condemned to die for murder that there was no hope of his being pardoned. When he went into the cell the wretched man said to him: "You are a good man. You have come to bring me good news." And when he heard the message the governor had sent

he fainted away. It is an awful thing to have the last hope taken away. But, thanks be to God ! there is hope for the blackest-hearted sinner in the love and mercy of Jesus Christ.

You are a lawful captive : you are under just condemnation for your sins. Read the Bible carefully and you will find that it talks altogether different about human nature from what some of our modern ministers do. The devil has all the while been preaching up the greatness of man, and some men in our pulpits are doing the same thing. Satan has been busy for eighteen hundred years binding men in his chains and making captives of them, and Christ says he has come to set the captives free.

Satan goes about his work very slyly. He winds around us a golden spider's web, which we could blow away with a breath ; then he binds us with a thread ; and we say, " O, that is nothing ; I can break that any time." But he goes on winding his threads around us, and they get larger and stronger all the time, till at last he has bound us hand and foot, and then he mocks our helpless sorrow and our vain struggles to get away.

The Son of God has power to break every band and fetter, to deliver every captive, and to let the oppressed go free.

But the first thing for us to understand is the fact that we are really captives. Do any of you doubt it ? Let me just ask you a question or two. How many times have you thought over your sins and made up your mind to forsake them ? Perhaps you have been in the habit of swearing, and have resolved to stop. And how have you succeeded ? Didn't you find the same old oaths and curses jumping out every time you got mad ? Didn't you find that the

old habit was too strong for you? Ah, my friend, that shows that Satan has captured you and bound you in that terrible habit of blaspheming, and you will never be able to get free without the help of Christ the deliverer.

But suppose you can break off all your sins, what are you going to do with your past sins?

I'll tell you what to do with them—bring them to Christ. Do you want to stop swearing? Come to Christ and ask him to give you a new heart, a heart that hasn't any curses in it, and then you will be free from that chain of the devil. You have a quick temper; well, bring it to Christ, and he will give you a new temper. Just give up all hope of being able to save yourself, and let the Lord deliver you. Just let the cry go up, "I am a captive," and see how quick Jesus Christ will come to your deliverance!

I remember hearing of a little fellow who was met on his way home from school by a great ruffianly boy, a good deal bigger than he was, who tried to pick a quarrel with him. "I can't fight you," said the little boy, "but you just wait till I go and fetch my big brother," and he ran off as hard as he could to find his big brother; but when they came back the coward wasn't there.

My friends, you are no match for Satan, and when he wants to fight you just run to your elder Brother, who is more than a match for all the devils in hell.

Society is divided into a great many different classes, but God only knows two classes. The cross of Calvary divided the world into these two classes: those who are under the power of Satan, and those who are under the grace of Jesus Christ.

Who is your master? Have you never been delivered from the power of that slavery into which you were born? Then change masters here to-night. Satan will hold you tighter and tighter. He don't care at all what sort of chains he binds you with, so that you are bound; or in what sort of a chariot you ride to ruin. He is just as willing you should go down to hell from a soft-cushioned pew in one of these fine churches as in any other way, so as he can only get you. But if you choose to be on the Lord's side to-night—give yourself to God to-night, trusting wholly and solely in him—he will take you by his right hand, and lead you right past any saloon or billiard-hall, or any other place of iniquity, without your having the slightest wish for the old-time pleasure and the old-time sin.

Don't forget that it is Christ who is the deliverer, not the Church. All the Churches in the world never yet saved one sinner, but Christ has saved a great many, and he is ready and waiting to save you.

There was a struggle on Calvary between the lion of hell and the Lion of the tribe of Judah. The waves of death broke upon the Son of God on the cross, like the angry ocean dashing its fierce waves against the rocks of the shore. Look at those fiends as they rush upon the Man of Sorrows nailed there upon the cross! But all at once he cries out, "It is finished!" Victory over death and hell! Up, up, up, he goes, and takes his place upon the mercy-seat. O! I had a great deal rather have him there than anywhere else. Where else could he be of so much help to us as at the right hand of the Father?

I have never known a sinner to come down into the dust before Christ but that Christ lifted him up. Down

there in the inquiry room, sometimes, it seems as if we could hear the footsteps of the Son of God coming to deliver those poor captive souls. But when any body feels too proud to confess his sins, that man doesn't get out of prison at all.

When General Grant went into Richmond I went in with him, and started to find our boys down in Libby Prison. Nobody had told them how near our army was, and the first they knew of our victory they heard our columns marching up the street, the band playing "The Star Spangled Banner." Then the prison doors were thrown open, and in a moment they were free. So it shall be with you sinners, bound in the captivity of your own lust, or passion, or appetite, or habit. Let Christ come and unbar the prison, and in a moment you are free.

IV.

"Recovering of sight to the blind."

I want to take up one more clause of this verse—"the recovering of sight to the blind."

Satan breaks men's hearts, Christ binds them up; Satan takes men captive, Christ delivers them; Satan blinds men, Christ opens their eyes.

How blind those people of Nazareth must have been when they brought the Son of God to the brow of the hill, and were going to cast him down because he preached the Gospel to them!

How blind those people were who wanted to drive him away from the coasts, after he had cast out the devils from the man among the tombs, just because they had lost some swine!

How blind they were who condemned him, and brought him to Calvary, and nailed him to the cross !

They tell us there are about three millions of blind people in the world, but I wonder how many millions there are who are spiritually blind ? We have a very tender sympathy for those who have no sight, especially for those who have been born blind ; but it wouldn't take fifteen minutes to show you that almost all the people in Chicago are in that condition, as far as spiritual sight is concerned : even the Church hasn't got its eyes more than half open.

At one of our meetings in London one night, a man was speaking with great power, and when I asked who it was, they told me it was Dr. Moon, the blind man, who had translated the Bible into seventy-two languages in raised letters for the blind. That man had a congregation of two millions of people, and he had never seen one of them. It is said that his mother mourned over him when she learned that he was hopelessly blind, saying, "O my poor child, who will take care of you when I am gone ?" but God has taken care of her blind child, and made him the means of a great deal of sight to the world.

Now I want to take up some of the different classes of people in this city who are blind.

In the first place, there are some of our leading men who are money-blind. The god of this world has been holding up dollars and cents before their eyes so long that they have set their hearts upon them, and now they can scarcely see any thing else.

They are spending all their time and strength in order to get rich. God has given them the desire of their souls,

and just see how lean and miserable they are: how poor and blind, in spite of all their wealth!

Another class of people, a large class in these days, are blinded by politics. There will be a great many sad hearts over this election inside of a week. Those men who seek the honor that cometh from men are making a wreck of their lives and going down to ruin, when if they were only seeking the honor that comes from above, the honor which comes from God, their names might be written in the book of life.

Then there are a great many whose eyes have been blinded with pleasure. In the inquiry meeting the other night there was a woman who said to me, "Mr. Moody, there is a ball coming off in a few days. I don't want to become a Christian until that is over"

Another lady said to me, "I should not like to become a Christian, because I should have to give up all pleasure."

"What pleasure?" I asked.

"Theaters, novels, and cards," she replied.

"What! a sensible woman like you weighing such trifles as these against the salvation of your soul!"

"Well," said the woman, "I haven't any thing else to do."

"Nothing else to do, when there are souls waiting for you to lead them to Christ?"

O how blind such a soul must be!

Some people are blinded by fashion. They always want to see the latest patterns in dresses, bonnets, and cloaks. One woman said to me, "I always think of a new dress, or something, whenever I kneel down to pray." You laugh, but how many of you are guilty of just such sin and folly?

If you fashionable people would get along with fewer dresses, and spend some of your pocket money relieving the poor, you would show a great deal more wisdom than in spending your lives like so many butterflies.

Another class of the blinded are those who call themselves fast men. Here is a young man with a thousand dollars salary, but he spends three thousand dollars a year ; and by and by his employers begin to suspect him. He takes a dollar because he wants to go to the theater some night ; then he wants to go two nights, so he takes two dollars. And this goes on until he is discovered, his good name gone forever, and he turned out upon the world a wretched and ruined man.

There are a great many young men in this city who are spending their time and money at the gambling table, and how long do you think it will be before those poor blinded souls will be lost ?

There is another class of people who are wretchedly blind. I saw one of these young men as I was coming down to the Tabernacle to-night. Now listen to what Solomon says about him : " At the window of my house I looked through my casement, and beheld among the simple ones . . . a young man void of understanding, . . . and, behold, there met him a woman with the attire of a harlot, and subtle of heart. . . . She caught him, and kissed him, and with an impudent face said unto him, . . . I have decked my bed with coverings of tapestry, . . . I have perfumed my bed with myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon. Come, let us take our fill of love until the morning ; let us solace ourselves with loves. . . . He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a foo

to the correction of the stocks. . . . For she hath cast down many wounded : yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death."

And I don't know a much shorter way to hell than *that*.

Some of you who have come up from the country, from pious homes, may find yourselves disgraced, corrupted, and destroyed just because you suffer the god of this world to blind your hearts to the damning sin of licentiousness.

May the Lord open your eyes to-night to see your danger and your sin ! Then when you get your eyes opened a little, and have taken a good look at your miserable self, look at once to Christ, and by looking at him you will see his beauty, learn to love him, and come to be like him.

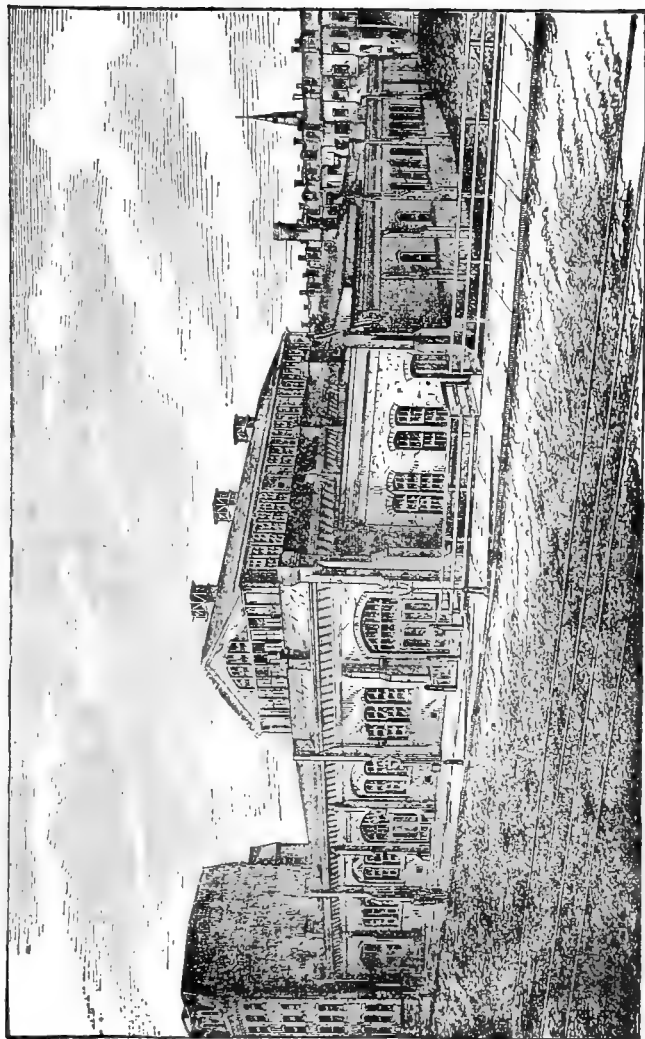
CHRIST THE SAVIOUR.

I WAS once preaching about Christ as our Saviour, and after I had got through I was telling the good Scotchman at whose house I lodged how badly I felt over the discourse. It seemed to me that I had made a failure of it.

"Ha, mòn," replied he, "ye dinna think ye can tell a' about Christ in ane hour, d'ye?"

We must meet Christ first at Calvary; there, where he died, is where we get our life. When we come to know him as our Saviour, then we are ready to go on and know him in his other offices.

There was a man I once knew who could never hear a certain name mentioned without the tears coming into



BOSTON TABERNAACLE.

his eyes, and I asked him what it meant. "Well," said he, "that man saved me." And then he went on to tell me how he had got into trouble, and had taken some money from his employer hoping to replace it, but being unable to do so, the whole thing was in danger of coming out, and he would have been ruined; but he went to this friend and opened his heart to him, and the friend lent him the money, which saved him. "And now," said he, "I would give my life for that man, if need be."

What gratitude ought we to feel toward Christ, who has saved us, redeemed us, and brought us out from under the curse of the law, not with money, but with his own precious blood!

CHRIST THE KEEPER.

A FRIEND of mine was once asked what "persuasion" he belonged to. He replied, "I am of the same persuasion as St. Paul."

"What persuasion is that?"

"Why," he said, "I am persuaded he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

My friends, that was a very good persuasion—the very best I know of.

In Psalm cxxi it says: "He that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." Don't let the devil deceive you, and make you feel discouraged because you cannot keep yourselves from sin; that isn't your business; that is Christ's business.

Now I seem to hear some one saying, "I don't under-

stand this committing myself to Christ as my keeper." Well, I'll give you an illustration. Suppose you had a hundred thousand dollars in your pocket, and you knew that the city was full of thieves, what would you do? I suppose you would find out the best and safest bank in Chicago, and give the money to it to keep for you. Just that thing is what you want to do with your soul. You are worth more than a hundred thousand dollars, and the devil is watching to steal you, but Christ offers to take care of you. "The Lord is thy keeper." "The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil."

In the Zoological Gardens in Manchester there was a lion and a little dog which lived in the same cage.

It appears that one day a rough man about the grounds got very angry with his dog because it wouldn't fight another dog on a wager; and, after whipping him most cruelly, he thrust him into the lion's cage, expecting to see him torn to pieces in an instant; but the little dog ran to the lion for protection, and the great beast took a liking to him, and they came to be fast friends. After awhile the man got over his mad fit, and wanted his dog back again. So he went to the cage and called, but the dog wouldn't come. Then he thrust his hand into the cage to try to get him, but the lion growled and lifted his paw, and the man was glad to take his hand out right quick. Then he went to the keeper of the lion, and asked him to get his dog out for him. "How did the dog get into the lion's cage?" asked the keeper, and the man was obliged to confess that he had put him in himself. "Then he shall stay there," said the keeper. And so the man lost his dog

altogether, for the little fellow had found a protector who was stronger than his old master.

Young convert, the Lion of the tribe of Judah is more than a match for your old master, the devil. Put yourself under his protection, and you will be eternally safe.

CHRIST THE LIGHT.

I WANT to speak a little while on Christ as the Light. "If any man follow me," says Christ, "he shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." It is only when the earth turns to the sun that it is daylight. So with the soul; its day is in the light of the Sun of Righteousness. When it is dark and stormy in the valley, if you climb the mountain perhaps you will get above the cloud: so faith will lift you into the eternal sunshine.

And if Christ is our light we also must shine for the world. A friend of mine said he once saw a blind man going along one dark night carrying a lantern in his hand. He was very much surprised at it, and asked the man what use the lantern could possibly be to him.

"O," said the blind man, "I carry the lantern to keep people from stumbling over me." Christian, that is a good lesson for you.

Some young converts were once set upon by an infidel who laughed at their religion, and said it was all moonshine. "Thank you for that compliment," said one of them; "that is just what it is. We only shine by the light of the Sun."

CHRIST THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

A FRIEND of mine, who has traveled in the East, told me of one day meeting a shepherd, who had a large flock of sheep in a region where it was the custom to have a name for every sheep.

"Do you know the names of every one of your flock?" asked my friend.

"O yes."

"Well, call some of them, and let me see if they know their own names."

So the shepherd called one after another, and they came up and stood by his side.

"How in the world can you tell these sheep apart? They look all alike to me."

"Don't you see that that sheep has lost a little bit of wool? That one is a little cross-eyed; this one is a little bow-legged; and that one over there turns his toes in?" And so he went on describing each sheep by his faults and imperfections.

Ah, my friends, I am afraid that is the way the Good Shepherd knows some of us most easily.

But let us trust to the care of this Shepherd. He will take care of his flock. We read in the Scriptures that a lion and a bear once came and took a lamb out of David's flock, and he rose up against them, plucked the lamb out of their paws, and slew both the lion and the bear. How much more shall Jesus, the Good Shepherd, rescue the lambs of his flock from the power of the world and the wicked one! .

SEEKING THE LOST SHEEP.

I WAS once invited to preach to the prisoners at the Tombs in New York. They were not allowed to leave their cells, so I had to preach the best I could without seeing my congregation. My text was, "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

After I had got through, I thought I would go around and have a look at the men I had been preaching to; so I went to the first cell, and found the men in it playing cards.

"What is the matter with you?" said I; "how happen you to be here?"

"O, we are here because somebody swore falsely about us; we are not guilty of any thing, and just as quick as we can come to our trial we shall be able to establish our innocence."

Well, thought I to myself, these men are not lost.

So I went to the next cell, and asked the men how they came to be in prison.

"We got into bad company; it was the other fellows who did the crime, but we were caught and held for it."

The next man, I found, was not the man they were looking for at all; he only very much resembled the man who did commit the crime, but *he* wasn't guilty of any thing. They were there—so many of them—altogether by mistake. And so I went on from one cell to another but nobody was ready to confess himself a sinner, nobody was lost. I never saw so many innocent men in jail in all my life.

But after awhile I found a poor fellow with his face buried in his hands, and there were two little streams of tears running out between his fingers.

"What is the matter?" said I.

"O, sir, I am such a sinner; I feel as if I was lost!"

"You are just the man I have been looking for," said I.

"What! you looking for me?"

"Yes. I have a message for you from the Lord. He has come to seek and to save the lost, and now you say that you are lost, so you are just the man my Lord wants to save."

We knelt down and prayed together on the stone floor, he on one side of the iron grating, and I on the other; and I left him with the promise that I would pray for him that night after I went home to my hotel, which would be about ten o'clock, and he promised to meet me at the throne of grace at that hour.

I felt so much interested in his case that, after praying for him that night as I had promised, I went down to see him next day; and when I got there I found his face shining with joy.

"I declare," said he, "I think I am the happiest man in New York."

He was lost, and was willing to confess it, and so the Lord had sought him out and saved him.

What a sweet text this is. It is a short text, but it is long enough to save any sinner who will believe it.

Some people tell me that they are seeking for Christ and cannot find him. That must be a mistake. Let them reverse their statement; Christ is seeking for them,

but, somehow or other, they manage to keep out of his way.

When Adam had sinned, the very first thing he ought to have done was to seek God, and pray to be forgiven; but instead of that he hid himself among the trees of the garden, and God was obliged to go and seek for him.

Take that parable of the man who had a hundred sheep, and one of them went astray.

In that country they say the shepherd used to stand at the door of the fold, and hold a rod out for the sheep to pass under, one at a time. By that means he counted them correctly.

Well, this man stands there to count his sheep as they come in, but he finds that one of them is missing. There are only ninety-nine; then he counts them all over again to be sure, and when he finds that there certainly is one lost, he goes out into the mountain to seek after it.

Mind, the sheep isn't seeking the shepherd, but the shepherd is seeking the sheep.

The same lesson is taught in the parable of the woman who had the ten pieces of silver, and lost one.

She had sold some butter, or something else, that day, and put the money in her pocket, instead of laying it away safely. When she gets ready to go to bed, she takes it all out to count it.

"Why, I certainly had ten pieces," she says, "and here are only nine." So she lights a candle, and sweeps the house, and searches for it until she finds the lost piece.

Now, it is not the lost piece of money that is trying to get back to the woman, but the woman who is trying to get back the lost piece of money.

So it is not sinners who are seeking Christ, but Christ who is seeking sinners.

There are some people who say they expect to be Christians in God's own good time. A man was saying to me the other day that the Gospel didn't hit him any where, and he was waiting until it did.

"What are you waiting for?" said I; "God has sent his prophets, and the world has killed them; God has sent his Son, and they have crucified him; he has sent his Holy Spirit, and they reject him; now, what more is there that even God can do toward saving sinners than he has already done?"

Christ is all the time seeking the lost; he seeks them by means of all the gospel sermons that are preached; by all the tracts that are distributed; by all the Bibles that are printed; by all your churches and Sunday-schools; by the Tabernacle here in Chicago, and by every similar structure that good men have built for the use of these gospel meetings every-where.

This Tabernacle in which we are assembled to-night ought to be, like Noah's ark, a warning to the people of this city that God is seeking them, and that it is time for them to begin to seek God.

What pains people take to find their money if they lose it.

How those poor invalids go on long journeys to find some doctor who is said to have great skill, in the hope that perhaps they may regain their lost health.

Suppose it is reputation that is lost, how the man struggles to regain it; suppose it were sight that was lost, would it not be worthy of all the pains you could

possibly take to get back your sight again? But what is money, or reputation, or sight, or even life itself, when compared with loss of the immortal soul?

Christ is all the time seeking us and sending out invitations to us. He says, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

Then, again, he says, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

If you are an anxious sinner, Christ is more anxious to save you than you are to be saved.

If you are seeking Christ, and Christ is seeking you, it will not take long for the anxious sinner and the anxious Saviour to meet.

There is another way in which the Son of God seeks for your souls, and that is through the Holy Spirit which he sent into this world. Undoubtedly many of you that have been here have said, "Well, there is a strange atmosphere here." I was talking to a man in the inquiry room, and he said that he couldn't help noticing the difference between the atmosphere of these meetings and of the drinking saloons which he had frequented.

What is the difference? It is the Spirit of God. It is that very Spirit that is down here seeking to win you to that blessed Saviour. He was sent into this world for that purpose.

Not only does the Lord seek us himself, but he sends other people to seek us. How many Christian parents are joining with the Lord in trying to save their lost sons and daughters?

In one of our Chicago meetings a few years ago a young man got up and asked to speak, and with tears

trickling down his cheeks told the young men to come to Christ, and reminded them that they would not always have fathers and mothers to pray for them.

He said, "I once had a praying father and mother; I was their only son; but at last my father died, and my mother grew more anxious than ever about me. Some nights I would wake up and hear her crying in her chamber, 'O, God, save my boy! O, God, convert my son!' and sometimes I would go into my mother's room in the day time unexpectedly and find her praying for me. She would put her arms about my neck and say,

If you were only a Christian I should be so happy; ' and I would push her away and tell her that after I had seen more of the world I would settle down and be a Christian. At last her prayers made my home so hot for me that I fled away without telling her where I was going. I was gone a long time before I heard from home, and when I did hear I heard she was sick, and I knew that it was my conduct that was killing her. I thought I would go home and ask her forgiveness, but then I thought if I did I would have to be a Christian. I could not live in the house without yielding to her prayers, and so my stubborn heart refused. The next time I heard that she was worse, and I thought I should never forgive myself, and that I should be my mother's murderer if I did not go home. So I started for home in a coach—there was no railroad—and reached my native village about dark, and the moon had just commenced to shine. In passing the grave-yard I got over the fence to see if there were a new-made grave there; and I don't know why, but as I drew near the spot my heart began

to beat quick, and when I got there I saw by the light of the moon a new-made grave. Then for the first time in my life I thought, 'Who is going to pray for my lost soul, now father and mother are dead? They are the only two who cared for my soul; their prayers are over; who is going to pray for me now?' By my mother's grave I cried to my mother's God all night, and when the morning came God had forgiven my sins." He said if he could call back that mother and ask her forgiveness he would give all he had in the world.

Perhaps I am speaking to some one who has wandered away from a mother's love, or trampled a sainted mother's prayers under his feet. O, come back, come home! God sent his Son after you; he stooped from heaven and clear down to the manger, and even to the cross of Calvary: he wrestled with the powers of darkness that he might restore your soul and mine.

O, may the Spirit of God fall upon this assembly to-night, and may the lost be found and the wanderers come home!

CHRIST THE RESTORER.

THE third verse of the twenty-third psalm begins, "He restoreth my soul." I love to think of Christ as a Restorer. There are a good many of you who have strayed away from the fold, who want to come back and be restored to your first love; and this is just what the Lord wants to do for you. If you are full of the joy of the Lord you will be full of power. Just pray to-day that the Lord will now restore your soul; pray, as David did, "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold

me with thy free spirit. Then will I teach transgressors thy way; and sinners shall be converted unto thee." David got as far away from the Lord as any sinner in Chicago, but the Lord restored him.

It seems to me that every day I find Christians more troubled about their coldness and distance from God. Now, at the close of the services, there are more than there were at the beginning. This psalm is for them; let them remember that the Lord is able and willing to be a restorer unto them.

At the young converts' meeting last night, some of them were speaking of their trials and battles. The Lord had given them new hearts, but the flesh was rising up to trouble them. Now Paul tells us what is to be done in such cases: "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin." It does not say the old Adam-nature is actually dead. You don't "reckon" the people in Graceland dead; they *are* dead, and there is no reckoning about it. The thing to do is to treat the old nature as *if* it were dead; keep it down; keep it under; and God will give the new nature power to overcome and destroy it.

Another class of persons to whom I want to speak a word are those who have once professed to be followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, and have left him and gone back to the world. I want to ask the backslider, "Are you happy? If you are, you are the first backslider I ever heard of who was happy. I never knew a man or woman who ever found Christ and left him who had any peace of mind. The world never can fill the void that has been made by the loss of Christ. There is no altar

in your home now. Perhaps there was a time when you used to pray; and perhaps now your children ask you, 'What has God done that you don't pray to him any more?' Why is it that you have left him? It may be that you have trouble at home, that your husband persecutes you, or that your children make light of your prayer, but is that any reason why the altar should come down? Ought not this to drive you nearer to Christ, and make you more Christlike? What has Christ done to you that you should have left him?

What Christ wants is to have you come back to-day. I wish I could say something that would bring back every backslider, and have all of them flocking into the fold.

I remember of hearing about a young man who went to California and became very reckless and wicked, and his father, hearing of his life of dissipation and sin, used to write letters to him; but the boy didn't care much for his father's letters. A neighbor was going out there, and the father said, "I want you to find out my boy, and tell him that his father loves him as much as ever, and if he will only come home I will forgive him freely; that my heart is as true to him as ever." When the neighbor got to California he hunted for the boy, and one night he found him in a gambling den. As soon as he could get him away from the rest of the gang he told him about the message his father had sent.

The great tears trickled down the boy's face, and he said, "Did my father say he loves me still?"

So I say to backsliders, God loves you still.

The most tender and loving words that were ever

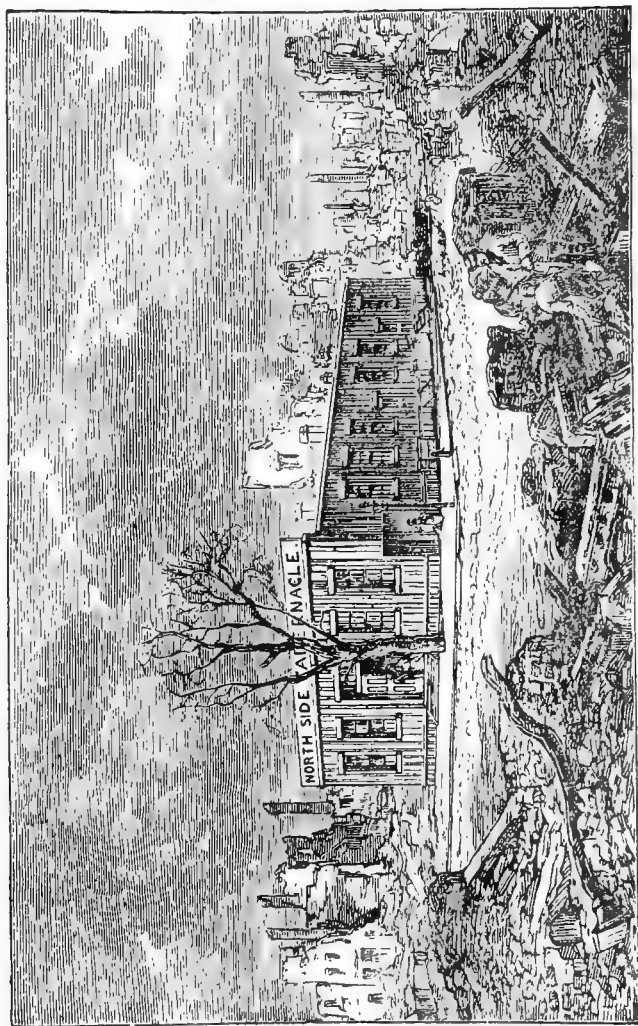
uttered by the Lord were said to backsliding Israel. He gave them warning, that they might repent of their sins and be saved that seventy years of captivity; but they would not listen to the word, and at last judgment came. God will win you back in love if he can, but if that will not do, the rod will come. So he saved Lot out of Sodom, but he had to burn Sodom in order to do it.

I have yet to find the man or woman who ever left the Lord that could give a good reason for it. They have talked about the unfaithful ones in the Church, but the faults of others should not make them leave the Lord.

You may want to know how you can get out of your present position. There is one peculiar way out of the backslider's ditch, and that is the same way you went into it. The Lord did not leave you; you left him—turned your back on him.

If you treat Christ as a real personal friend, you will never go away from him. If I were going to leave Boston I would shake hands with my friends, and say, "Good-bye." But did you ever hear of a backslider going into his closet, and saying, "Lord, I have served you so long, now I am tired of your service, and am going back into the world; so good-bye?" Who ever heard of any one leaving Christ in that way? You left him without saying good-bye; but he will have mercy on you if you come back to him. May God bring home the wanderers! May they hear the voice of the Shepherd to-day, in the dark mountains, calling them home!

If there was a child lost in Boston, and you could find it to-night, how you would hunt for it! You would be willing to sit up all night to find that child. Supposing



NORTHSIDE TABERNACLE, CHICAGO,
Erected after the great fire.

it was known that Charlie Ross was hid somewhere in this city, how many in this audience would volunteer to go out and ransack the whole city to find him! How this whole nation has been roused over the loss of that little boy! But, my friends, only think of the lost souls that are walking up and down the streets of Boston! Think of them in these billiard halls and drinking saloons; young men that are noble, that might make jewels in the Saviour's crown which should sparkle through eternity: and they are perishing for the want of Christ; they are lost and don't know it; they are blindfolded; and Satan is dragging them down to hell!

The fifth verse closes with these words, "My cup runneth over."

A Christian is not of much use until he is full, and running over, with religion. God's people try to do his work on too small capital, and that accounts for the many failures we see. What you want is to be so full of Christ that you will have something over to use in helping your neighbors. Let the cup be so full that it will run over.

The sixth verse reads, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

An Englishman once said to me, "The Lord has no poor children. If you see a man always walking you think he is poor; if he sometimes takes a Hansom cab you think he is a little better off; if he has his own turnout you call him rich; if he has a footman up behind he must have a large fortune; and if he has two footmen you say he must have a large inheritance to support such expense. Now the children of God

have two footmen—Goodness and Mercy—and the psalm says they shall follow me all the days of my life. Surely the child of God must have a great inheritance to be able to have such a following.”

I bring you a loving message to-day. He will forgive you if you will return to him, even as if you never had wandered.

I went to a physician the other day to tell him that a niece of mine, whom he had cured, as we supposed, had suffered a relapse. “Well,” says the doctor, “just increase the remedy.” That is just what the relapsed believer must do—get more of Christ.

Rev. Mr. Brown, an evangelist from Wisconsin, in one of the Chicago meetings related the following incident :—

“I have a friend who used to live in Syria, and he became very well acquainted with the shepherds of that country. One day as he was riding among the mountains he came to a spring of water, and stopped to rest awhile. Presently, down one of the steep mountain paths a shepherd came, leading his flock of sheep. Not long after another shepherd with another flock came down to the water by another path, and after awhile a third. The three flocks mingled together, so that he began to wonder how each shepherd was ever going to find his own sheep again.

“At last one of them rose up and called out, ‘Men-ah!’ which in Arabic means ‘follow;’ and his sheep came out from the great flock, and followed him back into the mountains. He did not even stop to count them. Then shepherd No. 2 got up and called out to his sheep,

Men-ah!' and those of his flock left the others and followed him away.

"My friend could speak Arabic very well; so one day he said to a shepherd, 'I think I could make your sheep follow me.'

" 'I think not,' said the shepherd.

" 'Give me your turban, and your cloak, and your crook,' said my friend, 'and we'll see.'

"So he put on the shepherd's turban and his cloak, and took the crook in his hand, and stood up where the sheep could see him, and called out, 'Men-ah! men-ah!' but not a sheep would take any notice of him.

" 'They know not the voice of strangers.'

"My friend asked the shepherd if the sheep never followed any body but him.

" 'O yes; sometimes a sheep gets sick, and then it will follow a stranger.'

"Just so with us Christians; we get sick and backslide, and then we follow the devil."

PLENTY AND SAFETY WITH CHRIST.

It is an old saying, "The sheep that keeps nearest the shepherd gets the most salt."

One summer I went up on to the mountain with my brother, who was going to salt his sheep; and I noticed one sheep which came right up to him, and stood by him, and got all the salt it wanted; then it put its nose into his pocket and got an apple; but all the other sheep seemed a little afraid of him. I asked him how it was, and he said, "That sheep has been brought up

a cosset, and isn't a bit afraid of me." So it is with those Christians who keep close to Christ; they are like the sheep that gets the most salt; but a good many Christians seem a little afraid of the Shepherd; and because they are afraid and keep away from him they never get much salt.

Christ says, in the tenth chapter of John, "I am the door of the sheep." If you go into Farwell Hall you must go in through the door; if you go into the kingdom of God you must go in through Jesus Christ. In another verse he says of his sheep, "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." This word "man" is in italics, and if we leave it out, the text will be: "neither shall any"—neither men nor devils—"pluck them out of my hand."

"I" will do this; "I" will do that. Twenty-eight times in this chapter does Christ use that pronoun to declare what he is, and what he will do for those who believe on him. Surely that is enough to show his claim as a Divine person and his Divine mission among men.

FEEDING THE MULTITUDE—THE BREAD OF LIFE.

THE lesson for to-day is the sixth chapter of John. We might write over this chapter, "Bread; bread for the hungry; bread from heaven." All the evangelists give an account of this miracle of Christ feeding the multitude with those five loaves and a few small fishes; but John brings out the idea more fully than the others, that Christ is himself the bread of life from heaven.

Here in the fifth and sixth verses Christ is trying Philip's faith by asking him, "Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?" Philip, answering, says, "Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them may take a little." I suppose he mentioned that sum because that was the extent of the money in their little treasury—only about thirty dollars. But Christ took the "five barley loaves, and two small fishes," which a lad had brought for his lunch, and when he had given thanks he distributed to the disciples, and the disciples fed the multitude with them. Then, when all had eaten enough, and twelve baskets full of the fragments had been taken up, Christ tries to get their minds off from the bread that perisheth, and to set them to thinking of the bread of life.

In one part of this chapter the people are trying to make him king, in another they are trying to kill him. They were ready enough to follow him as long as he fed them, but when he began to spiritualize the miracle, and ask them to believe on him as the Son of God and Saviour of the world, a great many went back, and followed him no more. It was just as it used to be when I had a Sunday-school over here on the north side. Just advertise a picnic or a festival, where there was going to be something to eat, and the school would be out in full force. We would find people then who had hardly been inside the church for a whole year.

Now Christ accuses these people of just this very thing, "Ye seek me, because ye did eat of the loaves;" and that is just the way with a great many people, who

are standing round on the edges of the Church, and saying to themselves, "Can't we make something out of this thing?"

They said unto him, "What shall we do, that we might work the works of God?" Perhaps some of them had big families, and wanted to know how to make a small amount of provisions go a good ways. Jesus answered, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." There it is again, that little word "believe." You can't go far in this Gospel of John without running on to that word "believe."

The people replied, "Moses gave our fathers manna to eat in the desert."

"No," says Christ, "Moses didn't do any such thing; it was my Father who gave you that bread, and now he gives you his Son, who is the true bread of life. Verily I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life. Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead. I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world."

I can see Jesus as he takes the bread and blesses it, and gives it to the disciples to give to the multitude. Here is Andrew with a piece of the loaf in his hand, beginning to distribute it among the crowd. I seem to see him breaking off a small piece for the first man, for fear the bread wont hold out, but when he sees that the loaf isn't any smaller for what he has broken off he goes to the next man and gives him a larger piece; still there is no loss of bread. Then he gives the third a good gener-

ous portion, and when he finds that the bread doesn't grow any smaller he goes on breaking off great pieces, and giving to every one as much as he likes.

A man in the inquiry room last night said, "Do you believe that is literal?"

"Yes," I said; "it is literal in this sense: our minds are to feed upon the real, personal Christ, and not upon creeds and dogmas, and dry notions of theology." Pretty dry feeding, that; but I have known people who were feeding themselves upon something drier yet. They were trying to live off *the failings of their neighbors*. I tell you, my friends, you'll get terribly lean if you try to live on such dry fodder as that.

Then there is another thought. Plenty of people never learn to feed themselves. Parents take great care to teach their little children to do this. You may hear the mother saying, "Do just look at the baby, he is beginning to feed himself with a spoon." But how many people there are in the Church who never learn to feed themselves. They go around to get one minister after another to feed them, instead of coming to Christ and taking the bread of life for themselves.

I have heard of artificial bees with springs in them, so that they moved about, and you could hardly tell them from the real live bees when they were put down among them. The maker puzzled a good many people with them, till at last somebody found out how to expose the trick. He just put down a little honey among them, and all the live bees went for it right away. So it is in the Church, those who have the true life in them have good sharp appetites for the bread of life.

YOU remember that when the children of Israel came out of Egypt some of them got tired of manna, and were almost ready to go back into captivity again for the sake of getting some of the Egyptian onions, leeks, and garlic. Now that is just the way with backsliders nowadays. They leave the Church, and the prayer-meeting, and the family altar, and try to satisfy themselves with theaters and operas, and other worldly amusements; and they are famished half to death because they don't feed on this heavenly loaf. You can always tell a minister who feeds his people with the bread of life by the crowd of hungry souls that always flock to hear him.

One more verse: "Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day." I remember once going to a grave-yard in England, and over the gate-way were these words. "THEY SHALL RISE AGAIN." Thanks be to God! this Christ, who is the bread of life to us in this world, is our pledge of resurrection from the dead and our eternal life in the world to come.

THE WATER OF LIFE.

YESTERDAY our subject was "The Bread of Life," to-day it is "The Water of Life." I will begin at the thirty-seventh verse of this seventh chapter of John: "In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink."

It seems that Jesus went up to this feast alone, and after he had finished his teachings he went away to the

Mount of Olives. It is said that he couldn't walk in Judea any more, because the Scribes and Pharisees were looking for a chance to kill him.

He had committed the sin, in their eyes, of healing a sick man on the Sabbath day, and sending him away with his bed on his back. This shocked their piety dreadfully. You see, my friends, that people may be very religious, and at the same time their hearts may be full of hatred and murder. These Scribes and Pharisees were full of religion of their own particular sort, and yet they were all the while trying to kill the Son of God.

There was another thing that seemed to have lain heavy upon the heart of Jesus, and that was the fact that his own brethren didn't believe on him.

Then, again, some people had accused him of being possessed of the devil, and for all these reasons Jesus was sorrowful, and wanted to be alone; so he sent his disciples on before him to the feast.

The next day, after stopping over night at the house of his friend Lazarus, he came into the city, which was greatly excited concerning him. People were talking about him in little groups on the street corners, just as they are now on the street corners of Chicago talking about the election. Some people believed on him and others denounced him, so that the whole city was divided into two parties on his account.

It was on the last great day of the feast that Jesus spoke the words I have read—"If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink."

I have been very much interested this morning in running through my Bible to find this expression so many

times repeated: "If any man," etc. "If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sit with him. If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God . . . and it shall be given him." That is a good text for your business men who are greatly embarrassed and don't know how to make both ends meet. God is rich, and what you want to do is to commit your business and all your affairs to him, and he will show you a way out of your business troubles.

"If any man serve me, let him follow me." A great many people profess to serve Christ, but do not follow either his precepts or example. They are selfish, worldly, extravagant; let them confess their sins, and come back to Christ. "If any man be a worshiper of God, him he heareth."

A lady said to me in the inquiry room the other night: "The heavens seem to be brass over my head." The trouble was, she hadn't been a worshiper of God. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." The reason why men don't know God's will is because they don't do it. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." That is the trouble: they don't like to deny themselves.

Now, these passages of Scripture seem to settle the question that God is not partial. Just see how broad all these invitations are; they are universal, and they follow us every-where, through all the ages, just as the stream that poured out of the rock in the wilderness followed all the wanderings of the children of Israel. What would you say of an able-bodied man who was

dying of thirst right down by the shore of Lake Michigan? This water of life is just as plentiful and free.

Some people complain bitterly about being so hungry and thirsty—so dry and destitute of life and feeling—and you would almost believe, by the way they pity themselves, that the fault was in the Lord, and that there was some scarcity in the “bread” and “water of life;” but you will always find that when people really hunger and thirst after righteousness it isn’t a great while before they are filled.

There are two wells on the old farm at Northfield which I heard my brother say never ran dry. One summer morning I got up very early and went out, and after awhile I felt thirsty, and I went to one of the pumps to get some water; but there didn’t seem to be any water in the well. Then I tried the other one, and that was as dry as the first. I pumped, and worked, and waited all in vain; there wasn’t a drop of water to be had.

Pretty soon one of my brothers came out, and I said to him:—

“I thought you told me that these wells never ran dry.”

“So I did.”

“Well, here I have been trying for ever so long to get a drink of water, and I can’t get a drop.”

“O,” said he, laughing, “I know what the matter is, there is plenty of water in the well; the trouble is in the pump.”

So he went and got a pailful of water and poured it into the old pump, and after that there was plenty of water in the well.

Now that is just the way with some of you: there is plenty of water in the well, but the pump is dry.

When Israel was in the wilderness God rained down bread from heaven upon them. Just so he rains down the bread and the water of life in the reach of every soul in Farwell Hall to-day, and if any of you perish finally, don't rise up in the judgment and say you were **never** invited to come to the gospel feast, for you have **been** invited here to-day.

HOW TO FIND THE THIRSTY ONES.

The following remarks by the Rev. Dr. Gibson, which immediately followed the above, were afterward quoted by Mr. Moody, who said they were "the best thing he ever heard." After calling attention to the fact that every body is thirsty for something, though they don't always just know what it is, the doctor said:—

"WE feel very happy over the freedom of these invitations of the Gospel, yet once in awhile something comes up to discourage us a little. For instance, this text says, 'If any man thirst.' It is needful, therefore, that the man should 'thirst' before he can consider himself invited to take of the 'water of life.' Now I suppose every body is thirsty for something—they don't just know what it is—but when they come to understand themselves thoroughly, they will find out they are thirsting for the living God. And, my friends, I have no doubt there is a greater number of people thirsting than we have any idea of; they don't give any outward sign of it, but they would be very glad to get a draught of the 'water of life.' I was talking with a woman the other day about spiritual things, and she said to me, 'I have a sister who has been

a member of the Church for ten years, and she never has spoken a word to me about my soul. She knows I am not saved, and if she has got something that she thinks I ought to have, why don't she come to me and tell me about it?' So you see that sister's silence all those ten years, during which she had been a member of the Church, was a great stumbling-block in the other's way.

"Now perhaps some of you are thinking what a fine thing it would be if you could find out those people who are thirsting for the 'water of life.' Well, that isn't a very hard thing to do. Suppose you are in a railway car, and the boy comes along with the water-can, you can tell all the thirsty ones right away,—as quick as the water comes within their reach they stretch out their hands to take it. And so, if you want to find out who there is about you that is thirsting for the 'water of life,' just carry it about and offer it to them, and you will be surprised to see how many people will reach out their hands and take it."

Don't be afraid, my friends, to drink of the water of life freely. There is plenty of it ; you never can use it all. You might as well try to drink up the Mississippi River, or expect a company of children playing on the sea-shore to dip out all the water of the Atlantic.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

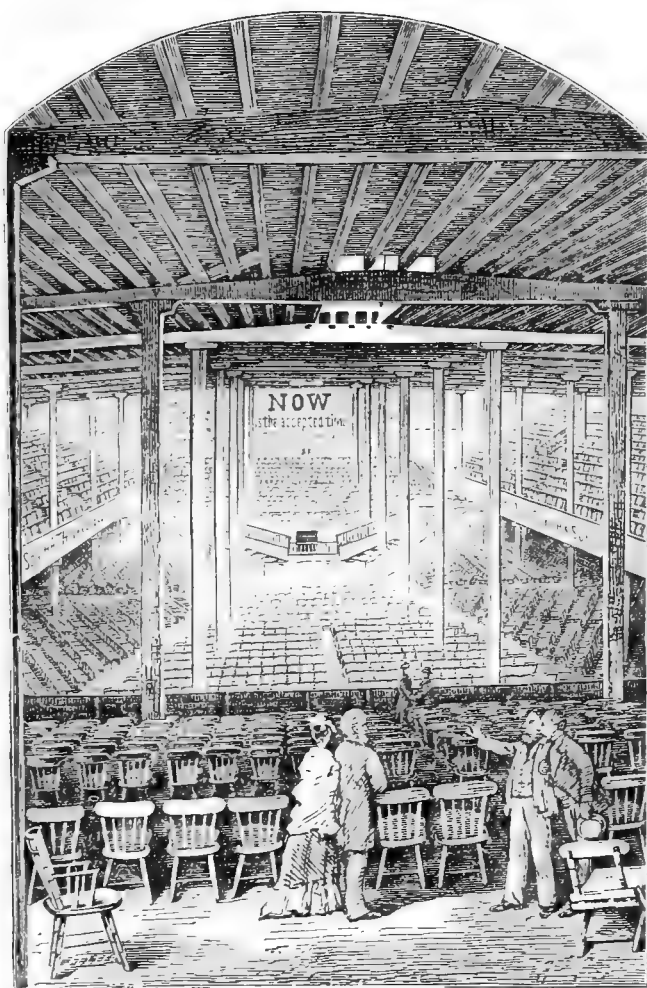
I WISH to-day to read the first of this Gospel by John.

The difference between John's gospel and the others is this: Matthew writes of Jesus Christ as the Son of David ; Mark writes of him as a servant doing the will

of his master; Luke writes of him as the Son of man; John speaks of him as the Son of God. He does not begin with Adam and give his genealogy, like Matthew; nor speak of him in connection with the patriarchs and prophets, like Mark; nor yet does he begin with Zacharias and Joseph, like Luke; but he sweeps back over all time, away into the past eternity, and tells us that the Word was in the beginning with God. He brings him from the bosom of the Father, and takes him back to the glory which he had with the Father before the world was.

In the ninth verse John tells us "he was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Now, if any man is in darkness, it isn't God's fault, any more than it would be for a man to build himself a house without windows.

There is a picture, which I sometimes see hanging in people's parlors, of Christ standing and knocking at the door of a castle, holding a lantern in his hands. But what was the use of a lantern to him who is himself the light of the world? You might as well hang a lantern to the sun. I find a great many people who complain that they are in the dark. The trouble with them is, they do not believe in Christ. They do not come to the light, and yet they are all the time trying to get the darkness out of their own hearts. If there were no windows in Farwell Hall, nor gaslight, of course the place would be full of darkness; but nobody would think of carrying out the darkness in buckets. The proper thing to do would be to knock out a hole somewhere and let in the sunshine. Just so with these dark hearts; the way to light them up is to let Christ in.



INTERIOR OF CHICAGO TABERNACLE.

THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.

It has been said that others besides Christ have raised dead people to life. That is true, but they did it very differently from what he did it.

In the seventeenth chapter of the first book of Kings we read of Elijah raising the son of the widow. But just hear what he says: he cried unto the Lord, "O Lord, my God, let this child's soul come into him again."

Then, when Elisha did the same thing, we find that "he went in and shut the door, and prayed unto the Lord."

Now just notice the difference between these accounts and the account of Christ raising Jairus's daughter. He didn't pray to any body, but he just took her by the hand and said to her, on his own account, "Maid, arise!" and she that was dead sat up, and began to speak.

Take the case of his raising the widow's son. Death had got hold of his captive, and was dragging him off to the grave; but Christ stopped him, and commanded him to come back. "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise!"

And the young man arose, and Christ delivered him again to his mother.

He does not ask help or permission of any body, but of his own authority he calls back the dead to life.

See him there at the grave of Lazarus. He weeps, it is true, but he does not pray. He just calls the dead man, and Lazarus comes forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes. Even the dead must obey when Christ commands.

Mr. Needham was telling me about a picture which he saw at the Crystal Palace at London of the raising of Lazarus. There he was, coming up out of the tomb, looking more like a 'ske'eton than a man, his bones sticking out, and a general appearance of a body long dead.

"I did not like the picture," says Mr. Needham; "I don't believe he looked like that when Christ called him out of the grave. He was not raised as a convalescent, but in the full strength of his manhood, as any body can see who will read the Bible account, for he was strong enough to get up and come out of the grave in spite of the grave-clothes that bound him hand and foot."

Now I want you to notice that there were three things his friends had to do. "Where have ye laid him?" said Christ. He knew where he was well enough, but it was something which they might do to show him the grave of their brother. When they get to the grave he says: "Take ye away the stone." He might have done it himself. He could have thrown the stone a thousand miles away with a single word, but this was something which they could do for themselves. Then, after he has raised him, He tells them to "loose him, and let him go." It seems to me that is what a good many of these Christians want right here in Chicago. They have been resurrected; they are out of their graves; the new life is in them; but they are still bound hand and foot with the grave-clothes of their old nature. They can't speak for Christ or work for Christ. Let us pray that these, whom the Lord has raised from the dead, may no longer go about in their grave-clothes. Get them off,

and then you will be of some use to the Master who has raised you.

And what encouragement there is for us, my friends, in this chapter! If Christ could raise the dead brother of Martha and Mary, can he not raise the dead souls of our friends for whom we pray?

And now we come to the sad thought that in spite of this great miracle, which was wrought within two miles of Jerusalem, the chief priests and the Pharisees, when they heard of it, called a council to see how they might put him to death. O what enmity there is in the sinner's heart against the Lord Jesus Christ! What a sad thought that this chapter leaves them plotting together to kill the Prince of Life!

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

THE PERSON OF THE HOLY GHOST.

ONE of the most interesting and profitable portions of Mr. Moody's Theological System is that contained in his series of addresses on the Person and Offices of the Holy Spirit.

The following are the best reports of Mr. Moody's lectures on the Holy Spirit, from the daily press of Chicago and Boston, carefully arranged with a view to giving the substance of all his teachings on this subject, and that, too, in Mr. Moody's own style:—

UR subject this afternoon is the Holy Spirit. I haven't any doubt but that if I asked all the Christian people here to-day that really have no power in prayer and in their work to rise, there would be a great many who would stand up. I think there would be a great many who would say they have served God out of a sense of duty, and that it has all been forced work. Now, I think that mistake arises because people are satisfied with the work that Christ has done for them at Calvary, and they forget about the work of the Holy Ghost in them. I know that was my condition for years. I didn't really understand any thing about the Holy Spirit. I was almost as ignorant as were those men down there at Ephesus that Paul tells us about, who, when asked if they had received the Holy Ghost since

they believed, answered that they hadn't so much as heard that there was any Holy Ghost.

For the first eight or nine years that I was a Christian I hardly knew there was such a person as the Holy Spirit. Whenever persons are baptized they are baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the *Holy Ghost*, and yet there are very few sermons preached about him and about his work.

I remember some years ago, when I first commenced to work for the Lord, I was speaking to a Sabbath-school in Brooklyn, and I was very much pleased with my effort. Quite a number had risen for prayer. When I went out an old man followed me, caught me by the hand, and said :—

“Young man, when you speak again, honor the Holy Ghost.”

I started off and supposed it was somebody who had got some hobby that he was riding, and I didn't know what he meant, but I couldn't get it out of my mind. It followed me for days and for months. I think it was really months before I found out what he meant ; but I have found out since, and I think if we workers will keep the Holy Ghost in mind our work will not be barren ; but when we go in our own name, and in our own strength, and don't look to Him, our work will be unsuccessful.

Now the way to honor the Holy Ghost is to bear in mind that he is *equal* with the Father and with the Son. Christ says, in Matthew xxviii, 19: “Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the *Holy Ghost*.”

Some people seem to think that the Holy Ghost never came to this world till he was sent by Christ after his ascension. You know Christ told the disciples to tarry in Jerusalem till they were endued with power from on high; and I think it would be a good thing if we could have, in our theological seminaries, ten days set apart for the young ministers to wait till they get the power. There are many who start out to work for God who have great intellectual power; but one touch of the power of God would be worth more than all this intellectual power. If these men would tarry more in Jerusalem, and get more of the Holy Ghost, they would accomplish more in one day than they sometimes do in years. How many times have these ministers here on the platform—how many times have we, when we have been preaching—felt as if we were beating the air? No power—people going to sleep—and we couldn't arouse them. But when the power of God comes, and a man has got a message from the throne of God, then the Spirit carries him forward.

The Holy Ghost was in the world before the day of Pentecost, for we read in the second chapter of Luke, twenty-sixth verse, these words; "And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ." Then we read also in Second Peter, first chapter, twenty-first verse: "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." You can't cut out one part of the Holy Scriptures and leave the rest: it is the same Spirit all through.

Now people seem to forget who the Holy Ghost is. I want you to bear in mind that he is a person. I remember in a prayer-meeting some years ago that I offered a prayer, and prayed for the influence of the Holy Ghost ; and after I had got through a reverend old divine arose and said, " Why do you pray to the Holy Ghost as if he were an influence only ? He is just as much a person as is the Father and the Son."

Let us notice a few of the places where he is alluded to. Turn to the fourteenth chapter of John and the sixteenth verse, " And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that *he* may abide with you forever." Now, if the Holy Ghost is merely an influence, why is he spoken of in this way ? There is a class of people who think that there is no such thing as a personal God or a personal devil. They are in the power of the devil, and don't know it ; but they will find out that he is a person some of these days, and that the Holy Ghost is a person also.

Now let us read farther in the same chapter : in the seventeenth verse, " Even the Spirit of truth ; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth *him* not, neither knoweth *him* : but ye know *him* ; for *he* dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." " He " and " him " are the words used, you see. Again, in the twenty-sixth verse of the same chapter, " But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, *he* shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." And again, in the sixteenth chapter and eighth verse, " And when *he* is come, *he* will reprove the world of sin, and of

righteousness, and of judgment." Notice how many times John repeats the "he."

You can't reach a man that the Holy Ghost hasn't entered. The Holy Ghost must convince him of sin. A great many people come into this meeting and they say, "Here in this great crowd no one will know us." But One does see them; the Holy Ghost is abroad, and he will find them; and when the word of the Holy Ghost does reach them, it will cut like a two-edged sword.

There was a man in Philadelphia who attended a meeting in the Tabernacle with his wife. On the way home he refused to speak to her, and the next day he refused to speak to her, and during a part of the next; and when she asked what the matter was, he said, "What did you want to tell Mr. Moody about me for?" "I didn't," she said. "How did he know about me, then? He was just telling every body about me."

You see something I had said struck right home to him. The Holy Ghost was abroad, and had moved me to speak the words that suited his case. The Holy Spirit had said to him, while I was speaking, "Thou art the man." That was Christ's promise: "When he is come, he will reprove the world of sin." Let us ask the Holy Spirit to show us our sins.

Then, in the third chapter of John, we find that we get life through the Holy Spirit. That is what we want—life; life in the Church. But if the life in the Church is not from him it will be artificial. What we are praying for in Boston is the work of the Holy Ghost. It is the Holy Ghost with a man that first gives him life.

You cannot educate a man in spiritual things until he is born of the Holy Ghost. The carnal mind cannot understand spiritual things. The trouble is, people who do not believe in God, and who are not spiritual, are trying to expound the word of God and to understand spiritual things. You must have a new birth before you can understand God's word. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." When we are born of God we can receive the things of God, and not before.

Now take this passage from 1 Pet. iii, 18, "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit." That is it: we must be quickened by the Spirit. We are not saved by culture, we are saved by the mighty power of God quickening us into new life. When he works he does not work for the moment, but for all eternity. In the Spirit only can we be saved, for God has condemned the flesh, and it cannot enter his presence. He has saved souls every-where; so he will save souls here in Boston.

Another work of the Spirit is to inspire love. See Rom. v, 5, "Because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us." If you should ask me what the Church in America most lacks, I should say, Love. Let this love sink down deep into your hearts. It has power with infidels and skeptics. You cannot save them by argument but you may by love. God gave his disciples a badge; it was the badge of love. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye love one another." There can be no

life in a Church without love. A minister with a powerful intellect is of no use unless he has this love, and the power which comes from the Holy Ghost. Now the great question is, "Have we got that love?" Not, do you love those that love you, but do you love those who are your enemies? To love the men that persecute us, that slander us, that spread false reports about us, we need the Holy Ghost shed abroad in us; and if we have that love, a great many sinners will be reached in a little while.

Romans xv, 13, "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost." Thus you see the Holy Ghost imparts not only love but hope. Christ doesn't use discouraged people for his work. He likes hopeful people. If your minister is cold, warm up yourself. One man with his soul full of hope and fire can rouse a whole Church. You like to meet a man that is full of hope. Our dear, lamented friend, Mr. Bliss, was one of these men. He used to set my heart on fire. He was full of hope, and I believe that was how he was enabled to write us those beautiful hymns we sing. He was full of the life of the Holy Ghost.

There is one thing more that the Holy Ghost gives us, and that is, liberty. "Now the Lord is that Spirit: and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." 2 Cor. iii, 17. "Liberty" is what is wanted in the pulpit and in the prayer-meeting, and when this liberty comes people will no longer be afraid to rise up before the lawyer or the learned man who comes to criticise. When we have this liberty how easy it is to preach! Work

does not kill men; they die of working at a disadvantage; working without the liberty of the Spirit God's yoke is easy; his burden is light; and this liberty is free to you if you will have it; you have only to ask for it.

[In concluding, Mr. Moody asked all to join with him in prayer for these three graces of the Holy Ghost—love hope—liberty.]

THE WORK OF THE SPIRIT.

On resuming the subject of the work of the Holy Spirit Mr. Moody read the lesson for the day, which was the sixteenth chapter of John, upon which he made the following brief comments, beginning with the seventh verse :—

“NEVERTHELESS I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.” Christ does not talk like a man who is going down into the grave, never to be seen again by his disciples. It is true he tells them he is to be killed, but he is to rise again, and go up to heaven to prepare a place for them. Those who attack the divinity of Christ do not believe that he is risen from the dead, and interceding for us before the Father; and that he sends the Holy Spirit to comfort and enlighten those who believe on him. I am glad that the public mind is agitated on this question, “Who is Christ?” If he is not the Son of God I don't know of any body who can tell us who he is. If he is no more than a good man, we must throw away the whole of the Gospel of John.

“It is expedient for you that I go away.” Christ has

gone away on an errand for us; and what better place could he choose to be of service to us than up in heaven before his Father's throne? Here we have Satan for an accuser; there we have Christ for an advocate: and, what is more, we have the gift of the Holy Spirit, who is every-where teaching and comforting believers. When any of his friends are in trouble Christ looks down from heaven and sees them, and perhaps sends an angel to comfort and help them; but if he does not send an angel he does send the Holy Spirit.

In the eighth and ninth verses we have these words: "And when he [the Holy Spirit] is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment." Of sin, why? Because men murder, and steal, and lie, and swear, and get drunk? There are a good many people who think it is the principal office of the Holy Spirit to convict men of these sins; but the Scripture does not read so. It says, "Of sin, because they believe not on me." Unbelief is the world's worst enemy. Christ met it on both sides of the cross. This is the tree that brings forth all the bitter fruit.

Sinners often try to shield themselves from the coming judgment for their sins by pretending not to believe in punishment at all; but it is far better for the sinner to admit his condemnation and escape to Christ, than to go on in self-deception and perish at last. You can hardly find a rum-seller in Boston but will tell you he don't believe the Bible. He doesn't read it, because he knows it condemns him.

It is a good thing that it is the work of the Holy Spirit to convince the world of their sins, for we are not

able to do it. I should feel overwhelmed at the idea of facing such an audience as this if I had the responsibility on me of convincing you all of your sins.

CONVICTION.

IN the seventh chapter of Acts, fifty-first verse, we read : "Ye stiffnecked, and uncircumcised in heart and ears ye do always resist the Holy Ghost : as your father did, so do ye. Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted ? and they have slain them which showed before of the coming of the Just One ; of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers : who have received the law by the disposition of angels, and have not kept it. When they heard these things, they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth."

You see their hearts were cut to the quick on the day of Pentecost. And so it was when Stephen preached his last sermon. He didn't keep any thing back. He knew that it would cost him his life to preach the truth, but he did it. "Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost." That is what the world is doing to-day—resisting.

Why do men resist the Holy Ghost ? Because "He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment." He tells men their faults. He don't tell a man how noble and how great he is : the devil has been doing that for six thousand years. The Holy Spirit don't flatter sinners ; and that is the reason a great many don't like Holy Ghost preaching, because it convinces them of sin. You tell a man his faults, and he

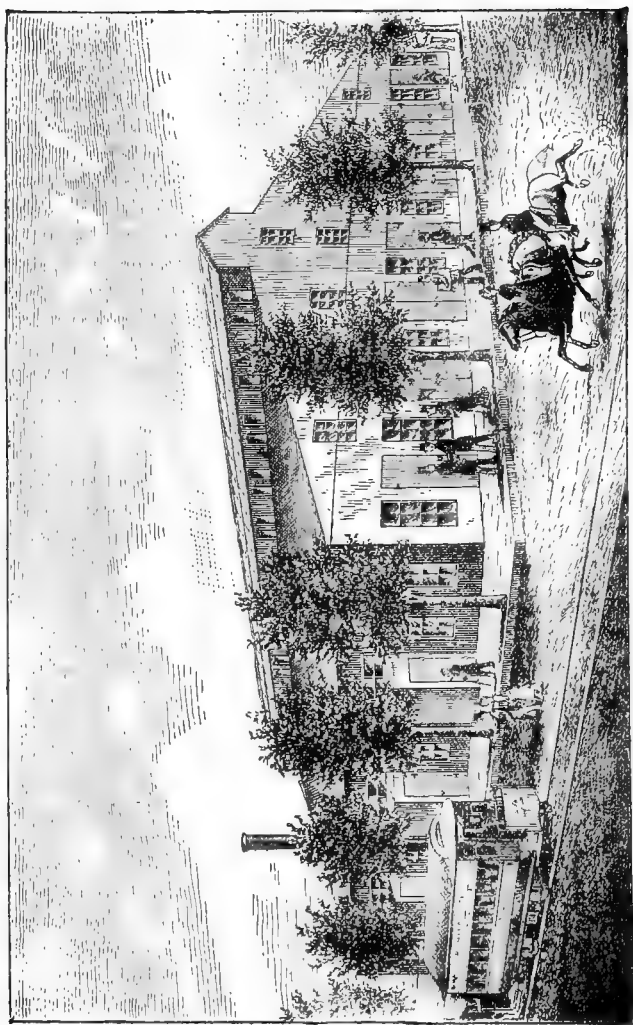
will get mad ; but I had a great deal rather you would tell me my faults than let me go down to death.

Some people think that the broad road is an easy way, but I tell you it is a very hard way. You have to pass over the prayers of your best friends, and all the way down from the cradle to the grave you have to resist the Holy Ghost. "Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost." If men would only stop resisting, and come to themselves, and be led by that Spirit, he would lead them into all truth.

There are more people ruined by flattery than by telling them their faults. We once found a man in Chicago sleeping on the sidewalk. It was one of the coldest days of the season, and we knew he would freeze to death if we didn't wake him. So we woke him, and he got mad with us. That was just what we wanted—to get his blood stirred, and then he would be all right. So sometimes the Holy Ghost wakes up men, and they wake up mad. But that is a good sign: it is better to have them wake up cross than sleepy, because the devil can't rock them to sleep again easy.

O that we may have preaching that will wake people up and set their consciences at work!

In the second of Corinthians, third chapter and sixth verse, there is something I want to call your attention to. But first let me tell you of a circumstance. A lady came to me some time ago and wanted to know why it was they hadn't any conversions in her Church? She said that the minister preached good sound orthodox doctrine, every sermon was sound; there was no trouble about that. I said, that might be, but there



NEW HAVEN TABERNACLE.

must be something besides sound doctrine. I don't know of any thing more disheartening than dead orthodoxy. I fear that more than all the isms. Orthodoxy, dead, is an abomination to God and man. We want to hold these truths, not in any formal way, but in living power; and if men lived what they profess to believe and preach, Christianity would have a mighty influence in this world.

I think this verse (2 Corinthians iii, 6) throws light upon this point: "Who also hath made us able ministers of the new testament; not of the letter, but of the spirit: for the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life."

Let us see. If we have sound doctrine only, and not the Spirit of God back of the doctrine, it doesn't bring life to the heart. "The letter killeth," and that is what "dead orthodoxy" is doing. "The letter killeth," but the Spirit giveth life."

OUR LEADER.

THE next work of the Holy Spirit I want you to study is his leadership. Take Galatians v, 18, "But if ye be led by the Spirit, ye are not under the law." Now every child of God ought to be led by the Spirit, and as long as they are led by him they are led into light, and not into darkness. The Spirit of God never led any one into darkness; and if there are any Christians here to-day in darkness, it is because they are not willing to be led by the Spirit. That is the way we are to get into the kingdom of God.

Perhaps many of you have been talking with souls

that have been struggling and praying to get into liberty, and into God's kingdom, and you have watched their countenances as the light broke upon them and their faces have shone with a glorious light. Now that takes place when a man is willing to let the Spirit lead him ; that is, when he is converted.

The conflict to get into the kingdom of God isn't God's fault. A Scotchman once said, it took two to bring him to God—it took the Lord and himself. A friend asked him what he did, and he said, "I fought against God, and the Lord did all the rest." That is the great trouble ; people are not willing to give up their own way, but when they are ready to surrender and be led by the Spirit of God, he leads them unto life eternal. O Christians, if you will be led by the Spirit you will have an Instructor who will throw light on many questions you don't now understand. Those who are led by the Spirit don't know what darkness is ; but when we want our own way, and are led by the flesh and the motives of the flesh—when the world and the influences of the world lead us—then it is that we get into darkness. Let us ask ourselves to-day, "Am I led by the Spirit?"

It says in the eighth chapter of Romans, first verse : "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." If we walk after the Spirit our consciences are not all the time lashing us. I think that the trouble with a great many Christians is, they are all the time condemning themselves. Why? Because they are led by the flesh, and not by the Spirit.

But how are we to find out whether it is the Spirit of

God leading us, or whether it is the flesh? Why, you will find it in the word: the Holy Ghost always quotes the word. You will find that a man who is full of the Holy Spirit is generally full of Scripture, and that will lead you aright. But a man who speculates, and has dreams and every thing else but the word to offer you, you cannot tell where he will lead you. If a man says to me that the Spirit told him so and so, I would rather have him draw on the Bible for what he is saying, and then I can know for sure whether the Spirit said it.

If we only get into our hearts this lesson about giving up our own way and will entirely to God, and being led by the Spirit, we shall be saved from a great many of these dark hours, and from many a conflict with the enemy. Do you think Lot would have gone to Sodom if he had been led by the Spirit? Do you think that men in Boston would be troubled about their souls if they were led by the Spirit? Do you think that men would fail in business if they were led by the Spirit? It is this wild ambition to get rich, or to stand at the head of some profession, that is ruining so many souls. Men are all the time taking false steps, because they are not willing to be led by the Spirit.

The question of public amusements comes up, and it is asked, "Is it right to dance?" All I have to say is, If the Spirit of God says dance, then dance. Let the Spirit of God be your teacher, and you will see what is right and what is wrong.

Men ask, "Is it consistent for me to go to the theater?" Christ didn't really lay down any rule about that, mentioning it in particular, but his direction is, that you give

yourself up to the Spirit and the word. Then you will be guided aright and make no mistake. A man told me in Chicago that he had been converted, but he said he hadn't given up any thing: he hadn't given up the theater or novels, and wasn't agoing to give them up. Well, he went to the theater once after that, but he said he didn't care to stay. He couldn't read novels, for he hadn't any taste for them. The reason was simple enough: when a man is filled with the Spirit he wont love those things he once did; his love has been turned into another channel. Men say that they can't give up this thing or that thing, but only let the Spirit of God get into their hearts and they can. They can't do it of themselves, but they can through God helping them.

You speak of this pleasure or that, but the teaching of the word is, that if you take the Spirit of God it will enlighten you on all these points.

A friend of my wife had a beautiful little boy about four years old who put his eye out with a pair of scissors. Since then my wife has always been very careful about scissors. But one day little Willie got them, and his sister couldn't get them away from him. She knew that he was fond of oranges, so she ran and got one and held it up, and said, "Don't you want an orange?" And he just dropped the scissors and went for that orange—that was better than the scissors. Now, that is just the way to treat the infidel, give him something better than he has got; and if the Spirit of God gets down into his heart he will have something better and something that will satisfy him. Those who are led by the spirit of the world cannot give up the world: they haven't found

God: but when they begin to be led by his Spirit, he turns their appetites and tastes, so that what they once loved they now hate.

An old citizen came to me last night, and said, "I hope you won't speak without having just a word for the poor drunkard." I do want to hold out a hope to the drunkards. If they will only accept God they will get the world under their feet, and God will give them power to hurl the cup from their lips. No other power can do it.

If you are led by the Spirit of God you can be saved. Now just give yourself up while I am talking, and say: "Spirit of God, lead me; I give up all to you; I make a complete surrender. God's will shall be my will, and his Spirit shall lead me from this day and hour," and see how quick he will come to your help. If you get your hand in God's he will lead you safely to the light. Don't think that he will desert you. He knows your life, your wants, your temptations. No soul ever went wrong when led by the Holy Spirit.

A WITNESS FOR CHRIST.

ANOTHER work of the Holy Ghost is to testify of Christ. He comes for that purpose. I believe the world would have forgotten Christ's death as soon as they forgot his birth if it hadn't been for the Holy Ghost. It had only been thirty years since his birth. All those wonderful scenes had happened in Bethlehem, and were well known in Jerusalem, yet he seems to have been forgotten until he appeared to commence

his public ministry; and they would have forgotten his death too if it hadn't been for the Holy Ghost. He came to testify of Jesus Christ that he had risen. He saw him in heaven, and he came to tell us he was there at the right hand of God.

The Holy Ghost don't speak much about himself, and a great many people wonder why they cannot understand more about him. The fact is, he came not to speak of himself, but of Christ. "Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will show you things to come." John xvi, 13.

His work is not to speak of himself, but to speak of Christ. Supposing I had an only son out in California, and a man came to me this afternoon and said, "Mr. Moody, I am going out to California, and I will probably see your son; would you like to send any message?" and I sent a message to my absent boy; and when the man gets out there he talks to my son about himself! That wouldn't be what my boy would want to hear, but of his absent parents. And so the Holy Ghost comes to testify of Christ. That is his work.

When a man preaches Christ, then the Holy Ghost has got something to do—to carry home the message to the hearts of the people; but if a man preaches himself, his sermons have no power. If he preaches an error he can't be successful; but when a man lifts up Christ instead of himself—when he lifts up the Son of God—then the Holy Ghost is at work carrying those truths down into the hearts of the people and making the word fruitful.

We read that his work is to testify. You know that when Abraham wanted to get a bride for his son Isaac he sent his servant to Haran to get Rebecca. He told her all about Isaac's inheritance, and gave her the magnificent presents, and wanted her to go with him at once. Her parents wanted her to wait ten days ; but no, she went at once, and was led through the wilderness by the messenger, to Isaac. It is these ten days that are the great fault with people. The work of the Holy Ghost is to lead us through the wilderness to Christ at once.

The Holy Ghost is to tell us of God. If a man gets up in a prayer-meeting and talks about his love for God it chills me ; but if he talks about God's love for him, that fires my heart.

In the fifteenth chapter of John and twenty-sixth verse, it says : " But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me." When we begin to speak of Christ then the Holy Ghost begins to work.

Peter, on the day of Pentecost, had the power of the Holy Ghost ; and when he preached, the Holy Ghost power struck down into the hearts of three thousand people, and they were convicted and converted right then and there.

Christ said he would send the Holy Ghost, and he was as good as his word. You may call that Galilean fisherman illiterate, but the Holy Ghost testified that day that what he said was true, and there was never such a successful sermon preached in all the world

before. Men can shut their ears against your words; but if the Holy Ghost speaks to them they must hear, at least, whether they heed or not.

INDWELLING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

I WANT to call your attention to the three places in which the Holy Ghost has dwelt.

In the fortieth chapter of Exodus, at the setting up of the tabernacle, the thirty-fourth verse says: "Then a cloud covered the tent of the congregation, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle. And Moses was not able to enter into the tent of the congregation, because the cloud abode thereon, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle." No sooner had they got that tabernacle done than the Holy Ghost came into it; and so if we let God just cleanse our hearts from sin the Holy Ghost will come in and fill them with faith. We are temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in.

Now, look at second Chronicles, fifth chapter, thirteenth and fourteenth verses:—

"It came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of music, and praised the Lord saying, 'For he is good; for his mercy endureth forever: that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord; so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud: for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God.'

When Solomon offered his prayer the temple at Jeru-

salem was filled with the glory of God. Now we want to have this tabernacle here in Boston filled with the glory of God. We want that cloud to come down upon us, so that when ungodly men come in here they may be moved by the Holy Spirit. We want the Holy Ghost power here for the sake of both the saved and the unsaved.

We find that on the day of Pentecost the disciples were of one mind and one spirit ; so when we are of one accord the Holy Ghost will come and fill this place. Now if we are in the true Church—and the true Church is that which has Jesus for a leader, for he is the head of the Church—then the Holy Ghost will fill us, and we shall have power with God from on high.

It says here in Ephesians i, 13, "In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the Gospel of your salvation : in whom also, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession, unto the praise of his glory." You are sealed by the Holy Ghost for the day of redemption. What need you fear ? Who is going to break God's seal ? Can all the devils of hell do it ? Has man got the power to do it ? It is the blood that cleanses from sin. If we are sealed by the Holy Ghost who is going to break that divine seal ? When we are washed in that blood the Holy Ghost comes and seals us for the day of redemption. In Ephesians iv, 30, it says the same thing : "And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption."

There was once a poor beggar who died. I call him poor, but he was rich in the sight of God ; though he did

die in the poor-house, and they hurried him off to a pauper's grave.

You know that paupers haven't many friends ; and as they were making all haste to get him buried, the minister who conducted the funeral said to them : " Walk softly ! you carry a temple of the Holy Ghost." Yes, the believer has become a temple of the Holy Ghost. We want our hearts purged from sin, and then let the Holy Ghost come and fill us as it did that tabernacle. Let our bodies first become a temple for the Holy Ghost, and then we shall have power to pray and to work for God, and be successful in our work.

REGENERATION.

WE have for our subject to-day the third chapter of John. I will read, commencing at the sixth verse : " That which is born of the flesh is flesh ; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth : so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

With this let me read a few verses in the eighth chapter of Romans : " There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death. For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the

flesh : that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. For they that are after the flesh, do mind the things of the flesh ; but they that are after the Spirit, the things of the Spirit. For to be carnally minded is death ; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace. Because the carnal mind is enmity against God : for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God."

I think you will see by reading that why it is that a man needs to be born again. They that are in the flesh cannot please God. There must, therefore, be a new birth. A great many have come to me, and written to me, to say that they cannot set the day and hour that they were converted. I do not think it is necessary to know the day and hour when we were born of the Spirit ; the question is, Have we been born of the Spirit ? and we can find that out by putting the tests to ourselves. If we love the world, or ourselves, or our friends, more than we love the Lord, it is a good sign that we have not been born from above ; because if we have been born of the Spirit, God takes the first place in our hearts ; and if he does not do that, it is a pretty good sign that we have not been born again. If we cannot tell the day and the hour, but can say that we really do love God above every thing else—that God has the first place in our hearts—it seems to me good evidence that we have been born again. If we have not that evidence let us give up all our false hopes and seek a hope worth having.

It says in the first of Corinthians, fifteenth chapter : "The first man Adam was made a living soul ; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit that was

not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural: and afterward that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

First comes the natural, then comes the spiritual. Some people have an idea that this is a thing they have got to educate themselves into, or grow into. Now, if this being born again is a matter of birth, it must be the work of God and not our work; it must be something from above. It is not natural but supernatural. It is the Spirit of God turning the whole current of our life, because he says, in the Second Epistle of Corinthians, the fifth chapter and the seventeenth verse, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." Now it seems to me as soon as we get this in our mind correctly we shall give up this idea of trying to save ourselves. I don't believe any man or woman is ever saved until they get done trying to save themselves and let the Lord save them.

I have heard an illustration which I think helps to clear up this point. A man buys a farm which has an old well on it in which there is an old pump. One of the neighbors tells him that he hadn't better use the water, for the man who lived there before was poisoned by drinking it. He says, "I will see about that," so he takes and paints the old pump, and says, "Now that water is all right." Then he goes to pumping and drinking the water, and, of course, he is poisoned. Now that is just what men are

trying to do ; they paint up the old pump, when their heart is sending forth this poisonous water. If your heart has been regenerated, and you have been born of the Spirit, then your life will be right ; there will be no trouble then ; a man will not *have* to serve God ; he cannot help it, it becomes his nature. A man who has been blaspheming and swearing will not want to swear, because God has recreated him in the image of God ; he is born of the Spirit from above. If a man has not got this nature which goes out toward God, it is a true sign he has not been born of God.

God's plan is altogether different from ours. Man is all the time trying to patch up and mend. God never mends any thing ; he always creates anew. When Adam fell God promised a new life through a second Adam : that is what we must have ; and when a man is born anew of the Spirit he has a heart that can serve God, and not until then.

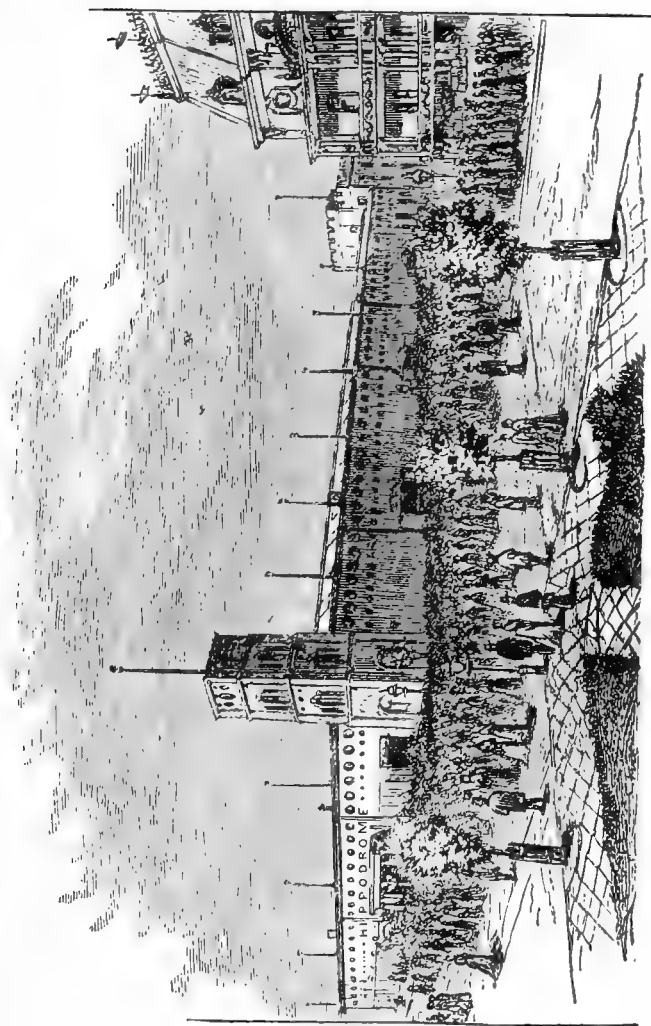
FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

HERE is a passage I want you to read, in the fifth chapter of Galatians, seventeenth verse, that will help us to decide this question of whether we have really been born of the Holy Spirit or not. I believe that many people have been converted to some men, or some Church, or creed, or preacher, or some good choir—they like the organ perhaps, or the fine singing. I believe that is the way some men and women get into the Church before they are born of the Spirit ; and that is the cause of a good deal of mischief in the Church, and has got a good many members into trouble.

You are not to rest your hope of heaven upon yourself, out look at the word, and see if you have passed from death unto life ; if you have been raised up by the Spirit of God, quickened by the Holy Ghost ; for that is the only life that will stand before God. There is such a thing as whitewashing men up and passing them off as Christians. That isn't the work of God. God begins at the heart, and cleanses that by the Holy Ghost. Now, in the sixteenth verse of the fifth chapter of Galatians it says : " This I say then, walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lusts of the flesh." And in the next verse : " For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh ; and these are contrary the one to the other, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would."

There is a conflict between the old man and the new one, between the flesh and the spirit. They are at war with each other and will be to the end of time. Some one has said that there is always a devil at our right hand ; though if we resist the devil he will flee from us. But it is different with the flesh ; the flesh cleaves to us. I believe that the flesh is the worst enemy we have. " But if ye be led of the Spirit, ye are not under the law. Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these, adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like : of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

Let us put the question right to ourselves : Are we bringing forth this kind of fruit ? Are we full of jealousy



THE NEW YORK HIPPODROME FROM THE N. E. CORNER OF MADISON SQUARE.

envy, drunkenness, revellings, and such like? Recollect what the word says: "They which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." I know a great many men who stand by and say that they can get into the kingdom of God whether they are born again of the Spirit or not, and do these prohibited things, but they make the same mistake as those who have heretofore disobeyed God's law, for he has said that men who do "such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

Now we come to the fruit of the Spirit: love, joy, peace. Delicious fruit, isn't it? You can't make a bad tree bring forth good fruit; but if the tree is a good one it will certainly bear good fruit; it can't help it. And so, if a man's heart is right, his life will be right. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law." If we live in the Spirit, let us walk in the Spirit. Somebody has said that you might just sum up the fruit of the Spirit in one word—love. Love covers it all, covers all those nine things, "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." The same person has put it in this way: "Joy is only love exulting, love just bubbling up in our hearts; peace is love in repose, love resting; long-suffering is love untiring, the temper of those full of the Spirit; gentleness is love in society, the way we act; our gentler goodness is love in action; faith is love on the battle-field; meekness is love at school; temperance is love in training." So really you can sum it all up in the word "love," "the fruit of the Spirit is love," LOVE.

ASSURANCE.

AMONG the different classes of persons which we meet in the inquiry room are Church members who are not sure they are saved, and a great many Christian workers think if a person is a Church member that is all that is needed, and so they leave these doubting ones, thinking it isn't proper to labor with them.

Many Christians live in Doubting Castle; it is a very popular place, especially in this country. You may ask them if they are saved, and they turn their back, and scowl, and say, "Well, I wouldn't dare to say I am saved; that would be presumption; I hope I am. I trust I may be." I have noticed that persons who held those views were not fit to work in the inquiry room; they were not ready to point the way of salvation to others.

If you have a hope according to the Bible you have something that is sure. We believe in the resurrection; that is something that is going to take place: but, strangely enough, some of us don't believe in our own salvation, which has already taken place.

If you will turn to your Bibles you will find that it is the privilege of every child of God to know that he is saved. We haven't got to go through this world in terrible anxiety to know whether we are saved or not: that isn't the teaching of the word of God. The First Epistle of John is a very good book on assurance; if persons would read that carefully and prayerfully on their knees about once a day, they would soon find out whether they were saved or not. John had a motive for writing that

epistle. You know he tells us what he writes this for. He says: "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God." *That ye may know!* Now, if there are any Christians here to-day who have not God's assurance—don't know that they are saved—let them remember that it is the privilege of every child of God to *know*; and instead of its being presumption to know that we are saved, it is presumption not to know that we are saved. If we have really been born of the Spirit, it is presumption for us to say that God has not settled it. Just look into that Epistle of John and you will find that he gives you the test whereby you can measure yourself, and find out whether you are a child of God or not. He puts it so plain that you need not make any mistake.

In the third chapter of the first Epistle General of John there are six things worth knowing. In the fifth verse are these words: "And ye know that he was manifested to take away our sins; and in him is no sin." Now if he has taken our sins away that is the end of them. They need not trouble us any more. The second thing worth knowing is in the nineteenth verse: "And hereby we know that we are of the truth and shall assure our hearts before him." The Spirit of God bears witness with our spirit that we are born of God; we know that what we believe is true. We know God's work; there is no uncertainty about it. The third thing is in the fourteenth verse: "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death." There is no uncer

tainty about it. *We know.* And if there is any person in this house who professes to be a Christian and don't know it, let him before he sleeps find it out, and it will bring joy to his soul. The fourth thing is in the fifteenth verse: "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer: and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him." If our heart is full of hatred we know we have not passed from death unto life; there is no doubt about it. The fifth thing worth knowing is in the twenty-fourth verse: "And he that keepeth his commandments dwelleth in him and he in him. And hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us." The last and sixth thing is grace. I think a great many Christians live on dry doctrine, and never come to have a real, personal relationship with Christ. If we have Christ formed in us, the hope of glory, we know that we have the Spirit born in us. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God." Isn't that worth knowing?

Take up your Bibles and study the doctrine of assurance, and you will find Job saying, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." It is the privilege of every child of God to know this; and if there are any Christians here that don't know it, I advise them to have an early conference with some warm-hearted Christian who has this assurance, and get it for themselves. And let the workers in the inquiry room take out their Bibles and point out the right passages to all inquirers after assurance in Christ, for it is a part of our duty to help doubting Christians into this position of grace and power.

THE INSPIRER OF PROPHECY AND PRAYER.

ANOTHER work of the Holy Spirit is prophecy. "He will show you things to come." Newspapers don't tell you half the news; they tell you what has taken place; but this Bible is the only newsbook that tells you what is going to take place. The natural man cannot understand spiritual things; only he that is born of the Spirit.

Some people do not believe in the supernatural working of the Holy Ghost upon the souls of men, but every man and every woman has sometime or other felt his influence and power. When the Holy Ghost first opened my eyes, I thought how blind I had been! That is the way with the world; it is blind, but doesn't know it. The Holy Ghost knows all the secrets of heaven, and it reveals to us the things that are important for us to know.

Another thing he does for us is to inspire our prayers. He knows what God has for us, and he teaches us to ask it. One reason why our prayers are not answered is, because they are made after the flesh; because we haven't been taught by the Spirit how to pray. O that the Spirit of God may teach us how to pray! that every prayer we make may be inspired by the Spirit! then we will have power in prayer with God, the blessings will come; our prayers will not go unanswered. Let us bow our heads, and ask that the Spirit may teach each one of us how to pray

THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT.

WE find in Ephesians vi, 17, these words: "And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."

If we don't know how to use a sword what is the good of it? We may have the word, but if we haven't the Spirit of God and are not taught by the Spirit of God how to handle the word we don't accomplish our work. But if the word of God is hid in our hearts, and the Spirit of God teaches us how to use it, then it is that the word is sharper than a two-edged sword. If we can only just get hold of this word in our prayer-meetings and in our churches, we shall become a living power.

What are ten thousand soldiers good for if they don't know how to use their weapons? An army of five hundred, or even one hundred, could rout ten thousand if they didn't know how to use their arms. Let us have the spirit of this word, and if we understand it "from back to back" we can meet these infidels who talk so loud against the Gospel of Christ. People talk about studying books to meet them! All the book you want is the word of God. God will come forth out of his own book and confound them.

You can't meet men with your opinion. Give up your opinions and just give them the word of God. He will take care of his word. It will cut down deep. They may fight and kick, and talk and swear, but just give them the word and the Spirit will do his own work. I have seen men come into the inquiry room just to talk and discuss.

and get up an argument. Some men live on argument. Well, I generally take the Bible and give them a few verses. "But," they say, "I don't believe the Bible." Then I give them more verses, and they say the same thing, but I just keep on giving them the word of God. I am no match for infidels, but this word is ; this word tells all about them. There have been infidels for six thousand years, and probably will be until the millennium ; but, thank God ! there wont be any then. The only way to meet infidels is to meet them with the word of God ; then they have got to settle all questions with the Spirit himself.

THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY SPIRIT FOR SERVICE.

IN some sense, and to some extent, the Holy Spirit dwells with every believer ; but there is another gift, which may be called the gift of the Holy Spirit for service. This gift, it strikes me, is entirely distinct and separate from conversion and assurance. God has a great many children that have no power, and the reason is, they have not the gift of the Holy Ghost for service. God doesn't seem to work with them, and I believe it is because they have not sought this gift.

In the opening of the eleventh chapter of Luke we find the disciples asking Christ to teach them how to pray. After doing so he goes on to explain it, and in the ninth, tenth, and thirteenth verses says : " And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth. . . . If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children ;

how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him!"

Now the lesson to be learned from this is, that we must pray for the Holy Spirit for service; pray that we may be anointed and qualified to do the work that God has for us to do. I believe that Elisha was a child of God before Elijah met him; but he was not qualified for the work of a prophet until the spirit of Elijah came upon him. We have to ask for this blessing, to knock for it, to seek for it, and find out why it does not come. If we regard iniquity in our hearts, if we have some hidden sin, God is not going to give us the baptism of power. We are not as "an empty vessel;" we are not ready to receive the blessing, and so it doesn't come.

In the third chapter of Luke we find that Christ was baptized by the Holy Ghost before he entered upon his ministry. This should teach us to get anointed before starting out to do the Lord's work. Christ was the Son of God just as much before his baptism as afterward, but even he needed this power; and if the Son of God, who never had sinned, needed it, how much more do we need it, and how hopeless it will be if we attempt to work before we get it.

I generally divide the Church into three classes. The first we find in the third chapter of John. They are like Nicodemus. They have come to Christ and got life. Nicodemus got life and that was all; he didn't get the moral courage to testify; and a great many Christians are just like him. They work their way up to Christ, and are satisfied with mere conversion; they don't go on and get the baptism of power. The Church is lumbered

up with that kind of material, making it into a kind of religious hospital instead of a Christian camp.

The next class is to be found in the fourth chapter of John. The woman there mentioned met Christ at the well and got one draught of the living water, and she went and published the fact of Christ's presence and what he had done for her to the whole town. That is a better class than the other. they have got so far along that they can testify for Christ.

But there is still a better class. In the seventh chapter of John we find it written, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." This is the kind of Christians we want.

In this country we have two ways of digging wells. One, as you who have lived in the country know, is to dig until we come to water; then to stone it up, put in a pump, and pump up the water. Now, many Christians are just like that. They keep on pumping and pumping, and their preaching and praying is all hard and forced. But there is another way of making a well. You bore down through the gravel, and sand, and clay, down, down, till you strike the lower strata, and then up comes the water, a hundred feet high. That is the Artesian well; and the Christians we want are those who are like Artesian wells. People say sometimes, they wonder some hard-working men don't break down. Well, it is a wonder that those who are pumping all the time don't break down; but there is no fear of the Artesian-well people becoming exhausted. Let us have a few Christians of this class here and we shall soon feel their influence.

If we seek for this gift of the Holy Spirit we shall find it. God wants us to have it; and when we are filled with the Spirit every body around us will feel our influence. We shall then have the spirit of wisdom, humility, and meekness instead of going around scolding people: that isn't the work of the Holy Ghost.

Again, those who really have it don't talk much about it. They let other people find it out. Nothing makes a man who is filled with the Holy Spirit so mortified as to have people talk about him: all he himself thinks about is to exalt Christ. That is the only way to reach the world—holding up Christ to the people, and not trying to draw the people to yourselves. If you have the baptism of power they will find it out without any proclamation on your part.

In the twentieth chapter of John we are told of the disciples receiving the Holy Ghost. How much do you suppose those early Christians would have accomplished if they had gone out preaching before the power came?

The rank and file of the Church need this baptism of the Holy Spirit just as much as the preachers. A woman with ten children to take care of needs it just as much as any body. A man harassed with business needs it; there isn't a child of God on earth but needs it.

We read further on, "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues." You have noticed men who, when they stood up in the pulpit, seemed to speak with a new tongue. These same men used to speak with great eloquence and fluency, but it was like "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal;" nobody was ever reached by it. If the preachers in this

city were anointed with this power how much good they might do! This whole country would soon come under their influence.

I believe this gift for service is a thing that the Church has mislaid. Conversion is one thing, and this is another, distinct and separate. It seems to me that the Church has laid it aside, and the result is, that hundreds and thousands come into the Church without even seeking this power. Others, again, say they have this blessing because they received it ten years ago. They live on that, and seem to forget that there is such a thing as losing it. How many men can you remember who did mighty work ten or fifteen years ago who have none of the power now? They preached with unction from Heaven, and the blessing of God rested upon their labors; but they have lost the power. They have forgotten the great truth, that we must keep going to the Fountain-head to get filled. We must have fresh supplies. We don't get enough of Christ at once to carry us through life. The manna came down fresh six days a week, but it wouldn't keep: and the reason we have so many lean, half-starved Christians is, because they live on stale manna.

We are leaky vessels and lose the power. We find that the disciples were several times filled with the Holy Ghost, and we should profit by their experience.

Hundreds of men lose the power without knowing it, and they go on with their forms of preaching, and are astonished at their want of success. A minister came to me to-day and asked, "How can I keep free, and not be trammled when I attempt to preach?" If a man is

filled with the Holy Ghost he isn't trammelled; he has perfect freedom. Jeremiah said the Lord gave him a forehead of brass, and he went before the king as fearlessly as before a peasant. When a man is filled with God he don't care about public opinion; he is simply a mouthpiece to declare the word and will of God. "A trumpet isn't afraid of its own sound."

I remember many a time I have gone from one place to another, and I have said, "God gave me success in that place, and now I shall have the same here." I have tried to carry on the work with the former grace and failed utterly, and I found I had to come right back and get fresh power. I believe that for every work we have to do for God we should get new power. The strength God gave me for Chicago wont do for Boston. I must have a fresh supply for the meetings here.

When a man is thirsty he wants water, and so when Christians are thirsty they want the Holy Spirit above every thing else. The trouble at present is, there is not enough thirst among Christians. A man came to me the other day and said his pastor was troubled about something, and was in great distress. "Well," said I, "let him alone, he is all right; he is thirsty, and going to get filled with the Holy Spirit."

Paul went down to Ephesus and found some men there preaching the Gospel, and he said unto them: "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" That is certainly a strange question if there is no such thing as receiving it after conversion. It may be that I am wrong, but I wish you would take your Bibles and see if this is so; and if it is, then seek this gift. Letters come in from

all over the country asking us to send men here and there. If we had a number of men anointed we might send them out as they were sent out from Jerusalem; but there is no use of sending out men who are not baptized for service.

When I first went to Scotland I was a little troubled about my theology, for fear it wouldn't jibe with theirs. I hadn't my forehead covered with brass then. At one of the early meetings I saw one man with his head covered with his hands, and I thought he was mortified about my theology. When the meeting was over he grabbed his hat, and away he went. I gave him up, and thought he wouldn't come again. He was absent the next few days; but one day he came to the prayer-meeting, and there was such a change in him that I scarcely knew him. He then said he was thoroughly convinced that what I had said was true; that he felt he had been preaching without the power, and that he had made up his mind to get it: so he went and locked himself in his closet, and God revealed himself to his soul.

It was not a month before the people couldn't get into that man's church. I met him before I sailed for this country, and he told me that he hadn't preached a sermon since without some one being converted.

Mr. Moody then gave the following summary of the passages bearing on this question :—Luke iv: Jesus was filled with the Spirit, and resisted and overcame the devil; so every one filled with the Spirit would overcome the devil. Acts i, 8: The disciples received the Holy Ghost, and then witnessed for Jesus. Acts ii, 4: "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues." Acts iv, 8, and Acts iv, 31: "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness." Acts vi, 5-10: Stephen was filled with the Holy Ghost, and no man could

resist his wisdom. Acts ix, 17, 20, 22: Paul was filled with the Holy Ghost, and preached Christ. Acts xi: Barnabas was filled with the Holy Ghost, and many people were added to the Church. Acts xiii, 52: The disciples were filled with the Holy Spirit, and great multitudes believed. He then concluded as follows:—

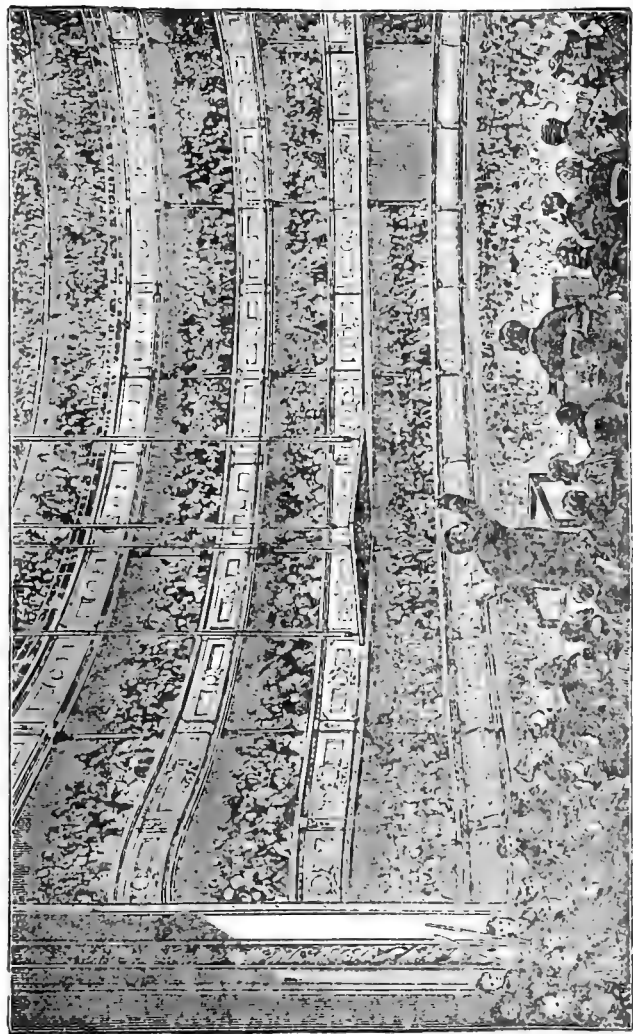
And there will be great multitudes believing in this city if we get filled with the Holy Ghost. My friends, shall we seek this power? How many hearts here are crying for this fresh anointing? Let it be a solemn question between you and God. How many want this new power? Shall we just stand before God and ask him for this blessing? [About one half the audience rose.] Let us send up one united prayer that God will empty us of every thing contrary to his will, and fill us to-day with the Holy Ghost; that we may be like Barnabas and Stephen, and the holy Christians that did such wonderful things in the early days.

EMBLEMS OF THE SPIRIT.

I SAW some time ago a list of what were termed the emblems of the Holy Ghost, and I copied the propositions.

WATER—Cleansing, everlasting, refreshing, abundant, freely given.

There were some men who went to Africa—I think there was a colony wanted to settle. They went to one place, but were told that there was no water there; then they went to another, but found no water. At last they came to a place where the inhabitants said the clouds were pierced above them, and there they made their settlement. Let us see that we get under the pierced clouds



MR. MOODY PREACHING IN THE OPERA HOUSE, HAYMARKET, LONDON.

and have the Spirit of God coming upon us Let us all come under this outpouring of grace.

Then comes FIRE as an emblem of the Holy Ghost—illuminating, brilliant, stirring. WIND — independent, powerful, unseen except by its effects. OIL — healing and comforting. RAIN and DEW—fertilizing, refreshing, penetrating, abundant. A DOVE—gentle, meek, innocent, forgiving. A VOICE—speaking, guiding, warning. A SEAL—impressing, securing.

Let us pray that each one of us may be endowed with the Holy Spirit from this day and hour.

GRIEVING THE HOLY SPIRIT.

“AND grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.” Bear in mind these words were written to the Church at Ephesus. A great many have got the idea that it is the unconverted that grieve the Holy Spirit; but here it certainly is the Church. To be sure, a man that resists the Holy Ghost may grieve him by not letting him into his heart; but this was written to the Church.

Again, “Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice.” This forbids Church quarrels. The Master knows that after the devil gets into the Church the Holy Ghost cannot work. That is one way in which Christians grieve the Holy Ghost by quarreling among themselves.

“And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.” Now if we grieve the Spirit he cannot

work through us and use us. This is also an admonition given to the Church.

Another way that we grieve the Spirit is by being yoked up with ungodly people. We want to be separated. There was a time when there was danger of the Church going over into the world, but I don't think there is so much danger of that now as of the devil and the world coming into the Church. Why, you see the height of the fashion in the churches! We have even got theatricals in a good many of the churches! Now the Holy Ghost is grieved in that way, by letting the world come into the Church.

There is a great call for more intellectual power in the pulpit; but that isn't what we need so much as the Holy Ghost power. Where can you find greater power than that which followed the simple preaching of Barnabas and Stephen? "Why," they say, "if the minister preaches about the sins of the Church he will preach the rich people out of doors; they won't stand it. We must get a man that will compromise between the Church and God, and make every body feel that they are all right." They want ministers to preach about the sins of the old patriarchs, but not about the sins of the present day. They are something like a man in Scotland: An old minister died, and a young man took the old church, and the first time he preached he began to bear down upon the sins of the congregation. After the service, the sexton, or the beadle as they call him there, took him aside and said: "Young man, if you want to be popular don't you speak about the sins of the present day, but bear down hard on the sins and the sinners of two

thousand years ago : they will all like you then, but they wont stand hearing about the sins of the present day."

But if we are going to honor the Holy Ghost we must give the message just as God gives it to us ; and if we are not willing that the man we put in the pulpit shall speak as the Spirit comes to him, then the Holy Ghost is grieved. Are the Churches in New England ready for that ? Are they ready that ministers should preach the whole truth, if it does cut to the heart ? If a man has been defrauding his neighbor, are they ready to have that man preached about, and that sin brought to light ? When we get sin out of the Church, we shall have more conversions in one year than we have had for the last fifty years. I know some people think it will drive away the moneyed men, and that the Church needs their support ; but it will bring God down into the Church, and we need him a great deal more. We don't want intellect and money so much as the power of God's word working in the minds and hearts of men, making them over anew : when we have that we shall see sinners converted.

How many Churches do you think there are in New England that have that power ? Why, I heard of a Church in Chicago that haven't had a conversion for eight years ! Think of it ! And some one praying for that Church said : " Give it one more chance, Lord, before you spew it out of your mouth." I thought that was very appropriate prayer.

The Holy Spirit must be grieved when Christians can't work with power. Let them not talk about the world grieving the Holy Spirit, but bring it home to them

selves. Are we doing any thing to grieve the Holy Ghost that has sealed us for the day of redemption?

In 1 Thessalonians, fifth chapter and nineteenth verse, we find these words: "Quench not the Spirit." That was written to the Church. How do we quench the Spirit? By not being willing to let the Spirit of God lead us. We are all the time taking God's work out of the hands of the Spirit into our own. We quench it by this terrible lukewarmness, by this coldness and stiffness which has come into the Church. Turn over to the fifth chapter of Acts, and you will find that he who does that resists the Holy Ghost.

THE SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST.

THE question has come up (I often get letters concerning it) about the sin against the Holy Ghost. I don't know how many times I have been asked to explain that sin. A lady in the inquiry room last night was troubled on account of the sin against the Holy Ghost, and said that there was no hope for her.

In Matthew xii, 31-33, we have these words: "Wherefore I say unto you, All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him: but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."

Now people read that, and just close the Bible, and say, "I did commit that sin, and therefore I have no

hope in this world or in the world to come." Matthew really leaves us in doubt, but when you turn to the third chapter of Mark, you find that Christ explains it himself. If we would only compare Scripture with Scripture we would get light upon many things we don't understand. No one need go on in the darkness about this question if they will only look and see what Christ said.

Now read Mark iii, 22-29: "And the scribes which came down from Jerusalem said, He hath Beelzebub, and by the prince of the devils casteth he out devils. And he called them unto him, and said unto them in parables, How can Satan cast out Satan? And if a kingdom be divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand. . . . And if Satan rise up against himself, and be divided, he cannot stand, but hath an end. No man can enter into a strong man's house, and spoil his goods, except he will first bind the strong man; and then he will spoil his house. Verily I say unto you, All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and blasphemies wherewithsoever they shall blaspheme: But he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation."

Now people usually stop right there, instead of reading on. The next verse, the thirtieth, just explains it all: "Because they said, He hath an unclean spirit." This, then, is the sin against the Holy Ghost.

Now in all my travels I have never found a man who thought that Jesus Christ was possessed of the devil. And I don't believe that any such man ever lived, except, perhaps, some one who had gone clean mad. Who ever heard any body say that Christ had an unclean

spirit or devil in him, that helped him perform his works; that ever said he was an agent of hell, or that he came from hell instead of from heaven, and was only the devil's instrument? I never heard of any such thing, and it is a question in my mind if any body in Boston has committed that sin. You may turn to Genesis, where it says that God's Spirit will not always strive with man; but didn't those persons referred to live a hundred and twenty years after the Lord said that? Men may be all their life sinning, and die resisting the Holy Ghost; but I think that the Spirit of God strives with men more or less from the cradle to the grave, and the finally impenitent perish because they resist the Holy Ghost. The sin seems to be very clearly this: saying that Christ had a devil in him, and that he performed his miracles by the power of the devil.

Infidels are the same to-day as ever. They don't believe that Christ was the Son of God. But the devils believe it. They knew him well. "Art thou come hither to torment us before the time?" was their cry. And so I hope that if any are stumbling over that sin against the Holy Ghost they will read that thirtieth verse of Mark and remember it: "Because they said, he hath an unclean spirit." If you really believe that the Son of God had a devil in him, and did all his work by the power of the devil, I think you are guilty of the unpardonable sin.

SIN AND SALVATION.

MAN A FAILURE.

"Ye must be born again."—JOHN iii, 7.

TAKE him where you will, and man has always been a failure. He was a failure in Eden and a failure out of it ; a failure before the flood and a failure after it ; a failure in the wilderness and a failure in Canaan. Hear what David says : " Behold, I was shapen in iniquity ; and in sin did my mother conceive me." Men are slow to find out that none are pure in the sight of God ; but the nearer they get to him the more they see their own sinfulness. Job could argue with his friends and make himself out to be a very good man, a benevolent man, such a man as you would like to have for an elder, or church-warden, or chairman of the Board of Foreign Missions. If there was an endowment to be raised for a theological seminary his name would be first on the list ; but the moment that God said to him, " Gird up now thy loins like a man ; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me," and then began to put to him a few questions, Job saw his sinfulness, and cried out, " I am vile. I abhor myself."

No man is fit to come into God's kingdom till he learns this first letter of the alphabet ; but there are a great many who want to begin with Z instead of A. If a man don't believe he is lost to begin with, what does he want of a Gospel or a Saviour ?

Did any of you ever go down into a coal-pit, fifteen hundred or two thousand feet, right down into the bowels of the earth? If you have, don't you know that it would be sheer madness to try to climb up the steep sides of that shaft and so get out of the pit? Of course you couldn't leap out of it; in fact, you couldn't get out of it at all by yourself. But I'll tell you this—you could get out of a coal-pit fifteen hundred feet deep a good deal quicker than you can get out of the pit that Adam took you into. When Adam went down he took the whole human family with him. But the Lord, by means of his cross, has lifted us out of the pit of ruin.

Now who was it to whom Christ said, "Ye must be born again?" It was to Nicodemus, as moral a man, I presume, as lives in the city of Boston. There is not a thing on record against him. He was a ruler of the Jews; he belonged to the highest ecclesiastical court on earth at that time; if he lived now he would be called the Rev. Dr. Nicodemus, and we would make him president of some theological seminary—perhaps give him a chair at Andover. He was a man who stood high, and yet this very man Christ said must be born again.

I am glad this was said to Nicodemus and not to the poor woman at the well, because then the moral men in Boston would have said, "I hope the revival will reach all the harlots and drunkards in Boston, but we respectable people don't need it; O, no!" But if Nicodemus, that moralist in Jerusalem, needed to be born again, so does every man in Boston. This idea, that you who are born in Boston don't need to be born of the Spirit, comes from the devil; it don't come from the Bible. You

can't find that anywhere in the Scriptures ; the moralist of Boston needs to be converted as much as the drunkard. " Except ye be converted, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of God." " Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish," said Christ to the moralists of his time. So don't flatter yourselves that you are going to get into the kingdom of God without being converted ; or that the poor harlots and drunkards need to be converted, and you do not. The moralists of this audience need to be converted, for Christ said to Nicodemus, " Except"—put that word in there—" Except ye be born again, ye cannot see the kingdom of God." Wont you just ask yourself the question ? Let it come home to every heart to-night ! Don't think, now, I am speaking to the man who is next to you, or the man behind you. That is the way ministers lose about half their sermons. People are all the time lending their ears for some one else, and saying : " O, that will hit somebody else ; that is good for a man behind me," and he passes it over his shoulder, and that man over his, and so it goes out doors. Let it commence right down here to-night, and lodge in your hearts, and then let it go around all over the platform. Don't let any one excuse himself to-night. Let us have a heart-searching time. Let us ask God to show us whether we have been born of the Spirit, because it is a solemn question, a *terribly solemn question* ! " Except—a man—be born—again—he cannot—see—the kingdom—of God." I wish I could get you to *think* five minutes to-night. Just forget the preaching and the surroundings, and let the question sink down into your heart : " Have I been converted ? Have I been born of the Spirit ?"

When I was born, in 1837, I was born after the flesh, with a wicked nature which I had inherited all the way back from fallen Adam ; but when I was born again, in 1856, then I became a child of God.

A Christian is the most remarkable thing on the face of the earth. He has two natures, the flesh nature and the spiritual nature ; and these two are at war, one against the other, until grace finally triumphs over nature.

This world is one vast hospital. Everybody is sick ; everybody needs a physician ; but, thanks be unto God ! there is the great Physician, who is able to cure all diseases of soul and body.

I heard of a young man, a surgeon in Belfast, who used to go into the hospitals, and when he found a wounded man, and was making ready to operate upon him, he would say to him : " Look at your wound, take a good look at it ; " and when he had come to realize what a bad, dangerous wound it was, he would say, " Now look at me : " and then he would begin to cut.

That is the way with Christ, the great physician. He wants us to take a good look at our sick, sinful souls, and then he wants us to stop looking at ourselves and our sins, and look straight at him. Not one here, another there, and another somewhere else, but *whosoever* believeth shall be saved. God wants every one of his children in heaven. Somebody will say, Why, that is Universalism. Yes, the offer of salvation is a universal offer. " Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man."

All you want to prove is, that you were born into this world, and I will prove to you that you have a Saviour. If

you were born in the moon, or some of the planets, I don't know how the case may be; but if you are human. if you are flesh and blood, you may be born again, born of the Spirit into everlasting life.

“TEKEL.”

“Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.”—DAN. v, 27.

AFTER briefly reciting the single scene from the life of king Belshazzar—the record of his one night of idolatrous feasting and revelry, wherein he and a thousand of his lords drank wine out of the holy vessels of the house of the Lord which his father had brought from the temple of Jehovah in Jerusalem, praising the gods of silver and gold—Mr. Moody pictured the fear of the king as the writing appeared; the interpretation thereof by Daniel; the entry of Cyrus and his army that very night, and the death of Belshazzar.—He then made the thrilling proposition to weigh all the souls then present in the balance of God's judgment, to see if they were not “Tekel,” like the wretched Belshazzar.

MEN cavil now at God's word, and think themselves good enough to be saved without Christ; but when the judgment comes their view of themselves will be altogether different. Suppose God were to give us notice that we were, every man and woman in this Tabernacle, to be weighed to-night in his balance, suspended from his throne in heaven and dropped down here before us, how many of you would be ready to be weighed?

Sinner, are you ready to be weighed on God's scales? What shall we have to weigh with? The law of God. “O,” says some one, “I don't want to be weighed by the law: that is gone by; we are not living now under the law.” But what does Christ say about it? “Think not that I am come to destroy the law and the prophets. I

am not come to destroy but to fulfill." "Till heaven and earth pass one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." Some men don't like the ten commandments; they prefer the sermon on the mount. Ah, my friends, the standard of the sermon on the mount is infinitely higher than the ten commandments. Well, now, are you ready? Step in, then, and be weighed.

I have heard some men say, "If I keep the commandments I don't need any Christ." That is true; but if there is man or woman here to-night that has never broken the ten commandments let them step in and be weighed.

Here is the first commandment, [taking up a piece of paper,] and we will suppose it is a weight like those little pieces of iron which they use for weights in common scales: "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me." I will drop this into one scale, while you are in the other, [dropping it on the reading desk.] Have you no other gods before the Lord? your wife—your children—pleasure—wealth—honor? Do you worship God before all things? Do you love him and worship him more than every other thing or being? Ah, I see you are too light; the scale flies up with you. You are "Tekel"—weighed in the balance, and found wanting.

Take another weight with the second commandment written on it: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image. . . . Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them." O yes, says one; I can be weighed with that commandment. But how many of you worship some idol? It may not be in the form of a graven image, it

may be money, business, self. Now let me put in this weight also, [dropping the second paper with the first,] for it is not with one, but with all the commandments that you must be weighed in God's scales.

How God's law goes down against you !

Here is a weight with the third commandment written on it: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Young man, have you taken God's name in vain to-day ? Hear this: "For the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." I don't suppose men would think of taking God's name in vain if he had not forbidden it. Men don't swear by their other friends, by father or mother, by wife or children ; but just because he has said, "Thou shalt not take my name in vain," they say, "We will do it." Blasphemer, step into the scales. Ah ! you are "Tekel ;" you are lighter than the dust of the balance ; you are weighed in the balance and are found wanting. "O," you say, "but I swear only when I get mad !" Yes, and that shows that you have a bad heart, or else you would never think of taking the name of God in vain. That is no excuse ; God will not hold you guiltless. If he should say to you to-night, "Step in and be weighed," your soul would be lost forever for breaking this command.

Take another weight [another paper] with the fourth commandment written on it: "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy." Have you observed God's sabbath ? Are you willing to be weighed against this commandment ? Some of these Christians may say, "That cuts us too." Very well, let it cut. Woe be to the nation that disrespects God's sabbath. Are you innocent in this mat-

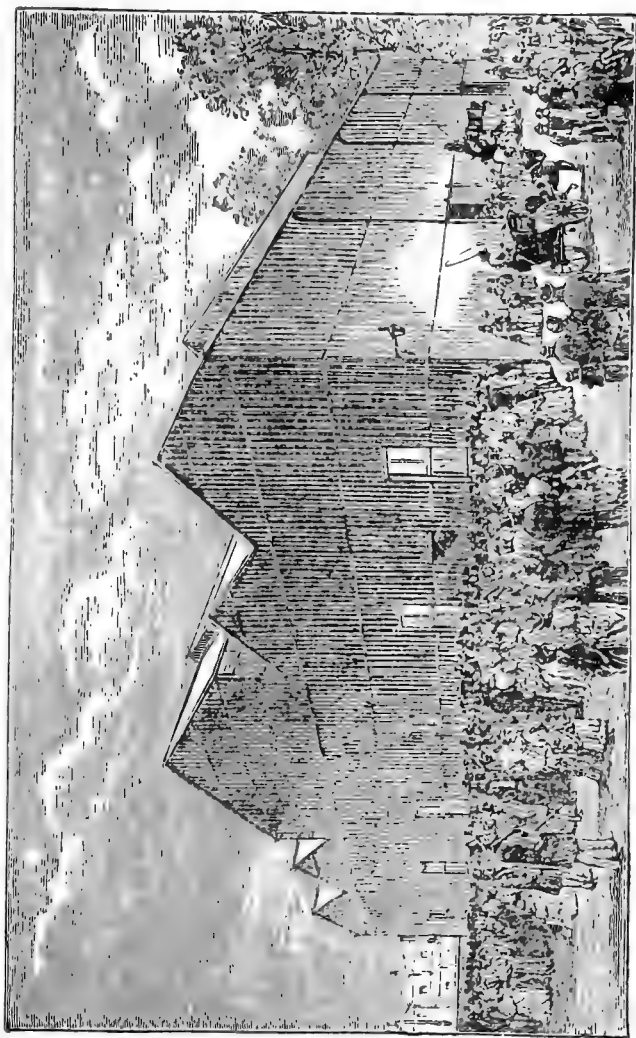
ter? I have been talking with some of these street-car conductors, and they tell me they have no chance to go to the house of God; they have to work on Sunday as well as on any other day. How many of you ride on the street-cars to come down to these Sunday-morning meetings?

O, you say, "We couldn't come if we didn't come by the cars."

"I'll tell you what to do! Walk. It'll do you good. I have had a rule for a long time not to do any thing to take away another man's sabbath. One day in London I had to walk ten miles to get to my four appointments, which I was foolish enough to make before consulting the table of distances. I went to bed that night very tired, but I had a clear conscience. I should hate to own stock in these street-railways. No man can work seven days a week and save his soul.

Here is another weight [another paper] with the fifth commandment on it: "Honor thy father and thy mother." How many young people here are willing to be weighed against this law of God?

I have never known a young lady to marry against the wishes of her parents who did not come to trouble on account of it. I think the general lack of honor to parents is one of the signs of the last days; for we read that in the last days there shall be people "without natural affection," as well as the other sins that are mentioned. How many sons are there here who laugh at their mothers' prayers? You may laugh now, but when God bids you step into his balances, and weighs you against this commandment, you will not laugh any more. Put it with the rest [suing the



CAMBERWELL HALL,
Erected for the Moody and Sankey meetings in London, Southside.

action to the word.] We are not to be weighed by one, but by all the laws of God.

Here is the sixth commandment: [another paper:] "Thou shalt not kill." Perhaps there is not a murderer in all this congregation, but is there any one here who ever got so angry with any one as to wish he were dead? If so, Christ says that he is a murderer. "He that hateth his brother is a murderer, and we know that no murderer hath eternal life." Can you not see written up over you when weighed by this law, "*Tekel*, thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting?"

Take the seventh commandment: "Thou shalt not commit adultery." This seems to be the most common of all sins, and yet it is of such a nature that we cannot preach about it very freely. Young man, are you guilty of this sin—guilty even in thought? How many men come into these inquiry rooms bound hand and foot with this infamous vice! They are in the power of some harlot, and she says: "If you desert me I will expose you." Can you take that harlot with you into God's scales? Perhaps you think your sin is secret, and no one knows it; but let me tell you, God knows it. Many a man has been brought down to hell by that sin, and he hands down to his posterity evils that will follow them for generations. Arise, shake yourself like Samson; confess your sin to God; break it off; leave the way to the house of her whose feet take hold on hell! *Tekel! Tekel! TEKEL!*

Here is the eighth commandment: "Thou shalt not steal." There may be some thieves here to-night; some clerk who has taken five cents of his employer's money to get a cigar, or ten cents to get a shave; but he is just as

truly a thief as if he had stolen a thousand dollars. Don't you see how quick it will bring you to ruin? It is a thousand times better to go up to heaven from some poor-house than to go down to hell from a gilded palace. Put it with the rest, [he did so,] for we must be weighed against them all.

The ninth commandment: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Are you guilty of saying any thing against your neighbor that is not true? Or, in other words, are you guilty of lying? And here is the tenth, "Thou shalt not covet." Have you never coveted your neighbor's wealth? I used to sin that way very often before I was converted.

And now let us add the new commandment which Christ gave, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." Is love reigning in your heart? Are you selfish? Is your heart set on this world and not on God? This is one of the commandments by which you have got to be weighed.

Here comes up a moralist; he may suppose he has kept all these commandments—has never broken one of them, but when he looks at the scales he finds written on one side of the beam in letters of fire, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." He looks at the other side and reads, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." And what is to become of the moralist then? He may be as good a man as Nicodemus, against whom there isn't a word of complaint in the Bible, but it was to that very man that Jesus said, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the

kingdom of God." I would rather preach to this hall full of thieves, and drunkards, and vagabonds, than to a hall full of self-righteous Pharisees ; there would be more hope of their being saved, for it wouldn't take them so long to see their sins and turn to Christ to be saved from them.

I should like to weigh a few different classes of people in these scales. Take the rum-sellers. Is there a rum-seller here? You may say you will not be weighed, but the time will come when you must be weighed. God will put you in one scale, and that word in the other which says, "Woe to him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips." Escape for thy life to-night, or the time is coming when you will look up and see written over you, "Tekel ; weighed in the balances, and found wanting."

Now, shall we weigh the drunkard? Here is God's word, "No drunkard shall enter into the kingdom of God," and when God puts you in his balances you will be lighter than vanity.

There may be some cold or lukewarm professors of religion here. What is to become of you? You may say, "I belong to the Presbyterian Church, or the Methodist Church, or the Baptist Church." Well, are you ready to be weighed? You are like the foolish virgins ; they had lamps—they had a profession of religion, but they had no oil in their lamps, no real saving grace in their souls ; and when they came and knocked for admittance, the Bridegroom said, "Depart, I never knew you."

Leave your dead formality ; arouse yourself, for God says, "Since thou art neither cold nor hot, but lukewarm, I will spew thee out of my mouth." "Tekel ; thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."

But I imagine some one saying, "I would like to see Mr. Moody put the test to himself." Well, my friends, I am ready any time to step into the scales and be weighed. Haven't I broken the law? Yes. But when God tells me to step into his scales I shall take Christ in with me. He never broke the law, and his righteousness will be enough for me. The Son of God is more than all the commandments, and if I am in the scale with him I shall not be found wanting. Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth; and when death comes we who have Christ formed in us—who have received his nature and his righteousness—need not be afraid; but they who are out of Christ, and are trusting to their own righteousness, will find written over them, "Tekel; thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."

LAW AND GRACE.

"For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ."—JOHN i, 17.

I AM going to talk to you to-night about grace. There are a good many people who don't seem to understand what it means. Well, I will tell you: grace means unmerited mercy, undeserved favor. Now, I want you to bear in mind that God is the God of all grace, but we shouldn't have known any thing about it if it hadn't been for Jesus Christ and his gospel.

Men talk about grace, but they don't seem to understand it. These bankers talk about grace. If you want to borrow a thousand dollars, they will let you have it if you can give them good security: and they take your note for it:

"Thirty days from date I promise to pay a thousand dollars." Then, when the time comes to pay it, they give you three days more than the thirty days, and they call them "days of grace," but they make you pay interest for those three days all the same ; and when the days of grace are up, if you cannot pay the money they will sell you out and take every thing you have got. Not much grace about that. If you want any grace you must go to God for it : his grace forgives interest, principal, and all.

Now I want to call your attention to the fifth chapter of Romans and the twentieth verse : " Moreover, the law entered, that the offense might abound. But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound : that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord." Now, sin hath reigned unto death, but grace hath reigned unto eternal life. It don't stop with death, grace don't ; it carries us past death, right through the grave, clear over into the Promised Land. In the first chapter of Joshua we read that Moses brought the children of Israel down to Jordan, but he couldn't bring them any further. He was the representative of the law, and that is where the law brings us to—to Jordan. Jordan means death—judgment. After bringing them to death and judgment, he couldn't bring them any further, but left them there. The law brings us to death, and there it leaves us ; it don't give life ; it never has given life, and it never can. Sin reigns unto death, but the grace of God hath reigned unto eternal life. So when Moses had brought the children of Israel down to Jordan, and couldn't go any further, then came Joshua and took the

congregation over. Joshua means Jesus. And as Joshua led them over Jordan, so Jesus will take his people through the valley of the shadow of death over unto eternal life. John the Baptist was the last representative of the law. He brought the people who came to be baptized down into Jordan, and he left them at Jordan, and when Christ came he commenced where John had left off—He went into the Jordan and brought the people out of it. That is the difference between law and grace; law slays a man, but grace makes him live; the law takes a man to death and judgment, but Christ comes and quickens him, and gives him eternal life. Some people are lingering around Sinai yet: leave it and come to Calvary.

See the prodigal son. He went away and lived a low and vicious life. He squandered all he had. He was a drunkard and spent his substance on harlots and thieves, but how did his father treat him? Did he take him out and have him stoned to death? No. That would have been his fate under the law I have read to you; but see how his father acted toward him under grace. He met him with a kiss, and treated him with kindness and love. The law says, "Stone him;" grace says, "Kiss him."

When Moses was in Egypt he turned the water into blood: when Christ was on earth he turned the water into wine. That is the difference between law and grace. Law says, "Kill him;" grace says, "Forgive him."

Law makes us crooked; grace straightens us. Law makes us vile; grace cleanses us.

When the law came out of Horeb three thousand men were lost. At Pentecost, under grace, three thousand men got life. What a difference!

When Moses came to the burning bush he was commanded to take the shoes from off his feet. When the prodigal came home after years of wandering and wickedness he was given a pair of shoes to put on his feet.

The law is a school-master; a cold, severe man that is continually holding a rattan over you. Thou shalt do this, and thou shalt do that. This is the law, with a rattan at the back of it; but under grace the school-master tries to rule the school with love. We had a man in the little country school I used to go to who was stern and harsh, and always kept a rattan handy. I can feel it on my back to-night. But after awhile there came a lady who tried to rule by love.

That suited us. No more rattans. What fun we were going to have.

I was the first boy to disobey, and she asked me to stay after school; and then she talked to me with tears in her eyes, and said, "If you love me, keep my rules." I tell you I never broke any of her rules after that! Just so Christ says, "If you love me, keep my commandments." That is the strongest kind of an argument, and that is the doctrine of grace.

Now the question comes, How are we to become partakers of this grace? In the fourth chapter of Hebrews and the sixteenth verse we read: "Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." God wants us to come and get all the grace we need. The reason why there are so many poverty-stricken Christians is, because they don't come to the throne of grace.

It is related of Alexander that he gave one of his

generals who had pleased him permission to draw on his treasurer for any sum. When the draft came in the treasurer was scared, and wouldn't pay it till he saw his master. But when the treasurer told him what he had done Alexander said, "Don't you know that he has honored me and my kingdom by making a large draft?" So we honor God by making a large draft on him. If there is a drunkard here who wishes to get control of his appetite, all he has to do is to come to Christ with a great draft.

When Dr. Arnold was in this country—he is now in heaven—I heard him use an illustration in a sermon that impressed me. He said: "Haven't you ever been in a house where the family were at dinner, and haven't you seen the old family dog standing near and watching his master, and looking at every morsel of food as if he wished he had it? If his master drops a crumb, he at once licks it up; but if he should set the dish of roast beef down, and say, 'Come, come,' the dog wouldn't touch it—it's too much for him. So with God's children; they are willing to take a crumb, but refuse when God wants them to go for the platter." God wants you to come right to the throne of grace; come boldly, and ask great things.

Awhile ago I learned from the Chicago papers that there had been a run on the banks, and many of them were broken. What a good thing it would be to get up a run on the bank of heaven! God has been trying to get up a run on the Bank of Grace for the last eighteen hundred years, but he can't do it.

Grace means pardon for the past, peace for the present, glory for the future. Pardon and peace now, and eternal glory just beyond.

FREE SALVATION.

"And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved ; but he that believeth not shall be damned."—MARK xvi, 15, 16.

I LIKE those texts that have such a good sweep that they take in every body. Some preachers have great trouble in getting their hearers to believe that they are included in the Gospel call, but surely every body is to be invited according to this farewell charge of Christ to his disciples. These words were uttered after Christ had tasted death for every man. Gethsemane was behind him ; Calvary, with all its horrors, was past ; he was just ready to go home to take his seat at the right hand of the Father, and was giving the disciples their commission and his parting message.

I can just imagine all that little band of disciples who stood around him—those unlearned men of Galilee—those fishermen who had been associated with him for three years—I can imagine the tears trickling down their cheeks as he talked of leaving them ; and some of them thinking that the Lord didn't really mean that they should preach the Gospel to *every* creature, for he had hard work to make them believe that the Gospel was to be preached to the Gentiles.

It seems as if the Jews wanted to keep the Gospel in Palestine ; but by the grace of God it would flow out ; it would go to the world because he had given orders that the Gospel should be preached to every creature. And now we find the messengers going to the four corners of the earth to proclaim the glad tidings of the Gospel of Christ.

But I can imagine that Peter says: "Lord, you don't really mean that we shall preach the Gospel to those men that murdered you, do you?"

"Yes," says the Lord, "go and preach the Gospel to those Jerusalem sinners, to those chief priests and Pharisees; go and hunt up that man that put the crown of thorns upon my brow, and preach the Gospel to him. Tell him he may have a crown in my kingdom without a thorn in it, and may sit upon my throne, if he will accept of salvation as a gift. Go find that man that spat in my face, and preach the Gospel to him, and offer him salvation, and tell him he can be saved if he is only cleansed by the blood I shed at Calvary. Go to the man that thrust the spear into my side, and tell him there is a nearer way to my heart than that. Tell him there is nothing but love in my heart for him. Go preach the Gospel to *every creature*."

After he had gone up on high we find the Holy Ghost came down on the tenth day, and then they began to preach. Now see Peter, standing there upon the day of Pentecost and preaching the Gospel to those sinners; and as John Bunyan says, "If a Jerusalem sinner can be saved, there is hope for us all."

Do you think God is mocking? Do you think he is offering salvation to you, and then not giving you the power to take it? The Gospel is preached to every creature, and do you think he is not willing that every creature on the face of the earth shall be saved?

I like to proclaim the Gospel, because it is to be proclaimed *to all*. When I see a poor drunkard, when I see a thief, when I see a prisoner in yonder prison, it is a grand, glorious thing to go and proclaim to him the glad

tidings, because I know he can be saved. There is no one that has gone so far, or fallen so low, but that he can be saved ; because every one of God's proclamations are headed "whosoever." That takes in all.

In a prison the other day the chaplain said to me : "I want to tell you a scene that occurred here some time ago. Our commissioners went to the governor of the State and got him to give his consent to pardon out five men for good behavior. The governor said the record was to be kept in secret ; the men were to know nothing about it. At the end of six months the men were brought out, the roll called, and the president of the commission came up and spoke to them ; then putting his hands in his pocket he drew out the papers and said to those eleven hundred convicts, 'I hold in my hand pardons for five men.' I never witnessed any thing like it. Every man held his breath—it was as silent as death. Then the commissioner went on to tell how they got these pardons ; how it was the governor had given them ;" and the chaplain said the suspense was so great that he spoke out to the commissioner and asked him to first read the names of those pardoned before he spoke further. The first name read out was, "Reuben Johnson. Let Reuben Johnson come and get his pardon.'

"He held out the paper, but no one came. He looked all around, expecting to see a man spring to his feet at once ; still no one arose ; then he turned to the officer of the prison and said :—

" 'Are all the convicts here ?'

" 'Yes,' was the reply.

" 'Then Reuben Johnson will come and get his pardon.'"

The real Reuben Johnson was all this time looking around to see where Reuben was ; and when the chaplain beckoned to him, he turned and looked around behind him, thinking some other man must be meant. A second time he beckoned to Reuben, and called to him, and a second time the man looked around to see where Reuben was, until at last the chaplain said to him, "You are the man, Reuben ;" and he rose in his seat and sank back again, thinking it could not be true. He had been there for nineteen years, having been placed there for life, and when he came up and took his pardon he could hardly believe his eyes ; and he went back to his seat and wept like a child. When the convicts were marched back to their cells Reuben had been so long in the habit of falling into line and taking the lock-step with the rest that he fell into his place, and the chaplain had to say, "Reuben, come out ; you are a free man."

That is the way men make out their pardon—for good behavior ; but the Gospel of Jesus Christ is offered to those that have not behaved well. It is offered to all that have sinned and are not worthy. All a man has got to prove now is, that he is not worthy, and I will show him that Christ died for him. Christ died for us while we were yet in sin ; that is the glory of his gospel.

When we were in London, Mr. Spurgeon one day took Mr. Sankey and myself to his orphan asylum, and he was telling us about the children—that some of them had aunts and cousins, and that every boy had some friend who took an interest in him, and came to see him, and gave him a little pocket-money. One day, while he stood there a little boy came up to him and said, "Mr. Spurgeon, let me

speak to you. Suppose your father and mother were dead, and you didn't have any cousins, or aunts, or uncles, or friends to come to see you and give you pocket-money and presents, like the rest of the boys do, don't you think you would feel bad?—because that's me!"

"I put my right hand down into my pocket," said Mr. Spurgeon, "and took out some money and gave him."

Because that's me! And so with the Gospel; let every lost sinner say, "Christ died for me."

RIGHTEOUSNESS FIRST.

"But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."—MATTHEW vi, 33.

Now that is just as much a command as it is that men sha'n't swear. It is just as much a command that all are to seek the kingdom of God as it is that we shall not steal, or lie, or kill. People talk about the ten commandments, but there are a great many other commandments in the Bible. Some people are wondering why it is that they don't prosper in life—why they don't get on better. To me it is a great wonder we get along as well as we do, going against all God's laws, and disobeying him continually. If you had a son who wouldn't obey you you would not expect him to prosper, and wouldn't be anxious that he should, because prosperity in wickedness would be an injury to him.

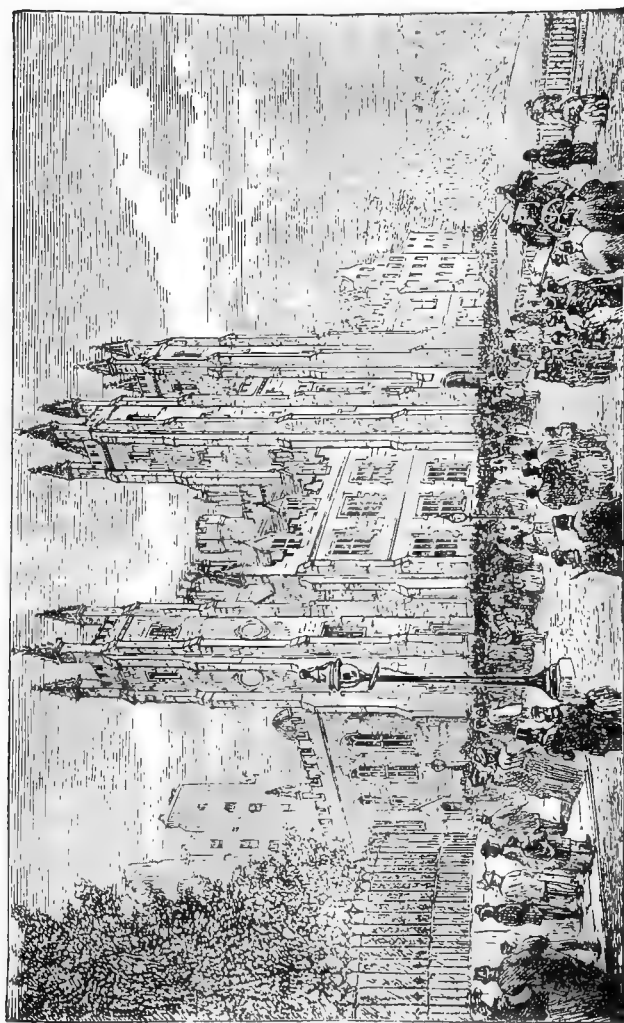
"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and *his* righteousness"—not our own. You may be seeking after your own righteousness; but what does the Bible say? "Seek ye

first the kingdom of God, and *his* righteousness." That's what we want—we want God's righteousness. Now, if we are going to seek our own righteousness, of course we will not get into God's kingdom, because we cannot get there with our own righteousness ; it is only when we give up our righteousness—filthy rags—and seek God's righteousness with all our hearts, that we get into the kingdom of God.

"First," says the text ; but a great many people think it is time enough to seek the kingdom of God after they have attended to every thing else. What God puts first you put last, and what he puts last you put first.

But some one will say : "Ah, Mr. Moody, that is well enough for talk, but you just get where I am—out of work—no money—no friends—a stranger in the city—and you would tell a different story." My friends, I know just what that means. I have walked the streets of Boston out of work, out of money, and not knowing what I was going to do for a living. The whole of my early life was one long struggle with poverty ; but I have no doubt it was God's way of bringing me to himself. And since I began to seek first the kingdom of God, I have never wanted for any thing : God has added all other things unto me.

But it will not do to seek Christ because of what you hope to make by it. I used to make a mistake on that point. When I was at work in the City Relief Society, before the fire, I used to go to a poor sinner with the Bible in one hand and a loaf of bread in the other. Dr. Chalmers used to forbid his missionaries giving away money or supplies. He said those things ought to come by other hands, and I thought he was all wrong. My



FREE CHURCH ASSEMBLY HALL, EDINBURGH.

idea was that I could open a poor man's heart by giving him a load of wood or a ton of coal when the winter was coming on, but I soon found out that he wasn't any more interested in the Gospel on that account. Instead of thinking how he could come to Christ, he was thinking how long it would be before he got another load of wood. If I had the Bible in one hand and a loaf in the other the people always looked first at the loaf; and that was just contrary to the order laid down in the Gospel.

If you obey this text you will seek the kingdom of God right now, before you do any thing else, before you go home, before I stop preaching and invite you to the inquiry room. "First," means this instant.

It is said that Dr. Chalmers once went to spend a few days with a Christian family, and when he arrived the mother said to him, "Doctor, there is my daughter; she is away from God, and we can't get her to seek him, with all we can do." The good man promised to speak to her. So after awhile he met her alone, and said to her, "They bother you a good deal talking religion to you, don't they?"

"Yes, indeed," answered the Scotch lassie.

"Well," said the doctor, "suppose I tell your mother that you are tired of this thing, and that no one is to say any thing more to you about religion for a year."

The girl thought for a moment, and then replied: "Perhaps it wouldn't be safe to put it off a whole year."

"Perhaps it wouldn't," he replied. "Shall we say six months then?"

"I might die in six months," answered the girl.

"Quite so; maybe we had better say three months."

"But there is no telling what might happen in three months," said the lassie, now fully awakened to a sense of her danger out of Christ.

"You are right," said the doctor. "Perhaps it is not safe to put it off at all." And down upon their knees they went, and the young lady soon gave her heart to Christ.

SERMON TO FALLEN WOMEN.

ON Wednesday, December 8, Mr. Moody read the following letter, saying he had been in doubt whether to make it public or not, but did so with the hope that it might do good. He declared his earnest sympathy with the class of persons represented by the writer, and during the reading there was almost breathless silence. Nothing has produced such an overwhelming impression upon an audience since the meetings began, and the thought that the writer, who had evidently been a lady of culture before her sad fall, was probably in the house, added not a little to the interest with which the audience listened to her well-worded letter:—

D. L. MOODY.

CHICAGO, *December 7.*

DEAR SIR,—I am a prostitute, and in perusing the daily papers I am often anxious to hear you say something for us and for our class. You admit into your presence and invite experiences from men who have been the vilest rascals, whoremongers, and villains on the face of the earth. You warn them to "come to Christ" in time to be saved, but you have not, since your stay in Chicago, to my knowledge, said one word of comfort to us. Several days ago I noticed that you advised young men who were living with "harlots" "to leave them at once, and have nothing more to do with them." Would it not have been well to say, "Not only come yourself, young man, but try and induce those 'victims of man's lust' to come with you?" I have asked myself, Am I too low to be asked by man to come to Christ, when God himself has said, "There is none righteous, no, not one." There are young girls in this city who are leading lives of shame because of the lustful passions of men who have joined your meetings, and whom you have taken into the fold lately. What do you or they care for the waifs and stray ones thus ruined? Is it right that such things should be? Have you no word of comfort for us?

Mr. Moody, do you believe Jesus Christ, who died to save sinners, is at

the last great day going to discriminate between your reformed profligates and us, who have suffered a thousand times more than they the pangs of disgrace and the scorn of society on their account?

Remember, Mr. Moody, that God is a just God, and the rules and regulations of society will not cut much figure in the end.

I think you are a one-sided evangelist, and pander more to the tastes of society than to your entire duty. You give yourself up to work for Christ, and don't half do it. Remember that Chicago has nearly as many abandoned women as men. We need the comfort of Jesus as much as they, and are just as capable to remain steadfast in our reformation as they, notwithstanding we are ostracised from society while they are admitted into the best.

Hoping when you next speak you will say something about our leaving our present lives, we, that is—some of us—will be there to hear what you say.

Yours,

A SINFUL GIRL.

After reading the letter Mr. Moody offered a prayer full of deep and tender emotion for these poor fallen women, who, he said, were not a bit worse than fallen men. He then announced that he would try and speak a word on Thursday night to this class of persons, and earnestly invited them to come to the Tabernacle and hear the hope which Christ held out to them in the Gospel. Many in the audience were in tears. The impression made by the scene cannot fail to be a lasting benefit. The letter itself, however, is hardly a fair showing of the work of the revival. If Mr. Moody has been a "one-sided evangelist," the Woman's Evangelistic Committee have furnished the other side, and quite a number of just such persons as this broken-hearted woman have been rescued, sheltered, and saved.

The announcement, as might be expected, drew an immense congregation to hear what Mr. Moody had to say to fallen women.

At half-past seven the Tabernacle was full, but the stow-away process was continued until nearly eight, when the doors were reluctantly closed. The announcement that Mr. Moody would speak some words of Christian counsel and comfort to the fallen women of Chicago was the especial attraction of the evening. The choir and the audience sang together for half an hour with good effect, when Mr. Sankey entered and gave out the hymn "Ring the Bells of Heaven," which was given with great spirit. The solo and chorus, "Rescue the Perishing," was next sung, after which the Rev. Dr. Mitchell offered prayer.

Mr. Sankey then sang "The Ninety and Nine," and Mr. Moody

read the Scripture lesson from the seventh chapter of Luke, beginning with the thirty-sixth verse, being the account of the feast at the house of Matthew the publican, at which the woman that was a sinner washed his feet with tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head.

The following words, entitled "A Sinner Forgiven," were then sung by Mr. Sankey as a solo with much tenderness and expression :—

To the hall of the feast came the sinful and fair ;
She heard in the city that Jesus was there ;
Unheeding the splendor that blazed on the board,
She silently knelt at the feet of the Lord.

The frown and the murmur went round through them all,
That one so unhallowed should tread in that hall ;
And some said the poor would be objects more meet,
As the wealth of her perfume she showered on His feet.

She heard but the Saviour ; she spoke with but sighs ;
She dared not look up to the heaven of his eyes ;
And the hot tears gushed forth at each heave of her breast,
As her lips to his sandals were throbbingly pressed.

In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow,
In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow,
He looked on that lost one ; "her sins were forgiven,"
And the sinner went forth in the beauty of heaven.

Mr. Moody then announced as his text the fifth chapter of Luke, thirty-second verse: "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

THIS saying of Christ is also mentioned by Matthew and Mark, and when you find any thing recorded by several of the evangelists you may know it is something of great importance. Christ had been cast out of Nazareth and had come down to live at Capernaum, where he found a publican by the name of Matthew, and said unto him, "Follow me." Matthew at once left all and followed Christ, and he was so rejoiced that he made a great feast and invited all the publicans to his

house to meet his new Master. But now we find the Pharisees at their old work—complaining. They found fault with Christ for receiving sinners and for eating with publicans, and their complaints were the occasion of his speaking the words of the text: “But their scribes and Pharisees murmured against his disciples, saying, Why do ye eat and drink with publicans and sinners? And Jesus, answering, said unto them, They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.” That was Christ’s business, his profession, as we might call it. At another time, when the people of a Samaritan town refused him hospitality, and James and John wanted to know if they should call for fire to come down from heaven and consume them, Jesus said, “Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. For the Son of man is not come to destroy men’s lives, but to save them.” Luke ix, 55, 56.

Christ’s mission is to save, and he will save every sinner in this house to-night who is willing to be saved.

Some one may say, “I am too much of a sinner to come to Christ.” Why, my friend, you might just as well say, “I am too hungry to eat;” or, “I am too sick to have a doctor;” or, “I am a beggar, and I will wait till I get something before I ask any thing.”

There isn’t any kind of sinner in Chicago but has a representative in the Bible. There were the publicans. The Jews thought them about ten degrees lower than any other people, and when they spoke of sinners they put the publicans first—“publicans and sinners.” Some of them were the greatest villains that ever went unhung

It was their business to collect the taxes for the Roman government, and when the taxes were a hundred thousand dollars they would collect a hundred and fifty thousand, and keep the difference themselves. If there was a poor widow who couldn't pay the tax they would sell every thing she had to get the money. Their money was not taken at the temple; priests would not speak to them, and the common people despised them. They were almost as bad as our rum-sellers. They were lost, and therefore Christ came **to save them.**

There are persecutors, who will not suffer their wives and children to become Christians, who ridicule the religion of Christ, and do all in their power against it, just as Saul of Tarsus did; but Christ saved him. There is the moralist and the Pharisee, the hardest kind of people to reach; they think they are whole and need no physician, but Christ saved some of them even. Nicodemus was a Pharisee, and so was Joseph of Arimathea.

But to-night I want to talk to another class, the fallen women. The world seems to think that if a woman falls there is no hope for her; but there are such women in the Bible, whom Jesus sought out and saved, and I want to call your attention to three representative cases of this kind. The first is the one mentioned in the seventh chapter of Luke. She was awakened by the Spirit of God, and when Jesus came to that feast at the house of one of the Pharisees she managed to pass the servant at the door, and to get into the room where the Master, according to the custom, reclined on a couch at table in such a manner that his feet, instead of being under the table, rested on the couch behind. There were

often a good many strange people following Christ, and when he went to a feast there was no telling who might come in along with him; so I suppose this poor, sinful woman managed to get in along with the crowd. She had an alabaster box full of precious ointment, but her heart was full of contrition. Standing behind the Saviour she bathed his feet with her tears, and wiped them with her long black hair. The Pharisees argued that Jesus could not be a prophet, or he would not have suffered such a woman to touch him. One of the old prophets might have pushed her away. But Jesus knew what they were thinking of—young man, young woman, Pharisee, God knows what you are thinking of—and he said unto them, “There was a certain creditor which had two debtors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty; and when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most? Simon answered and said, I suppose that he to whom he forgave most.” “Thou hast rightly judged,” said Christ; and then, after comparing the woman’s loving attentions with Simon’s neglect, he tells him that her sins, which were many, are all forgiven. And in order that the woman may get it right he turns around and says the same thing to her: “Thy sins are forgiven.”

Some of you think you have some goodness of your own. A good many sinners think they can pay about seventy-five cents on the dollar; some think they can pay ninety-nine cents, and they hope to make up the other cent somehow: others can’t pay more than twenty-five cents on the dollar. None of these are in the way

of being forgiven; but when a sinner comes to understand that he can't pay one-tenth of a mill, that he has absolutely nothing, and comes to Christ for forgiveness, Christ is ready to forgive him all.

How joyful that woman must have gone out from the feast! She had come right to the feet of the Master and he had saved her from all her sins. And you may all do the same who hear me to-night; come to the feet of the Master and he will speak the word that will make you blessed!

There is one thing I want you to notice. We haven't the name of any of these three fallen women that Jesus saved. People sometimes call societies for the reform of fallen women Magdalen Asylums, but there isn't a word in the Bible against the character of Mary Magdalene in this respect. It is true, she had seven devils cast out of her; she might have been a maniac, but I don't think she was a fallen woman. If she had been I don't think we should ever have known her name. Christ will not tell their names because he wants those lost women whom he saved to have a place in heaven without any one knowing of their former sin and shame.

The next is a careless woman, as perfectly indifferent when she first meets the Saviour as any woman here to-night, who has come to the Tabernacle merely out of curiosity.

Mr. Moody then related the scene of Christ talking with the woman of Samaria at Jacob's Well, concluding with the remark:—

Just see what that woman has done! She has believed on the Messiah herself, and brought a whole town to accept him. The Son of God is not ashamed to talk

with this fallen woman, and the result of it is, that she and a great many others are saved.

The third case is that of the woman mentioned in the eighth chapter of the Gospel by John. Black, blacker, blackest! Vile, viler, vilest! This woman was taken in the very act of adultery, and the Pharisees brought her to Christ to hear what he would say about her. The law of Moses says those who are guilty of adultery shall be stoned to death, and they brought this poor fallen woman right before him and demanded of him whether she should be stoned. The woman herself was overwhelmed with shame: it was the first time she had seen Christ; it was her first sight of grace and truth. Jesus stooped down and wrote with his finger on the ground; I don't know what he wrote: perhaps with that same finger that wrote the ten commandments he wrote, "The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." Then he said to the Pharisees, some one of whom may have been the first cause of that poor woman's ruin, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." Then they left him, one by one. There wasn't a man of them that could throw a stone at the sinner.

They brought the woman for judgment; *why didn't they bring the man also?*

They didn't know all about that woman as Jesus did. Perhaps she hadn't any mother, and her step-mother had thrust her out on to the street; perhaps she had a drunken father who neglected her, or led her into bad company; but when Jesus lifted up himself and asked **the woman**, Where are thy accusers? there wasn't one of

them to be found. The woman expected to be stoned to death; but instead of that she found grace and good counsel: "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more."

If you study the Bible you will find that Christ took sides with the fallen women every time. You haven't got a better friend than the Lord Jesus Christ. He came to lift you up, and to save you from all your sins.

A poor lost woman came into the inquiry meeting the other night, and fell upon her face before the Lord absolutely speechless with penitence and distress. At last she found words to say, "Is there any hope for me?" She thought she was too wicked to be saved, but after forty-eight hours of agony she cried unto the Lord and he heard and saved her. Let me say to these fallen women, Never leave this hall till you have settled this question for eternity. Never go back again to those brothels, where the devil has it all his own way with you. Die in the poor-house rather than earn your bread by sin. Think of the homes you have left, and of the fathers and mothers who mourn your loss and long for your return; and think of Jesus Christ, who is the sinner's friend.

Just before I came here to-night I received a letter from one of the fallen women. Thank God, his Spirit is at work among these poor sinners and victims of the sins of men.

And here I want to say, the charge that Christian women refuse to help these fallen sisters is a false charge. Some of the best ladies in this city have come to me to offer to go and visit the women in the brothels, and asking

for their street and number. I went to the police headquarters and got all the addresses I could, and now these godly women are visiting these places by regular system, and trying to lead these poor girls to Christ.

"Come right home with me, and stay till you can find a home," said a lady to a poor lost girl who was weeping and praying in the inquiry room, and she actually was as good as her word.

I hope there are hundreds of fallen women in the hall who will never go back to those places where they have lived. There is a Refuge ready for you, homes waiting for you, and if the Refuge is not large enough there are plenty of Christian men ready to make it larger.

HOW TO BE SAVED.

"Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"—ACTS xvi, 30.

I LIKE these personal texts. Let this question go round this hall to-night: "Am I saved?" There are a good many people here who are anxious about their temporal salvation; perhaps they are out of work, and if I were to tell them that I had employment for all that wanted it, what a crowd of people there would be pressing up to the platform to get it! But I have something better than work to offer you to-night; I come to offer you salvation. Some of you may have wrong ideas of what you must do to be saved. That young man who came to Christ to know what he must do to inherit eternal life thought he was all right. He had kept the law; but Christ put his finger right on the weak place in

his nature—his covetousness—and the young man went away sad and unsaved; he was not willing to make a complete consecration.

Now the law says, "Do and live;" grace says, "Live and do." Salvation is a gift; if it were to be had for works, then it would be a gift no longer. When the Philippian jailer asked Paul and Silas what he must do to be saved, they didn't say to him, "Go work, go weep, go pray;" they told him to believe.

I want to make the way very plain to-night. It is very simple. You may be saved right here before you go out of this Tabernacle. Look at the case of that jailer. He went to bed an impenitent sinner, and he was convicted, converted, and he and all his family were baptized and received into the Church before sunrise. Quick work that. But if God is going to give us something, why should he be six months about it?

Now, there are two things you can do with your mind. The first is, "let go," and the second is, "lay hold." It is like a man I once heard of who fell asleep in a boat, and drifted down towards a fall, where he must be drowned if his boat went over. He just managed to reach the high rocky shore, and, finding it too steep to climb, he seized hold of a little bush and held on. When he tried to pull himself up, the twig began to give way at the roots, and there was nothing for him to do but cry for help. By and by people came and threw him a rope, and what did he do? He let go of the bush and laid hold of the rope, and his friends drew him up the cliff in safety. Now that is just what I am doing to-night; I throw you the rope, and if you will let go of all else and lay hold of

Christ, you may be hauled up out of your sin and danger, and place your feet on the eternal rock.

But some one says, "I don't see it." Well, let me put it in another way. You believe that Christ is able to save you to-night, do you not? "O, yes, I believe he is able." And do you not believe he is willing to save you to-night? What does the cross mean, what does the death of Christ mean, if he is not willing to save sinners? To be sure, he is willing to save you; that is just what he came into this world and died for. Would he die to save sinners if he didn't wish to have them saved? Now the question is, Are you willing? Salvation is offered you as God's free gift. Will you take it?

The Scripture has another way of putting the case: "Look unto me all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved." If you cannot lay hold, surely you can look.

A lady I heard of had a dream. She thought she was in a deep pit, trying to get out, but after climbing up a few steps she would fall back again, till at last, quite exhausted, she lay down in the bottom of the pit to die. As she lay there she saw a star, and as she fixed her eye upon it she felt it lifting her, lifting her; but, taking her eye off the star for an instant to look at herself, she fell back to the bottom again. This she did several times, but at length she fixed her eye on the star, and forgot every thing else, and it lifted her up, and up, and up, till at last she found herself standing safely on the solid land. Then she awoke, and said to herself, "I have been looking at myself long enough. Now I will look at the Star of Bethlehem," and in a little while she was happy in Christ.

The Scotch lassie who was told to go home and read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and pray to the Lord, and he would save her, answered, "I canna read; I canna pray. Jesus, take me just as I am." Let that be your answer. "Jesus, take me just as I am." Do not go away and say, "I am going to try." There is no use in that. Stop saying "Try," and put the little word "Trust" in its place.

Four years ago last Fourth of July two acquaintances of mine, both fine swimmers, went into the lake to bathe. Pretty soon one of them called to the other that he was drowning. At first he thought it was all in jest, but he swam out to where the drowning man was, who instantly seized hold of him, and held on with all his might, and they both went down together. While under the water the friend managed to get free, and when they rose to the top he said, "If you hold on to me that way I cannot save you, but if you will lie still I can swim ashore with you." The drowning man promised, but no sooner did his friend come within reach than he seized him again, and again they went down. It was only after a desperate struggle under the water that he could get free from the poor man; and then, as they both rose to the surface, he was obliged to let the poor fellow perish right before his eyes because he would not give himself up to be saved without any efforts of his own. The thing for you to do if you would be saved is to leave yourself in the hands of Jesus Christ and let him save you.

But I imagine some one saying, "If I could only get rid of some of my sins first, then I would come to Christ." No, that is not the way. If you want to cut down a tree,

you do not begin with the small branches You lay the ax right to the root of the tree.

Some years ago I went down into the country to hold some meetings, and among those who came was a well-dressed man in a handsome carriage, who I learned was the worst blasphemer and opposer of religion in all the country round. He seemed to be affected by the sermons, and I told some of my friends I was going to see him.

"You had better not," was the reply. "He will only curse you."

"That wont hurt me any," said I. So I went out to his house one day, and met him coming out of the gate.

"Is this Mr. P——?" said I, calling him by name.

"Yes," said he, throwing himself on his dignity; "what do you want?"

"I just want to ask you one question."

"Well, say on."

"I understand that God has blessed you more than any other man in all this region; that he has given you a good wife, beautiful children, a fine estate, and every thing to make you happy, and that the only return you have ever made him has been oaths and curses."

The man looked at me, stammered out an answer, and then said, "Come in." So I went in, and we talked of his duty and the way he might be saved, and then we got down on our knees and prayed. After prayer I said to him, "Now, my friend, if you are really in earnest about this, come to church to-morrow, and get up and ask the people to pray for you." He made some objection but he did it, and there went up a cry of prayer for him

that showed how deeply his request had moved the hearts of all the congregation. That same night he was converted, and now he is an elder in the Church, and, from being the most dangerous man, he has come to be the most useful Christian in all that region of country. Old things are passed away with him, and all things are become new.

"How long have you been a Christian?" said I to a little girl who was trusting in Christ.

"Only since last night."

"And how do you know that you are saved?"

"Jesus promised it," was her reply.

O for simple faith in the promise of Jesus! "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

But some one will say, What am I to do with all my sins?" Do as Luther did. One night the devil came and wrote out a record of his sins, which covered the four walls of his cell all over, and then began to mock him with the question what he could do with all that load of guilt. But Luther answered, "Devil, you forget one thing. Just write underneath, 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin.'"

LAST THINGS.

HEAVEN.

IN the East London meetings, before a vast congregation in which the lower classes predominated, Mr. Moody commenced by saying :—

IF I were going to talk to you to-night about America all of you would be very anxious to hear what I had to say; but now I am going to talk to you about heaven a good many of you wont care any thing for it; and yet heaven is a great deal the better place of the two

The Chicago version of this discourse is as follows :—

I was walking down to the Depot Church in Philadelphia one night when a friend said to me, “Moody, what are you going to preach about to-night?” I said I thought I would try and preach about heaven. I noticed a little scowl came over his face at that, so I said, “What is the matter?”

“O!” said he, “why don’t you give us something practical? Nobody knows any thing about heaven; it is all guess-work to preach about that.”

“Well,” said I, “if the Lord didn’t mean us to talk about heaven he wouldn’t have talked so much about it himself.” We are told that all Scripture is profitable for doctrine, and we find that a good deal of the Scripture is on the subject of heaven. Stephen had a glimpse of it, and John had a great revelation of it.

It would be better if we read more and talked more

about heaven, for that would help us to cut loose from this world, and to set our affections on things above.

If you were going to emigrate to Russia, and I had just come from that country, and was here to lecture about it, you would listen to find out all you could about it: about the soil, and the climate, and the people. Now here is an account of heaven which is given by One who came down from heaven, even the Son of God. Besides that, there are accounts of some of the angels and other people who live there, and as you all want to go to heaven some time I think you ought to be interested to know all about it.

First of all, I want to say that heaven is a place, just as much as Chicago. A pantheist once undertook to tell me that God was not in any particular place, but that he was every-where in general; that is, every-where and nowhere. But any body who is well acquainted with the Bible knows that God lives in heaven.

Do you ask me how far away heaven is?

Well, I don't know. The sun is ninety-five millions of miles from Chicago, but it shines here every day. So I am sure that God, who lives in heaven, however far away it may be, is able to shine in upon us. His eye sees us, and his ear hears the faintest whisper of our prayers. He is a God at hand, and not afar off.

Do you want to know who else besides God is there? The Bible says that Jesus Christ is there. His disciples saw him ascend from mount Olivet, and he is there at the right hand of the Father advocating our cause for us. The angels are there, and sometimes they come down to us: for we read concerning them, "Are they not all min-

istering spirits sent to minister unto the heirs of salvation." The saints are there. We have an account of that in the Revelation. The little children are there, for the Scripture expressly says, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." And I hope, my friends, that some time all this congregation will be there.

Some people are anxious to know whether they shall recognize their friends in heaven. Now I will give you a passage of the Scripture that settles that question for me. It is this:—

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."

I suppose that means we are to have every thing we want. Do you want to recognize your friends in heaven? Then you will recognize them.

Some man says, in speaking on this subject: "I do not feel at all troubled about the question of whether I shall recognize my friends in heaven. I have no difficulty in recognizing them here, and I don't expect to know any less when I go to heaven than I do now."

In Luke x, 20, Christ tells his disciples to rejoice because their names are written in heaven. I remember how some of us were unable to find accommodation at the Great North-western Hotel, in Liverpool, and we asked one of our party where to go.

"I am to stay there," he said.

"How is that?"

"O I sent on my name in advance, and they kept a room for me!"

That is just how you ought to do, my friends: send up your names, and have them written in heaven, and

there will be a place all ready and waiting for you when you arrive, prepared by Jesus Christ himself.

Now just let this question go around this audience: "Is my name written in heaven?"

"O yes!" says some one, "I belong to the First Presbyterian Church."

Well, that is a different thing. God keeps his books altogether different from what they keep the Church books. Judas was one of the twelve. Satan himself once sang halleluiahs in glory. Settle this question with yourselves, and then you who are parents ask yourselves another question, "Are my children's names all written in heaven?" If not, whose fault is it?

Again Christ tells his disciples:—

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Some people seem to think that there are only ten commandments. They forget the eleventh, and a great many others besides. Now these words of Christ are just as much a commandment as "Thou shalt not steal;" or, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." There are a great many sad hearts in Chicago because so many people have been breaking this commandment. They have been laying up treasures for themselves on earth, and the fire has swept them away, or the fall in real estate has made them poor, or they have lost their business, and they feel as if they had lost all they

had in the world. Their hearts are broken because their treasure is gone; but the difficulty was, they laid up their treasure in the wrong place.

It don't take long to find out where a man's heart is. It is certain to be along with his treasure. You begin to talk with some men these days, and you find them all taken up with politics. Just mention the names of Hayes and Wheeler, or Tilden and Hendricks, and their eyes light up at once. They are full of politics: they think more about politics than they do about heaven. They talk more about the presidential election than they do about the election to eternal life.

Why, my friends, perhaps up among the saints and angels they don't even know there is going to be an election here, or if they do know it they think of it as the merest trifle, hardly worth a moment's notice.

Then there are others whose hearts are given to pleasure. You just begin to talk to them about the last new play at the theater, or some dance or party, and their eyes light up immediately.

Other people give their hearts to their business. They think about it by day, and dream about it by night. When they go home from the office they haven't any time to spend with their children, they are so busy in thinking how they can make a few thousand dollars. It is business, business, business all the week, and when they go to church and the minister talks to them about heaven, they go to sleep under the sermon, or else they go on thinking about their business.

An acquaintance of mine was very fond of investing his money in real estate, and when I asked him the rea-

son of it he said, "O, I like to have my property where I can see it." And this is one reason why people don't like to lay up treasure in heaven. They forget what the apostle says, "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

We have a way of saying, "Such and such a man died worth his millions." Not at all. The man when he died was worth only what he had laid up in heaven. If he were ever so rich in this world, and hadn't any thing laid up there, he actually died a pauper. His heirs and the lawyers got all he had in this world, and when he went into the next he was worth absolutely nothing. Let every one in the house to-night ask himself this question, Where is my treasure? Is it in wealth, in houses, in lands, in money? Possibly these riches may take to themselves wings and fly away. Is it in reputation and honor? The tongue of slander may ruin the one, and you may ruin the other. Is it love and home and friends? Death will come and take them all away.

You remember that just before the great Chicago fire every body was wild about real estate. If a man only could get a corner lot somewhere he thought his fortune was made. During those days there was a minister down in Illinois who had a son in the real estate business in Chicago, and the old gentleman, being out of health, came up to visit his son and spend some time with him. He was very much troubled to see the young man so entirely given up to making money, and one day he said to him, "I would rather have standing room in the New Jerusalem than all the corner lots in Chicago." Sometimes when the son was busy he used to get his father to

stay in the office for him, and when people came in to talk about real estate, he would show them the lots that were for sale, and then, before they got through, he would always have something to say to them about their souls. The speculating men didn't like that, and the young man was obliged to send his father out of the office

"We can't sell any real estate while the old gentleman is there," said he; "he is sure to turn men's minds away by talking to them about treasures in heaven."

I once went out to California, hoping that God would give me a few souls on the Pacific Coast. The first Sunday I was there it rained; but I hunted up a Sunday-school, and found the superintendent just about to dismiss it because of the small attendance. "I wouldn't do that," said I, "but rather thank God that so many have come out in the rain." Then he asked me to take charge of the school, as there were hardly any teachers present, and I did so. The lesson was this very text that we have to-night. So I asked for some one who could write well on the blackboard, and told him to put down in two columns the different kinds of treasure, treasures on earth and treasures in heaven.

"What are the earthly treasures?" I asked. The first answer was gold; the second, land; the third, houses; the fourth, horses—for they think a great deal of fast horses out there in California. Then somebody named tobacco. The teacher who was writing did not like to write it, but I said, "That is one of the treasures of this world; put it down." Then some one else mentioned rum. "Yes; that is one of the treasures of this world."

there are thousands of people who sell their souls and bodies for rum ; put it down."

Here are the two lists :—

EARTHLY TREASURES.

Gold,
Land,
Houses,
Fast Horses,
Tobacco,
Rum.

HEAVENLY TREASURES.

Jesus our Saviour,
Mansions,
Crowns,
Peace,
Joy,
Love,
Eternal Life.

It didn't take much preaching after that.

The man who did the writing wasn't a Christian. He had come out from the East full of a desire to make himself rich out of California gold, and when he saw these two lists he was convicted on the spot and converted to God right there at the blackboard.

When people go up in balloons they take along a good many bags of sand for ballast, and when they wish to rise higher they throw out part of the sand. That is just what is needed in the case of a good many of this congregation. You are weighted down with the treasures of this world, and you want to throw out more ballast. Give away more of your money ; lay it up by giving it to the poor ; and then, instead of shaming you and keeping you from rising to God, it will be a precious treasure waiting for you in heaven.

The next thing which we have in heaven is, rest. It is a common mistake to think of the Church as a place of rest. No, my friends, the Church is a place for work. "There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God." You have got an eternity to rest in ; surely you

do not need to rest in the Church. This is the time for hard work, and that ought to be a joy to you; for your work in the Church may add to the joy of heaven. The Scripture says, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."

You have heard of that great rich farmer in this State who gave his check for ten thousand dollars to the Christian Commission. When he had done it he took the agent of the Commission up to the top of his house, and showed him his farm stretching in every direction as far as the eye could reach. "All that you see is mine," said the farmer, proudly.

"And what have you got up yonder?"

"Well, I don't know as I have any thing laid up in heaven."

"Is it possible? A man of your sagacity to lay up all your treasure where you will have to leave it all behind you in a little while!"

Before long that man died as he had lived; and what a poor, poor man he must have found himself when he came up before God to give account of his stewardship!

Mr. Moorehouse was telling me that he once saw a water-logged vessel coming up the Mersey to Liverpool. It was loaded with lumber and couldn't sink, but it was down to the rail in the water, and had to be hauled up to the dock by a steam-tug. Just at the same time another timber-laden vessel came up the river with all sail set; and Mr. Moorehouse said, "I thought those two vessels were like two kinds of people we have in the Church. There are the worldly professors of religion, who are so deep down in the cares of this life that it

takes all the power of the Church to drag them along. They are water-logged; out of all sympathy with the work of the Church; full of complaints about the minister and the members, and have to be taken care of very tenderly to save them from going down altogether. Give me the Christian whose heart is above the world, whose sails are filled with the gales of grace, and who, by the power of the Holy Spirit, sweeps through the stormy waters of this life right up to the port of heaven.

H E L L .

"But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy life-time receivest thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented."—LUKE xvi, 25.

A MAN came to me the other day and said: "I like your preaching. You don't preach hell, and I suppose you don't believe in one." Now I don't want any one to rise up in the judgment and say that I was not a faithful preacher of the word of God. It is my duty to preach God's word just as he gives it to me; I have no right to pick out a text here and there, and say, "I don't believe that." If I throw out one text I must throw out all, for in the same Bible I read of rewards and punishments, heaven and hell.

No one ever drew such a picture of hell as the Son of God. No one could do it, for he alone knew what the future would be. He didn't keep back this doctrine of retribution, but preached it out plainly; preached it, too, with pure love, just as a mother would warn her son of the end of his course of sin.

The Spirit of God tells us that we shall carry our memory with us into the other world. There are many things we would like to forget. I have heard Mr. Gough say he would give his right hand if he could forget how badly he had treated his mother. I believe the worm that dieth not is our memory. We say now that we forget, and we think we do; but the time is coming when we shall remember, and cannot forget. We talk about the recording angel keeping record of our life. God makes us keep our own record.

We wont need any one to condemn us at the bar of God: it will be our own conscience that will come up as a witness against us. God wont condemn us at his bar; we shall condemn ourselves. Memory is God's officer, and when he shall touch these secret springs and say, "Son, daughter, remember"—then tramp, tramp tramp will come before us, in a long procession, all the sins we have ever committed.

I have been twice in the jaws of death. Once I was drowning, and was about to sink, when I was rescued. In the twinkling of an eye every thing I had said, done, or thought of flashed across my mind. I do not understand how every thing in a man's life can be crowded into his recollection in an instant of time, but it all flashed through my mind at once. Another time I was caught in the Clark-street bridge, and thought I was dying. Then memory seemed to bring all my life back to me again. It is just so that all things we think we have forgotten will come back by and by. It is only a question of time. We shall hear the words, "Son, remember;" and it is a good deal better to remember our

sins now, and be saved from them, than to put off repentance till it is too late to do any good.

The scientific men say that every thought comes back again, sooner or later. I heard of a servant girl whose master used to read Hebrew in her hearing, and some time afterward, when she was sick of a fever, she would talk Hebrew by the hour.

Do you think Cain has forgotten the face of his murdered brother, whom he killed six thousand years ago? Do you think Judas has forgotten that kiss with which he betrayed his Master, or the look that Master gave him as he said, "Betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?" Do you think these antediluvians have forgotten the ark, and the flood that came and swept them all away?

My friends, it is a good thing to be warned in time. Satan told Eve that she should not surely die; and there are many men and women now who think that all souls will at last be saved in spite of all their sins.

Do you suppose those antediluvians who perished in Noah's day—those men too vile and sinful for the world—do you think God swept those men right into heaven, and left Noah, the only righteous man, to struggle through the deluge? Do you think when the judgment came upon Sodom that those wicked men were taken right into the presence of God, and the only righteous man was left behind to suffer?

There will be no tender, loving Jesus coming and offering you salvation there; no loving wife or mother to pray for you there. Many in that lost world would give millions, if they had them, if they had their mothers

to pray them out of that place; but it will be too late. They have been neglecting salvation until the time has come when God says, "Cut them down; the day of mercy is ended."

You laugh at the Bible; but how many there are in that lost world to-day who would give countless treasures if they had the blessed Bible there! You may make sport of ministers, but bear in mind there will be no preaching of the Gospel there. Here they are God's messengers to you—loving friends that look after your soul. You may have some friends praying for your salvation to-day; but remember, you will not have one in that lost world. There will be no one to come and put his hand on your shoulder and weep over you there and invite you to come to Christ.

There are some people who ridicule these revival meetings, but remember, there will be no revivals in hell.

There was a man in an insane asylum who used to say over to himself in a voice of horror, "If I only had—" He had been in charge of a railway drawbridge, and had received orders to keep it closed until the passage of an extra express train; but a friend came along with a vessel, and persuaded him to open the bridge just for him, and while it was open the train came thundering along, and leaped into destruction. Many were killed, and the poor bridge-tender went mad over the result of his own neglect of duty. "If I only had!"

A good man was one day passing a saloon as a young man was coming out, and thinking to make sport of him he called out, "Deacon, how far is it to hell?" The deacon gave no answer, but after riding a few rods he

turned to look after the scoffer, and found that his horse had thrown him to the ground and broken his neck. I tell you, my friends, I would sooner give that right hand than to trifle with eternal things.

To-night you may be saved. We are trying to win you to Christ, and if you go down from this building to hell you will remember the meetings we had here. You will remember how these ministers looked, how the people looked, and how it has seemed sometimes as if we were in the very presence of God himself. In that lost world you wont hear that beautiful hymn, "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By." He will have passed by. There will be no Jesus passing that way. There will be no sweet songs of Zion there. No little children either to pray for their impenitent fathers and mothers.

It is now a day of grace and a day of mercy. God is calling the world to himself. He says, "I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked ; but that the wicked turn from his way and live ; turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?"

O, if you neglect this salvation, how shall you escape? What hope is there? May your memories be wide awake to-day, and may you remember that Christ stands right here! He is in this assembly, offering salvation to every soul. He is, not willing that any should perish, but turn to him and live.

When I was at the Paris Exhibition, in 1867, I noticed there a little oil-painting, only about a foot square, and the face was the most hideous I had ever seen. It was said to be about seven hundred years old. On the paper attached to the painting were the words, "Sowing the

tares." The face looked more like a demon's than a man's, and as he sowed these tares, up came serpents and reptiles; they were crawling up on his body; and all around were woods with wolves and animals prowling in them. I have seen that picture many times since. Ah! the reaping time is coming. If you sow to the flesh you must reap corruption. If you sow to the wind you must reap the whirlwind. God wants you to come to him and receive salvation as a gift: you can decide your destiny to-day if you will. Heaven and hell are set before this audience, and you are called upon to choose. Which will you have? If you will take Christ he will receive you to his arms; if you reject him he will reject you.

Now, my friends, will Christ ever be more willing to save you than he is now? Will he ever have more power than he has now? Why not make up your mind to be saved while mercy is offered to you?

I remember a few years ago, while the Spirit of God was working in my Church, I closed the meeting one night by asking any that would like to become Christians to rise, and, to my great joy, a man arose who had been anxious for some time. I went up to him and took him by the hand and shook it, and said, "I am glad to see you get up. You are coming out for the Lord now in earnest, are you not?"

"Yes," said he, "I think so. That is, there is only one thing in my way."

'What's that?' said I.

"Well," said he, "I lack moral courage. I confess to you that if such a man [naming a friend of his] had been here to-night I should not have risen. He would

laugh at me if he knew of this, and I don't believe I have the courage to tell him."

"But," said I, "you have got to come out boldly for the Lord if you come out at all."

While I talked with him he was trembling from head to foot, and I believe the Spirit was striving earnestly with him. He came back the next night, and the next, and the next; the Spirit of God strove with him for weeks; it seemed as if he came to the very threshold of heaven, and was almost stepping over into the blessed world. I never could find out any reason for his hesitation, except that he feared his old companions would laugh at him.

At last the Spirit of God seemed to leave him; conviction was gone. Six months from that time I got a message from him that he was sick and wanted to see me. I went to him in great haste. He was very sick, and thought he was dying. He asked me if there was any hope. Yes, I told him, God had sent Christ to save him; and I prayed with him.

Contrary to all expectations he recovered. One day I went down to see him. It was a bright, beautiful day, and he was sitting out in front of his house.

"You are coming out for God now, aren't you? You will be well enough soon to come back to our meetings again."

"Mr. Moody," said he, "I have made up my mind to become a Christian. My mind is fully made up to that, but I won't be one just now. I am going to Michigan to buy a farm and settle down, and then I will become a Christian."

"But you don't know yet that you will get well."

"O," said he, "I shall be perfectly well in a few days. I have got a new lease of life."

I pleaded with him, and tried every way to get him to take his stand. At last he said, "Mr. Moody, I can't be a Christian in Chicago. When I get away from Chicago, and get to Michigan, away from my friends and acquaintances, who laugh at me, I will be ready to go to Christ."

"If God has not grace enough to save you in Chicago, he has not in Michigan," I answered.

At last he got a little irritated and said, "Mr. Moody, I'll take the risk," and so I left him.

I well remember the day of the week, Thursday, about noon, just one week from that very day, when I was sent for by his wife to come in great haste. I hurried there at once. His poor wife met me at the door, and I asked her what was the matter.

"My husband," she said, "has had a relapse; I have just had a council of physicians here, and they have all given him up to die."

"Does he want to see me?" I asked.

"No."

"Then why did you send for me?"

"I cannot bear to see him die in this terrible state of mind."

"What does he say?" I asked.

"He says his damnation is sealed, and he will be in hell in a little while."

I went in, and he at once fixed his eyes upon me. I called him by name, but he was silent. I went around to the foot of the bed, and looked in his face and said,

"Wont you speak to me?" and at last he fixed that terrible deathly look upon me and said,

"Mr. Moody, you need not talk to me any more. It is too late. You can talk to my wife and children; pray for them; but my heart is as hard as the iron in that stove there. My damnation is sealed, and I shall be in hell in a little while."

I tried to tell him of Jesus' love and God's forgiveness, but he said, "Mr. Moody, I tell you there is no hope for me." And as I fell on my knees, he said, "You need not pray for me. My wife will soon be left a widow and my children will be fatherless; they need your prayers, but you need not pray for me."

I tried to pray, but it seemed as if my prayers didn't go higher than my head, and as if heaven above me was like brass. The next day, his wife told me, he lingered until the sun went down, and from noon until he died all he was heard to say was, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." After lingering along for an hour he would say again those awful words, and just as he was expiring his wife noticed his lips quiver, and that he was trying to say something, and as she bent over him she heard him mutter, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." He lived a Christless life; he died a Christless death; we wrapped him in a Christless shroud, and bore him away to a Christless grave.

Are there some here that are almost persuaded to be Christians? Take my advice and don't let any thing keep you away. Fly to the arms of Jesus this hour. You can be saved if you will.

Mr. Moody closed by reading the following piece of poetry, which, he said, had affected him deeply:—

- " I sat alone with my conscience,
In a place where time was o'er,
And we talked of my former living
In the land of the evermore ;
And I felt I should have to answer
The question it put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.
- ' The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought had perished
Were alive with a terrible might.
And the vision of life's dark record
Was an awful thing to face—
Alone with my conscience sitting
In that solemnly silent place.
- " And I thought of a far-away warning,
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
In a land that then was the future,
But now is the present time.
And I thought of my former thinking
Of the judgment-day to be,
But sitting alone with my conscience
Seemed judgment enough for me.
- ' And I wondered if there was a future
To this land beyond the grave ;
But no one gave me an answer,
And no one came to save.
Then I felt that the future was present,
And the present would never go by,
For it was but the thought of a future
Become an eternity.
- ' Then I woke from my timely dreaming,
And the vision passed away,
And I knew the far-away warning
Was a warning of yesterday ;
And I pray that I may not forget it,
In this land before the grave,
That I may not cry in the future,
And no one come to save.

I have learned a solemn lesson
Which I ought to have known before,
And which though I learned it dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.

"So I sit alone with my conscience
In the place where the years increase,
And I try to fathom the future
In the land where time will cease;
And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful soe'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me."

THE RETURN OF OUR LORD.

IN 2 Timothy iii, 16, Paul declares: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness;" but there are some people who tell us when we take up prophecy that it is all very well to be believed, but that there is no use in trying to understand it: these future events are things that the Church doesn't agree about, and it is better to let them alone, and deal only with those prophecies which have already been fulfilled. But Paul doesn't talk that way; he says: "All Scripture is . . . profitable for doctrine." If these people are right, he ought to have said: "*Some* Scripture is profitable; but you can't understand the prophecies, so you had better let them alone." If God didn't mean to have us study the prophecies he wouldn't have put them into the Bible. Some of them are fulfilled, and he is at work fulfilling the rest, so that if we do not see them all completed in this life, we shall in the world to come.

I don't want to teach any thing to-day dogmatically, on

my own authority ; but to my mind this precious doctrine—for such I must call it—of the return of the Lord to this earth is taught in the New Testament as clearly as any other doctrine in it ; yet I was in the Church fifteen or sixteen years before I ever heard a sermon on it. There is hardly any Church that doesn't make a great deal of baptism, but the New Testament only speaks about baptism thirteen times, while it speaks of the return of our Lord fifty times ; and yet the Church has had very little to say about it.

Now I can see a reason for this : the devil does not want us to see this truth, for nothing would wake up the Church so much. The moment a man takes hold of the truth that Jesus Christ is coming back again to receive his friends to himself, this world loses its hold upon him ; gas-stocks, and water-stocks, and stocks in banks and in horse railroads, are of very much less consequence to him then. His heart is free, and he looks for the blessed appearing of his Lord, who at his coming will take him into his blessed kingdom.

In 2 Peter i, 20, we read : “ No prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation.” Some people say, “ O yes, the prophecies are all well enough for the priests and doctors, but not for the rank and file of the Church.” But Peter says, “ The prophecy came not in old time by the will of man : but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,” and those men are the very ones who tell us of the return of our Lord. Look at Daniel ii, 45, where he tells us the meaning of that stone which the king saw in his dream that was cut out of the mountain without hands, and that brake in pieces the iron, the

brass, the clay, the silver, and the gold. "The dream is certain, and the interpretation thereof sure," says Daniel. Now we have seen the fulfillment of that prophecy, all but the closing part of it. The kingdoms of Babylon, and Medo-Persia, and Greece, and Rome, have all been broken in pieces, and now it only remains for this Stone cut out of the mountain without hands to smite the image and break it in pieces till it becomes like the dust of the summer threshing-floor, and for this Stone to become a great mountain and fill the whole earth.

But how will he come? We are told how he will come. When those disciples stood looking up to heaven at the time of his ascension, there appeared two angels, who said unto them, (Acts i, 11,) "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." How did he go up? He took his flesh and bones up with him. "Look at me; handle me; give me something to eat; a spirit has not flesh and bones as ye see me have; I am the identical one whom they crucified and laid in the grave. Now I am risen from the dead, and am going up to heaven."

An angel was sent to announce his birth of the Virgin; angels sang of his advent in Bethlehem; an angel told the women of his resurrection; and two angels told the disciples of his coming again. It is the same kind of testimony in all these cases.

I don't know why people shouldn't like to study the Bible, and find out all about this precious doctrine of our Lord's return. Some have gone beyond prophecy, and tried to tell the very day he would come. Perhaps that is one

reason why people don't believe this doctrine. That he is coming, we know; but just when he will come we don't know. Matthew xxiv, 36, settles that. The angels don't know, and Christ says that even he doesn't know; that is something the Father keeps to himself.

If Christ had said, "I will not come back for two thousand years, none of his disciples would have begun to watch for him; but it is the proper attitude of a Christian to be always looking for his Lord's return. So God does not tell us when he is to come, but Christ tells us to watch. In this same chapter we find that he is to come unexpectedly and suddenly. In the twenty-seventh verse we have these words: "For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be." And again in the forty-fourth verse: "Therefore be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." Some people say that means death; but the word of God doesn't say it means death. Death is our enemy, but our Lord hath the keys of death; he has conquered death, hell, and the grave, and at any moment he may come to set us free from death, and destroy our last enemy for us; so the proper state for a believer in Christ is waiting and watching for his Lord's return.

In the last chapter of John there is a text that seems to settle this matter. Peter asks the question about John, "Lord, and what shall this man do? Jesus said unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me. Then went this saying abroad among the brethren, that that disciple should not die." They didn't think that the coming of the Lord meant death;

there was a great difference between these two things in their minds. Christ is the prince of life; there is no death where he is; death flees at his coming; dead bodies sprang to life when he touched them or spoke to them. His coming is not death: he is the resurrection and the life, and when he sets up his kingdom there is to be no death, but life for evermore.

There is another mistake, you will find, if you read your Bibles carefully. Some people think that at the coming of Christ every thing is to be all done up in a few minutes; but I do not so understand it. The first thing he is to do is to take his Church out of the world. He calls the Church his bride, and he says he is going to prepare a place for her. "We may judge," says one, "what a glorious place it will be from the length of time he is in preparing it; and when the place is ready he will come and take the Church to himself."

Toward the close of the fourth chapter of First Thesalonians Paul says: "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. . . . We which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore, comfort one another with these words." That is the comfort of the Church. There was a time when I used to mourn that I should not be alive in the millennium; but

now I expect to be in the millennium. Dean Alford says—almost every body bows to him in the matter of interpretation—that he must insist that this coming of Christ to take his Church to himself in the clouds is not the same event as his coming to judge the world at the last day. The deliverance of the Church is one thing, judgment is another. Now, I can't find any place in the Bible where it tells me to wait for signs of the coming of the millennium, as the return of the Jews, and such 'like ; but it tells me to look for the coming of the Lord ; to watch for it ; to be ready at midnight to meet him, like those five wise virgins. The trump of God may be sounded, for any thing we know, before I finish this sermon ; at any rate we are told that he will come as a thief in the night, and at an hour when many look not for him.

Some of you may shake your heads and say, "O, well, that is too deep for the most of us ; such things ought not to be said before these young converts ; only the very wisest characters, such as the ministers and the professors in theological seminaries, can understand them." But, my friends, you find that Paul wrote about these things to those young converts among the Thessalonians, and he tells them to comfort one another with these words. Here in the first chapter of First Thessalonians Paul says, "Ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God ; and to wait for his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come." To wait for his Son ; that is the true attitude of every child of God. If he is doing that he is ready for the duties of life, ready for God's work ; aye, that makes him feel that he is just ready to begin to work for God

Then in the second chapter and nineteenth verse he says : "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?" And again, in the third chapter, at the thirteenth verse, "To the end that he may establish your hearts unblamable in holiness before God, even our Father, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all his saints." Still again, in the fifth chapter and second verse, "For ye yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night." He has something to say about this same thing in every chapter; indeed, I have thought this Epistle to the Thessalonians might be called the Gospel of Christ's Coming Again.

There are three great facts foretold in the word of God : First, that Christ should come; that has been fulfilled. Second, that the Holy Ghost should come; that was fulfilled at Pentecost, and the Church is able to testify to it by its experience of his saving grace. Third, the return of our Lord again from heaven: for this we are told to watch and wait "till he come." Look at that account of the last hours of Christ with his disciples. What does Christ say to them? If I go away I will send death after you to bring you to me? Not at all. He says, "I will come again and receive you unto myself." If my wife were in a foreign country, and I had a beautiful mansion all ready for her, she would a good deal rather I should come and take her unto it than to have me send some one else to bring her. So the Church is the Lamb's wife; he has prepared a mansion for his bride, and he promises for our joy and comfort that he will come himself and take us to the place he has been all this while preparing.

• •

My friends, it is perfectly safe to take the word of God just as we find it. If he tells us to watch, then watch. If he tells us to pray, then pray. If he tells us he will come again, wait for him. Let the Church bow to the word of God, rather than be trying to find out how these things can be. "Behold, I come quickly," said Christ. "Even so ; come, Lord Jesus," should be the prayer of the Church.

Take the account of the words of Christ at the communion table. It seems to me the devil has covered up the most precious thing about it. "For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death *till he come.*" Most people seem to think that the Lord's table is the place for self-examination and repentance, and making good resolutions. Not at all ; you spoil it that way ; it is to show forth the Lord's death ; and we are to keep it up till he comes.

Some people say, "I believe Christ will come on the other side of the millennium." Where do you get it ? I can't find it. The word of God nowhere tells me to watch and wait for the coming of the millennium, but for the coming of the Lord. I don't find any place where God says the world is to grow better and better, and that Christ is to have a spiritual reign on earth of a thousand years. I find that the earth is to grow worse and worse, and that at length there is going to be a separation. "Two women grinding at a mill ; one taken and the other left ; two men in one bed, one taken and the other left." The Church is to be translated out of the world ; and of this we have two examples already, two representatives, as we might say, in Christ's kingdom, of what is to be done for all his true

7

believers. Enoch is the representative of the first dispensation, Elijah of the second, and as the representative of the third dispensation we have the Saviour himself, who is entered into the heavens for us, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. We are not to wait for the great white-throne judgment, but the glorified Church is sit on the throne with Christ, and help to judge the world.

Now, some of you think this is a new and strange doctrine, and that they who preach it are speckled birds ; but let me tell you that most of the spiritual men in the pulpits of Great Britain are firm in this faith. Spurgeon preaches it. I have heard Newman Hall say that he knew no reason why Christ might not come before he got through with his sermon. But in certain wealthy and fashionable Churches, where they have the form of godliness but deny the power thereof—just the state of things which Paul declares shall be in the last days—this doctrine is not preached or believed. They don't want sinners to cry out in their meeting, "What must I do to be saved?" They want intellectual preachers, who will cultivate their taste ; brilliant preachers, who will please their imagination ; but they don't want the preaching that has in it the power of the Holy Ghost. We live in the day of shams in religion. The Church is cold and formal ; may God wake us up ! And I know of no better way to do it than to set the Church to looking for the return of our Lord.

Some people say, "O, you will discourage the young converts if you preach that doctrine." Well, my friends, that hasn't been my experience. I have felt like working three times as hard ever since I came to understand that my Lord was coming back again. I look on this world as

a wrecked vessel. God has given me a life-boat, and said to me, "Moody, save all you can." God will come in judgment and burn up this world, but the children of God don't belong to this world; they are in it, but not of it, like a ship in the water. This world is getting darker and darker; its ruin is coming nearer and nearer; if you have any friends on this wreck unsaved you had better lose no time in getting them off. But some one will say, "Do you, then, make the grace of God a failure?" No; grace is not a failure, but man is. The antediluvian world was a failure; the Jewish world was a failure; man has been a failure every-where, when he has had his own way and been left to himself. Christ will save his Church, but he will save them finally by taking them out of the world. Now, don't take my word for it; look this doctrine up in your Bibles, and, if you find it there, bow down to it and receive it as the word of God. Take Matthew xxiv, 50: "The Lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an hour that he is not aware of, and shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." Take 2 Peter iii, 3, 5: "There shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." Go out on the streets of Chicago and ask men about the return of our Lord, and that is just what they would say: "Ah, yes, the Lord delayeth his coming!"

"Behold, I come quickly," said Christ to John, and the last prayer in the Bible is, "Even so, come Lord Jesus."

Were the early Christians disappointed then? No; no man is disappointed who obeys the voice of God. The world waited for the first coming of the Lord—waited for four thousand years, and then he came. He was here only thirty-three years, and then he went away; but he left us a promise that he would come again; and as the world watched and waited for his first coming and did not watch in vain, so now to them who wait for his appearing shall he appear a second time unto salvation.

Now let the question go round, "Am I ready to meet the Lord if he comes to-night?" "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

In the third verse of the fourteenth chapter of John Christ tells his disciples: "And if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again, and receive you unto myself." I like that text. What we want, and what the Church wants, is to be looking for Christ's coming again. We are nowhere told in the word of God to be looking for death, but we are told to be watching for the coming of the Son of man.

Some people think we are to look for the restoration of the Jews, and the millennium, before the second coming of Christ, but the Bible don't say so. There is no command in the Bible for looking after the coming of the Jews, or the millennium, but we are commanded to watch, "for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh," and it is perfectly safe to do what the word of God commands us to do. If the Church, instead of looking for the Jews to be restored were only watching and waiting for the Lord to return, as he says he will, there would be a great deal more life and power among its members.

There is another thought I want to call your attention to, and that is, Christ will bring all our friends with him when he comes. All who have died in the Lord are to be with him when he comes in the clouds of heaven. "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years." Rev. xx, 6. "But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection." Verse 5. That looks as if the Church were to have a thousand years with Christ before the final judgment, when Satan shall be cast out, and there shall be new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

Now I want to give you some texts to study at home :

When we eat the Lord's supper, we show forth his death until he come. 1 Cor. xi, 26.

We are using our talents, until he come. Luke xix, 13.

We are fighting the good fight of faith, until he come.

1 Tim. vi, 12-14.

We are enduring tribulation, until he come. 2 Thess. i, 7.

We are to be patient, until he come. James v, 8.

We wait for the crown of righteousness, until he come.

2 Tim. iv, 8.

We wait for the crown of glory, until he come. 1 Peter v, 4.

We wait for re-union with departed friends, until he come. 1 Thess. iv, 13-18.

We wait for Satan to be bound, until he come. Rev. xx, 3.

"Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

II.

SERMONS TO CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

PREPARATION FOR WORK.

GETTING READY FOR REVIVAL.

I HAVE been all the morning studying the twenty-ninth and thirtieth chapters of the Second Book of Chronicles, for it seemed to me that it was just the thing for us at this meeting.

There was King Ahaz, the father of Hezekiah, the son of David. He was, I think, the wickedest king that ever sat on the throne of Israel: built altars to false gods, set up idols, and even sacrificed his own children to them; but when Hezekiah came to the throne there was just such a time as we want to see in Chicago. The Bible says that in the first month of his reign he opened the temple, which had been so badly abused that it took sixteen days to clean it out, and to get it ready for the worship of God. That's what's the matter with a good many of your Chicago churches. They have been filled with all manner of worldly rubbish. We want to clean them out. We have got to clean out all the Fairs, and Bazaars, and Lyceums, and then the God of Israel will

come down to work among us. But some of you will say, "We have a debt, and we have to take every possible means to pay expenses." But let me tell you, you are pulling at the wrong end of the rope. Just clear out all the worldly folly out of your Churches, and get God to come and give you a revival--that will sweep away the Church debt faster than any thing else.

The last verse of this twenty-ninth chapter tells us that Hezekiah rejoiced, and all the people that God had prepared, for the thing was done suddenly. Some of you are getting impatient, and saying, "Here is the fourth day of these revival meetings, and you have not opened your inquiry rooms and begun to try to save sinners." Well, the reason is, we are not ready. When we are ready, when we have had the temple of our Lord cleansed, God can do more with us in a day than he can in a month if we are not ready.

There was another thing in the way of that Jerusalem revival, the priests had not sanctified themselves. Just so it is with us. The ministers are not ready any more than other people.

I think you have been losing ground in Chicago. Sixteen years ago you didn't have your theaters open on Sunday, and the people didn't read Sunday newspapers. There has been a great letting down among the Christians of Chicago. God has been sending trouble on you, as he did on Israel in the days of that wicked king, Ahaz. First there was the war. Well, we learned to pray during the war, and a good many people said, As soon as the war is over we shall have a great revival of religion. But there were so many of you who got

rich and proud that the Lord had to send the fire, and then presently he sent the panic, and this city, so wonderfully favored of God, has also been sorely chastised.

In the ninth verse Hezekiah tells the people that it is on account of their sins that their sons and daughters are gone into captivity. How many fathers and mothers in Chicago are mourning over their sons and daughters who have been taken captive by sin? Turn unto the Lord and sanctify yourselves, and God will bring your sons and daughters back again, and save them. [Hearty amens.]

WORK.

I want to speak to you this morning about work. Faith is the work of the mind, and work is the outward sign of faith. Some people talk about dead faith; but if faith is dead it ought to be buried, and so got out of the way. If it is dead it is not the faith of the Gospel, the faith which saves the soul. A true faith must work.

There are some people who are trying to get along and serve God without doing any work; but they are having a very hard time of it. They are of no use to any body, and they must have a great contempt for themselves; they may possibly be saved, as Job says, by the skin of their teeth; they may manage to squeeze into heaven, but they will not have an abundant entrance.

In the fifteenth chapter of John, verses four and five, Christ says, "Abide in me, and I in you: . . . He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit." A good apple-tree cannot help bringing forth apples; it does not have to try to do it. So it is

with those who abide in Christ; they continually bring forth fruit. Now, abiding does not mean three or four weeks of special service, but three hundred and sixty-five days in a year of work for Christ.

I hear people saying, "What shall I do now, these meetings are about to close? I am afraid I shall go back to my old lukewarm condition." What you want is to abide in Christ, and then you will never go back. If this spirit of revival ever goes out of me I want to die right away; it seems to me that life would not be worth having without it. In the primitive days we read that there were added unto the Church daily such as should be saved, and so it ought to be now. Let me give you a text that will help you about this matter. It is in 2 Timothy, third chapter and fifteenth verse: "And that from a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

If you are going to abide in Christ, you must know something about him, who he is, and what he is; study his word, and find out what he has said, for in the next verse we find, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

Now, along with this, take the twenty-second verse of the first chapter of James: "But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only." There has been no lack of hearers in our morning meetings; attentive hearers, too. I have not seen many of you asleep. Now what

power there would be in the Church if there were as many doers as hearers of the word!

But I have a serious charge to make against you. You come to the meetings steadily, and listen well, and as soon as the sermon is over nine out of every ten of you get your hats, and gather up your shawls, and start for home as soon as ever you can, without lifting a finger to help any one into the kingdom of God. You have been in the Church ten, fifteen, twenty, perhaps forty years; but when I ask some of you to speak to that inquirer who sits weeping at your side, you say—

“O! dear, no, Mr. Moody, I can’t do it; I don’t know how; I haven’t the ability.”

Now, I think you have been hearers long enough, it is time for you to go to work; if you have listened as you ought, you can work. You say, “I have not the strength; I have not the wisdom; I have not the ability.” Very well; God has all these things, and if you ask him for them he will give them to you for his work.

Mr. Spurgeon was sending out some men from his college, and in reply to one of them who complained of his weakness, he said, “Yes, I know you are weak, but there are a good many of you.” Now if we could get all the weak ones in the kingdom of Christ at work for him the result would be beyond reckoning, there are so many of them.

Moses once went to Pharaoh and said: “If you don’t let the people go I will bring up frogs upon you.”

“Frogs!” says Pharaoh; “do you think I am afraid of those little things?” But when they came Pharaoh had enough of them. There were frogs in the parlor

and frogs in the bedroom, frogs jumping upon the dining-table and into the beds, frogs in the kneading-troughs, so that you could not make a loaf of bread without a frog in the middle of it. Nothing but frogs, but there were so many of them! In one respect I wish that believers were like the frogs of Egypt; that is, that they should go every-where.

If you *do* as well as you *hear* you will be all right; but the hearer and not the doer of the word, says James in this same chapter, "is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass: for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was." While the man who is "not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed."

Now take the first verse of the third chapter of Titus: "Put them in mind to be . . . ready to every good work." If these ministers had every one of them members ready to every good work, what a power each Church would be! If you are not ready, get ready. Have you done nothing but try to save your own soul? What do you suppose God converted you for? If it had only been to save yourself, he would have taken you out of the world at once.

In the eighth verse of this chapter Titus tells those who have believed to be careful to maintain good works. Some people bring the charge against us that we preach all the time, Believe, believe; but if we have believed in Christ and partaken of his spirit we shall be careful to maintain good works. We cannot help working then. I want to say to those young converts, maintain the

Church. One of them was saying the other day that he could get along without joining the Church, that Mr. Moody did not belong to any Church. Now I want to say that the first thing I did after I was converted was to try to get into the Church. They would not have me, because they thought I was not converted; but I tried again and again, till I got in. Don't stand outside of the Church and throw stones at it; if it is cold, go in and warm it up.

Help the Sunday-school. Go and pick up children, and bring them in and teach them. Help the Tract Society; encourage the Bible-readers; let the men of wealth send around their money to help in every good work.

I used to think that if I ever should live to see the day when people should come to me to ask what they should do to be saved, I should be ready to say, with Simeon of old, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." But now that I have seen it, I want, also, to see men looking around for a chance to invest money for the Lord. They will get better dividends in that way than from any other investments they can make for themselves. If you see any thing that is doing good to a perishing world, that is one of the things to be maintained.

Some people are like a bundle of shavings; set them on fire, and they make a great blaze, but after a little there is no fire, no ashes, no any thing. They go around and work a year in one Sunday-school, and a year in another, but never hold on anywhere until they have gained an influence and become a power. Ten thousand such Christians are not worth one steady, faithful worker,

who takes hold, and holds on year after year, and never lets go until his mission is accomplished. I want no mere revival Christians, no mere Sunday Christians, but Christians who will hold right on. The man that does one thing well and keeps right along at it is a terrible man. Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

There is one more thing I want to notice, and that is, be sure that your motive is right. In Colossians iii, 17, Paul says: "And whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him." It will not do to work in the name of the Methodist Church or the Presbyterian Church, or to build up any denomination; when you have got through it amounts to nothing; but if you do it in the name of Christ there is power and value in it. I was once attending the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, at Detroit, where I heard Judge Olds, from Columbus, relate his experience, which I shall never forget. When the war broke out he took some interest in the soldiers, but when his only son left him and went into the army he became very much interested, and gave a great deal of time, days and weeks together, to the soldiers who passed through Columbus. After a while he thought it was taking too much time from his business, and resolved to give his time to that work. He went down to his office one morning, when he had an important case coming on, and pretty soon he saw a poor boy in blue coming in at the door. People had got in the habit of sending soldiers to Judge Olds, because he was always so kind to them.

The judge went on writing without noticing the soldier until he pulled out a dirty piece of paper from his pocket and laid it on the desk. The judge glanced at it, and saw that it was in the handwriting of his son. Then he seized it, and read :—

“This young man belongs to my company; he is sick, and is going home; if he comes to you, do every thing you can for him for Charley’s sake.” When the judge read that he forgot all about his resolutions, left his important case, ran out and got a carriage, and took the poor fellow to his house, put him into Charley’s room, nursed him and took care of him until he was well enough to start on his journey again, and then took him to the train, put him in a comfortable place, and sent him on to his mother. “I did that for the sake of my son,” said the judge; “for Charley’s sake; but what do you suppose our Father in heaven would do for the sake of his Son for those who are in trouble and need his help?”

Now, in closing, I would say, let us be united. These meetings have seemed to me to be a foretaste of heaven, because all these ministers have been working together with one mind; and now that the meetings are closing, be sure to keep out jealousy. If God uses some one else more than he uses you, rejoice at it. Rejoice that Jesus is glorified. When I was down South I heard of a good many battles which we lost through jealousy among the generals; and the same was true on the other side. But when Grant got into the Wilderness in front of Richmond, and all the generals advised retreat after the first day’s repulse, he took the matter into his own hand, and sent

around an orderly with this command: "Advance in solid column on the enemy at daylight."

That, my friends, is just what we want. Advance in solid column, every one of us in line, doing his best for Christ's sake; and by and by we will sit down in the presence of the King and talk over our struggles and rejoice in our victories.

After one of his terrible battles Napoleon caused a medal to be struck and given to the soldiers who had fought so nobly and with such success. On one side was a description of the battle, and on the other the words, "I was there." Let us be in the thickest of the fight, and by and by we shall look back from glory to this battle, and that battle; and, like the old soldiers, proud of their medals, we shall say, "I was there." Let it be said of us, as was said of an eminent minister of Scotland at his death: "He has fallen with the trumpet of God in his hand and victory upon his lips."

"TO EVERY MAN HIS WORK."

At one of his Sunday morning meetings for Christian workers, Mr. Moody read from the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew the portion containing the parable of the talents until he came to these words:—

"I know thee, that thou art a hard man."

"That fellow told an awful lie. He said he knew the Lord was a hard man, and that shows he didn't know him at all; any body who knows the Lord knows that his yoke is easy and his burden light."

A second Scripture lesson was read, from the twenty-fifth chapter of Exodus, being an account of the offerings

of the people for the tabernacle and the ark of the covenant; the reader dwelling especially on the verse, "Of every man that giveth it willingly, with his heart, ye shall take my offering." "If a man could not give gold or silver let him bring on his brass, and if he had no brass let him bring a badger-skin—those were plenty and cheap; if he had no fine linen, let him bring a little goat's hair; surely every man could bring as much as that, and the little gifts were just as acceptable to God as the big ones, if they were only offered willingly."

After the Scripture lesson another hymn was sung, while the doors were opened to let in the late comers out of the rain, and then Mr. Moody commenced the address.

The text was Mark xiii, 34: "To every man his work."

There are quite a number of leaves coming out of my Bible at the places where I have preached from it the most. The third chapter of John is loose, and so is this thirteenth of Mark, "To every man his work." It does not say a work, or some work, but *his* work. The Almighty has laid a plan for every man's life, and marked out his work for him from all eternity. Every one of you has his own appointed task, and no minister, or deacon, or elder, or steward, can possibly do it for you.

A great many Christians are weak and sickly, and all the time getting into Doubting Castle, because they don't have this text thoroughly fixed in their hearts. I sometimes think it would be a good plan to watch the records of the Churches, and when any body wants to join, to have the minister ask him, "What do you want to come

in for? Is it to get out of trouble, and to sleep and take it easy? If that is the case we don't want you; we have plenty such members already." What a pity that there should be so many silent partners, or, as the English call it, sleeping partners, in this business of carrying on the salvation of souls. What a misfortune it would be if your child should not grow any for ten or fifteen years; but that is just the case with a great many of the Lord's children here in Chicago. I know some of them who are praying the same old prayers to-day that they were praying in 1856, when I first came out here; they haven't grown a bit in all that time. The reason of it is because they have not done their work.

You think it is a great misfortune if a child is dumb; But God has a great many dumb children; they can talk politics, or business, or gossip fast enough; but they tell their pastor not to call on them to pray or speak in meeting; they could not think of doing such a thing—have no gift of speech at all. About nine tenths of the people are dwarfs, and cripples, and deaf and dumb, and a good many of them are almost dead.

You know the old country fashion of holding meetings in the school-house at early candle-light. Well, when it begins to grow dark a man comes and brings his candle, goes into the dark room, and strikes a light. That one tallow-candle can't do much toward lighting up the school-house; but pretty soon another man comes and brings his candle, and then another, and another, and by the time they have a hundred candles lighted, the place is pretty well lit up. Now, my friends, you cannot all of you be light-houses, but every one of you ought to

•

be at least a tallow-candle. I have heard people say, "O, I have only one talent; if I had ten talents, like somebody else, I might be of some use;" and that is nothing but pride. The text says, To every man his work. You don't need talents to do somebody else's work, and every one of you has talent enough for his own work. I haven't any talent for singing; Mr. Sankey hasn't a very great talent for preaching. God has appointed to each of us his own work, and to every other man, woman, and child in the whole world.

Somebody invited me to go down to the dog market in London one day. He said they were going to have some preaching down there among those rough people. The streets were crowded with the roughest-looking set I ever saw. Almost every body had something to sell: a pup, or a fighting cock, or something in that line, which he wanted to sell to get liquor. The preachers came and tried to be heard, but the people paid no attention to them. By and by some one said, "Moody, you are from America; get up and tell them who you are, and they will listen to you."

So they did for a while, for those people think that America is the next thing to Paradise. But as soon as I began to tell them about a better place than America, and invite them all to go to heaven, they hurried away from me and went on with their dog-fighting and their cock-fighting. At last there came a rough man who had been converted right out from among that rough crowd; and when he got up on the chair and began to speak all his old mates crowded around to hear him tell the story of the cross. God had given him a work to do

•

among those lost sinners which he had not given to any of the rest of us. There are plenty of people who would take things from you that they wouldn't take from the minister.

There was a man at the Washington Market, in Philadelphia, who was converted in our meetings there, and after that he used to look up his friends and neighbors, and bring them into the meetings, go with them into the inquiry rooms, and read the Bible and pray with them, one after another, till they found Christ, and then he would go and look up somebody else. After we got through I said to him, "I wish you would bring me a list of those people," for I knew he had kept one; and he brought me a paper with fifty-nine names and addresses on it of persons whom he had that winter led to the Saviour. There is a kind of work which every one of you can do.

There is another lesson I want you to learn, namely: God will give us just as many talents as we make good use of, and if we use one talent well he will give us two: if we make good use of five he will give us ten. Don't you remember the Master asking the disciples what they had to feed the multitude with? They said five loaves and a few fishes. "It is enough," said the Master; "bring them to me." And then I can seem to see one of the disciples, Andrew, perhaps, taking one of the loaves, after the Master had blessed it, to go out and feed the people. May be he did not have very much faith, and so broke off a little piece to give to the first man, thinking to make the bread hold out; but there was no less after he had broken off the little piece, so he breaks off a big-

ger one, and it does not seem to reduce the size of the loaf any, and so his faith gets larger, and he goes on breaking off big pieces, giving the people as much as they need. One of the Scotch brethren said he had no doubt but every man in the whole camp of Israel believed that God could use him to go out and fight against Goliath, but David was the only man among them who believed that God would do it. What we want is to believe that God will use us; that he actually gives us a work to do for him, a work that is our own, and which if not done by us will never be done at all; and then let us take hold of the work feeling perfectly sure that we can do it, with God's help. What a mighty work of grace there would be going on among us if there were two thousand or three thousand Christians watching for souls to lead to Christ!

Now I am going to ask you this question: How many of you here will promise the Lord to select some one person among your acquaintance, and make an honest effort this week to bring him to Christ? All of you who will do that, rise and stand on your feet while we pray.

Nearly half the congregation responded by rising.

HINDERANCES.

"Jesus said, Take ye away the stone."

I haven't any doubt that nearly all this congregation are looking for a blessing. If you are not, you ought to be, and if there is not a great blessing on these meetings it will be our own fault.

God is always ready to bless. I know there are some

people who say, "We must wait God's time; there is a set time to favor Zion;" but I tell you, my friends, the set time to favor Zion is when we are ready. God will do his work if we will only do ours. Whenever the dead are raised there must almost always be somebody to roll away the stone.

Some one might say, "Why can't God roll it away himself?"

Well, so he could, but that isn't his way. He might send down an angel to roll away the stone, but he does not; that is a part of the work that man can do, and man must do it before God will do his.

Many people wonder why God does not answer their prayers. Why doesn't he save my profligate son? Why doesn't he bless my drunken husband? God delights to raise the dead; he delights to save drunkards, and great sinners of every other sort. I have seen it. I have lived among such works of saving grace for the last two years. I have seen the grace of God raise a drunkard out of his grave of sin, put new life into him, take the appetite for strong drink away from him, and make him a new, clean man, soul and body. God can do these things, but man has something to do first. There are some stones to be taken away.

We are not ready to advance yet; there must be a casting down before there is a raising up. "If we regard iniquity in our hearts, the Lord will not hear us," much less will he answer us.

Some people wonder that there are not more conversions. I wonder there are so many. I wonder how God can convert so many sinners with such Christians as he

has to work with. Let those who are anxious about the salvation of their sons and husbands ask themselves, "What sort of a Christian am I? What is my private life? What do my family think of me? Have they any confidence in my piety?"

I tell you, my friends, there's no use of your going to talk to your family or your neighbors about Christ unless you are saved yourself—not a bit of use. What would be the use of a man who had the small-pox going around among his neighbors inquiring after their health? They would say, "Get cured yourself before you come to look after us."

"Lazarus, come forth!"

Now, I want to call your attention to three stones—mountains we might almost call them, they are so large—which it is needful for us to roll out of the way.

First—Unbelief. If I were to ask any of you, Do you believe God can come and do a great work of saving souls here in Chicago this season? you would, perhaps, say, "Yes, I believe he can." Well, my friends, I have been right there for fifteen years. I believed God *could* revive his work and save thousands of sinners, but I didn't believe he *would*. Now, roll away that stone. Let us take a step in advance; let us stop saying we believe God can save, and let us begin to say we believe he is going to do it.

If you were to go down into the saloons and ask the drunkards there if they believe God can save them, the most of them would say, "Yes, I s'pose he can." Well, I say more. I say I believe he is going to do it.

When we went down from Edinburgh to Glasgow the

skeptics said: "Ah, this revival is all very well for women and children, but it doesn't get hold of the men." So we prayed that God would give us men in Glasgow; and when we came to look over the registered list of three thousand three hundred converts we found among them the names of one thousand seven hundred men.

Then the skeptics said, "Ah, these were all young men, people who were good enough already." Then we prayed that God would save bad men. The next place we went to the very first man converted was a gambler, the next a drunkard, the next a thief, and so the work went on among thieves, and gamblers, and harlots, the vilest of people, and our prayer was answered again. "Said I not unto thee, If thou wouldest believe thou shouldest see the salvation of God?" Unbelief is the mother of all sin. Away with it! God is ready and willing to save bad sinners, if you will only go down to them and take them by the hand and lead them to Christ.

Second. The second stone to be rolled away is Prejudice. How many of you say, "I am prejudiced against revivals?" and yet you believe in revivals in trade, revivals in manufactures, revivals in politics—all sorts of revivals except revivals of religion! When any body begins to talk about revival meetings you say, as Nathanael said to Philip, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" But Philip was a sensible man; he didn't begin to argue with Nathanael, but told him to "come and see." So we say to you, Come and see. Come to the meetings with us for a week, and wait upon God, and

see if he does not pour us out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

O, but you say, "I have known bad things in revivals."

So have I. I could tell you more than you know about bad things that have happened in revivals. The devil is always busy counterfeiting what is good.

"Some young converts turn out bad."

Well, some people start to be Democrats, and they turn out bad. People who were Republicans sometimes turn out bad. Some men go into business and fail, but is that a reason why nobody should ever go into business again?

The Bible talks of revivals. Take your Bible and read about that revival at Pentecost. Revivals are just as scriptural as the doctrine of justification by faith, or regeneration, or redemption.

Third. The third stone to be got out of the way is the miserable sectarian spirit. Thank God, it is beginning to die out; but the walls between the different denominations used to be so high that you could hardly see over. We used to have what we called union meetings, and a Methodist would get up and say, "I am a Methodist, but I condescend to meet with these Baptists and Presbyterians;" and the Baptist would get up and say, "I am a Baptist; I don't want you to think I am any thing else; but I condescend to meet with the rest of you;" and so on. There was condescension enough about these meetings to kill them.

What we want is to come up as one man against the devil, with a united front, and we shall have victory in the name of the Lord. The world used to look at the

denominations and say, "See how they quarrel." But a brighter day begins to dawn. This meeting is a type of heaven. We are not here to pick holes in one another's theology. The only question we ask about one another is, What is he trying to do?

Christ was no partisan ; if he had been, his party would have stood by him ; if he had taken sides with the Pharisees, the Pharisees would have stood by him ; if he had claimed to be a Sadducee, the Sadducees would have made him their leader. But no ; Christ loved all men, and so should we. If I had a drop of sectarian blood in my veins I would let it out.

There was no sectarian feeling on the day of Pentecost ; they were all of one accord ; all in one place. When Israel was down in the wilderness the Lord chose out seventy elders, and they prophesied in the camp ; but there were two, named Eldad and Medad, who prophesied also, and Joshua advised Moses to stop them because they did not belong to the seventy. But Moses knew better than Joshua. "No," said Moses, "let them prophesy if they can. I wish every body in the camp could prophesy."

One day some of the disciples found somebody casting out devils in the name of Christ, and they tried to stop him because he was not one of the twelve. "No," said Christ, "let him alone ; if he is casting out devils in my name that is all right ; he must be a friend of mine."

We are not doing this work for the sake of this creed or that creed, but for the sake of Christ. I remember the story of the missionary, Mrs. Comstock, who was obliged to send her children back to her own country

because they could not be educated in India. She could not go; her work was pressing, and she must stay. So she took her children on board the vessel, and, just as she was about to go away and leave them, she knelt down upon the deck, and prayed this prayer:—

“Lord Jesus, I do this for thee.” Let this be our spirit as we enter upon this work. No self-seeking, but every thing for the Lord Jesus.

I want to ask these ministers and these laymen, What is your motive? Are you working for the glory of God, or for your own glory? Are you trying to exalt the name of Christ, or your own names?

The greatest enemy of the unrenewed heart is pride. So the greatest enemy of the consecrated man is spiritual pride. The thirty-first verse of the ninth chapter of Second Corinthians reads thus: “Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.” Ah, my friends, if we would keep self out of the way, how quick God would come and bless us! He says he will not give his glory to the sons of men; they are nothing but channels; God is the fountain. You do not say that a gas-pipe gives light; it is only the channel through which the light-making vapor flows. So we are nothing but the medium by which God sends out the light of his Spirit and the word of his truth.

A true Christian, like a tree, must grow down as well as up, if he is going to stand long. He must grow down in humility as well as up in profession. There are a great many people who, like Peter, are willing to be upon the Mount of Transfiguration with Christ, who forsake him when he comes to Gethsemane.

There is hardly one of the Christian graces but what Satan can counterfeit better than humility. In the fifty-seventh chapter of Isaiah, at the fifteenth verse, we have the words: "For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." So you see there are two places where God dwells. In the heights of eternal glory and in the heart of the humble believer. The chief trouble with Peter was his self-confidence; he boasted that he was willing to lay down his life for his Master's sake, and one of the other gospels makes him say, "Though all men should forsake thee, yet will not I." But we know how it was when he came to be tempted.

There are a good many men who are under the power of strong drink, who say, "I can get rid of my appetite by myself," but when they come to put their own strength to the test they find that it is perfect weakness. Some of the strongest men in the Bible have fallen at the point of their greatest strength. The only time that Edinburgh Castle was ever taken was when the enemy climbed up on the back side, which was thought to be so steep as not to need any guard.

Abraham was the father of the faithful, yet he so far failed in his trust in God that he actually denied his own wife for fear of trouble on her account. There was no man so meek as Moses, yet he lost Canaan by losing his temper, and saying, "Have we got to bring water out of the rock for rebels like you?" Elijah was noted for his courage; yet once when that woman, Jezebel,

wrote him a letter, it almost scared him out of his wits, so that he went and sat down under a juniper-tree and wished himself dead. Peter was one of the three favorite disciples who had seen Christ's first miracle and were with him on the Mount of Transfiguration, yet he is the first to deny his Master, and swear he did not know who he was.

The devil aims very high. When he wanted somebody to testify against Jesus Christ at his trial, he chose the high-priest, the highest ecclesiastical officer in the world. When he wanted somebody to betray him, he went right in among the twelve, and chose the treasurer for his purpose; and then he chooses Peter and besets him so as to make him turn his back on the Lord when he was most in need of the presence and sympathy of his friends.

Let us not think of saving ourselves with such enemies in the world and such weakness in us; the only hope we have is in the power and grace of Jesus Christ.

ENTHUSIASM.

There are many good people who are very much afraid of enthusiasm, but you will find that there is not much to be done in Christ's kingdom, or in any other kingdom, except by men and women who are full of enthusiasm. It is this kind of men who succeed in business or in politics. Just now there are a great many people in this country full of enthusiasm over the question, "Who is to be the next President?" and if this is so, why don't we get enthusiastic over the kingdom of Jesus Christ?

I remember over there in the North Side Sunday-school we used to have some teachers who were running over with enthusiasm. It seemed to tingle in their fingers, and it made their scholars feel it when they shook hands with them. Those teachers had large, attentive classes. There were others who used to come in and sit down without saying a word to any body. They did not even speak to their scholars except to ask them questions of the lesson, and when their scholars saw that the teachers did not care, of course they did not care either, and so, one after another, they dropped out of the class. These teachers used to come to me and say, "Mr. Moody, can't you send me some more scholars?" but there was not any use in sending scholars to them. You might as well have so many lumps of wood in Sunday-school classes.

I have great admiration for the Italian patriot, Garibaldi, not so much on account of his judgment as on account of his enthusiasm. I always read every thing I can find about him, because it fires me up. There, in 1867, when he was going toward Rome, he was captured and thrown into prison. And when he got inside of the prison walls he wrote a proclamation to his soldiers, "If fifty Garibaldis are thrown into prison, let Rome be free." There are some generals whose names were worth thousands of men on the battle-field. I have read of an officer whose general ordered him to charge and take a battery. "Let me shake your conquering hand, and I can do it," was the reply.

There is a story of a young general who in the ninth century came up with a small force against a king who

had a large army. The king sent a message to say that it was madness for him to think of fighting against such odds, and offered to allow him to surrender on honorable terms. The young general read the communication, and then called up one of his men. He handed him a dagger, saying, "Plunge that into your heart!" The soldier did it and fell dead at the general's feet. Then he called another and said to him, "Jump over that precipice," and over he went. "Now," said the general, turning to the messenger, "tell your king that I have five hundred such men, and tell him also that in forty-eight hours I will have him chained among my dogs."

The messenger returned, and when it came to be known what kind of men were coming against them the whole army was demoralized, and, sure enough, in forty-eight hours from that time the young general had that king chained among his dogs.

At one of the sessions of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland old Dr. Duff, who had been a missionary in India for twenty-five years, and had come back with a shattered constitution to die in his native land, was appointed to speak on missions. There was money in the missionary treasury, but none were willing to go. For an hour and a half the old man plead for India, and then he fainted away, and was carried out of the hall. After a while he came to, and asked where he was. They told him that he had fainted away, and bade him be quiet. "O, yes," said the old man, "I was pleading for India. Take me back and let me finish my speech." The physician in charge said he dare not do it for fear it might be the end of him. "I shall die if I

don't," said the old hero ; and so they took him back. When he was brought in the General Assembly rose to their feet, and when they placed him on the platform he finished his speech after this manner :—

"Is it true that those fathers and mothers have no more sons to preach the Gospel to the heathen? When Queen Victoria calls for men to go out and fight for her, she does not call in vain ; but if there are no young men to go, let the chairman announce the fact, and, old and feeble as I am, I will go back to the banks of the Ganges, and die among those people. I will let them know that there is one old Scotchman who can die for them if he can do nothing more."

The effect was wonderful, and soon letters began to come in from men who were willing to go to preach the Gospel in India.

It may not be your duty to go on a foreign mission, but God, in his providence, is bringing all sorts of people to Chicago, and you can stay right here and be a foreign missionary for Christ.

A minister was telling me the other day that he got into a working-men's car, and began to tell them about these meetings, and afterward talked to them about their souls. "I was a wonder to myself," said he ; "six months ago I would not have thought of doing such a thing, for fear people would think I was mad."

I tell you, my friends, that is just what we want. There is need of a great many more mad men in Chicago. A man is not worth very much for the cause of Christ till the world begins to think he is mad. The world thought Christ was mad. Agrippa thought Paul

was mad, but he could say, as one man said when they told him he was a lunatic, "I have a good keeper on the way, and a good asylum at the end."

I wish every one of you, old and young, men and women, would just try to lead one soul to Christ this week, and what a glorious work we should see! Don't say, "I have no talent for such work."

Just ask the Lord, "What wilt thou have me to do?" and he will furnish you the work, and give you the qualification also.

Some one has said that there are a great many people who are all the time crying out—

"O, my leanness! O, my leanness!" but if they were only honest they would cry out—

"O, my laziness! O, my laziness!"

People may laugh at you, but that will do you no harm.

I heard of a young convert once who was beginning to preach Christ to a little company of people on a street corner, when an infidel came along, and said,

"Young man, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"So I am," he answered; "but I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."

Did you ever notice the five weak things which God uses to carry on his work. Here they are, in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, the first chapter and the twenty-seventh verse:—

"But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which

are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence."

Who would have thought of setting that Bedford tinker to write a book which should be next to the Bible?

I sometimes hear people say, "O, if that man were only converted, what an influence he would have!" Not at all. There are great men, as the world goes, who sneak into the kingdom of God, and are never heard of afterward, while some poor, humble, ignorant men come to be great powers for good. God uses "the things which are not to bring to naught the things that are." When he wanted to shake Scotland out of its formality and heresy, he did not call a noble to do it. He called John Knox, a man so full of holy enthusiasm that he prayed, "Give me Scotland, or I die."

When God wanted to shake Germany, as a mother would shake her naughty child, he called Martin Luther, a poor, obscure monk.

When he wanted to arouse England he called the Wesleys and Whitefield—some unknown young men, and when the churches were closed against their preaching they preached in grave-yards and coal-pits and prisons.

Look at the Prophet Elisha. I see old Elijah meeting him out there in the field behind those twelve yoke of oxen. If we had been asked to pick out a successor to that great prophet we would have chosen some professor in a theological seminary, or some president in a college, or some man with a "D.D." or an "LL.D." to the end

of his name. But Elijah, by the will of God, goes to that young farmer, and says, "My work is almost done, and you are to be my successor;" and just before he is taken up in the Lord's chariot, he says, "Now, Elisha, if there is any thing you want, just ask it."

"Let me have a double portion of the spirit that is in you," says Elisha. That was a great thing to ask. It was a mighty spirit that dwelt in Elijah. He prayed that it might not rain, and the heavens were shut up for three years. But Elijah says to him, "If thou see me when I go up it shall be so." Then he puts Elisha to the test. He takes him to one place and another, and says, "Stay here while I go yonder; wait here for me." But Elisha says, "No." He is bound to be with the prophet when he goes up, so that he may have that double portion of his spirit.

At length one of the Lord's chariots comes down, and Elijah steps into it, and up he goes. But Elisha sees him as he ascends; seizes his mantle that falls to the ground; smites the river Jordan, and it opens before him, and then the sons of the prophets exclaim, "The spirit of Elijah is upon Elisha."

My friends, the spirit of Elijah and Elisha will come upon you if you seek it with all your hearts. Just say to the Lord, "Here am I; send me," and if you will all do that there will be a mighty work of grace, not only in Chicago, but all over the the North-west.

FAITH.

I want to call your attention to a dry subject. Some of you will say, "O dear, if I knew Mr. Moody was go-

ing to preach on faith I wouldn't have come to-night.' Well, my friends, if it is an old and dry subject, it is also a very important one, for none of you can ever enter the kingdom of God without it.

The next thing to do is to find out the true definition of the word. Let us look for it in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, and at the first verse: "Now, faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Then the chapter goes on to tell us about Abel, and Enoch, and Noah, and Abraham; by faith they did this, and by faith they did that. Sixteen times that form of words occurs—"By faith" they did so and so. And you will find that the successful men in the Bible and out of it are always men of strong faith.

There are three things that go to make up faith: knowledge, assent, laying hold. A great many people get as far as knowledge and the assent. They say, "O yes, I believe; I assent," but they don't lay hold of the word of God, and hold on to it for dear life. Faith is the basis of all possible society. You just let men lose faith in one another, and in the banks and business houses, and there would be a terrible state of things. Well, the faith with which a man believes in God is just the same kind of faith as that with which he believes in his neighbor. The only difference is in the object. Some people make a mistake right here. They think that saving faith is something that God is going to send unto them from heaven. Faith is an outward look, and not an inward look. It looks away from self to Christ; it looks over all mountains, and up to God himself. It hears God speak, and it says, "Amen! amen!"

In the seventeenth chapter of Jeremiah, at the fifth verse, the Lord says: "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and who maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord." But a little further along we read: "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord." There is no dependence to be put in man. You dare not even trust yourself. Your own heart has deceived you a great many times; but if you put your trust in the living God you may live in peace and joy all the while. There is no use in trusting in princes or ministers or Churches or creeds. They often disappoint you. God never does.

This eleventh chapter of Hebrews tells us about the men who believed; but just go on to the twelfth, and you find that, notwithstanding we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, we are to win the race set before us not looking unto Abel, or unto Abraham, or unto Moses, but "looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."

There is another mistake that is quite common. People say that it don't make any difference what a man believes if he is only sincere in it. Why, there was that man at the balloon ascension who caught hold of the rope just as the balloon was cut loose, and he was swept away to destruction. He believed he was right in holding on to the rope, but it did not save him from being dashed to pieces. I was talking to a man the other day, trying to find out what his faith was.

"I believe the same as my Church does," said he.

"Well, what does your Church believe?"

"O, the same as I do," and that was all he knew about it.

He was sincere enough, but he didn't have any knowledge of what he ought to believe. Now the question comes up, How are we to get this faith? Well, I will tell you. You want, first of all, to get acquainted with God, and the way to do that is to read this book, in which he gives an account of himself. If some good man were to make one hundred promises to be fulfilled in ten years, and if nine years were already past, and ninety of the promises had been fulfilled to the letter, and no change had occurred in our relations to each other, wouldn't I be right in expecting him to fulfill the other ten? Well, that is just the way with God. He has fulfilled a great many promises, and hasn't ever broken any, and that is reason enough why we should believe him when he tells us any thing. Some people say that faith in God is blind, is taking a leap in the dark. I deny it; we are acquainted with him; I have been acquainted with him twenty years, and I know he always keeps his word.

When I was down in Mobile, before I went to Europe, a gentleman where I stayed was playing with his two boys by putting them up on a post eight or ten feet high, and letting them jump into his arms. Then he put up a bigger boy than either of the others, but he was afraid to jump, and cried to be taken down. "What does it mean?" said I. The two little boys jumped as if they liked it, and the big one was afraid. "Ah!" said the man, "the big one was not my boy." So it is, my friends, with all of us. God's children, who know him and have proved his love and faithfulness, are not afraid to leap into the arms of his promises; but the boys that are not his boys cry and worry and fret whenever they

think they are in danger. What they want is to get acquainted with the Lord, and then they will not be afraid to trust him for any thing.

A man once came to me saying he wanted to find the best life of Christ that had ever been written. So I told him to read that life of him which was written by his old friend, John. John knew him better than any one else; and in every chapter of his Gospel but two he has something about believing in him. "Faith cometh by hearing," says Paul to the Romans, and hearing cometh by the word of God. That is where you are to get your faith. God says it, and whatever he says is certain to be true. Men and devils have been trying to make out that God is a liar; but it is no use. The Scripture cannot be broken. Therefore the thing to do is to take God at his word.

It is said that one day, as Napoleon I. was reviewing some troops, his horse took fright, and the emperor lost the reins. A soldier, seeing his danger, threw himself before the runaway horse, and, at the risk of his life, caught the reins, and gave them into the emperor's hand, who was very grateful for the service, and, bowing his thanks, he said: "I make you captain of my body-guard." The soldier did not go back into the ranks, but, taking the emperor at his word, at once took his place at the head of the body-guard. The officer in command ordered him back.

"No," said he, "I am captain of the Guard."

"Who said it?"

"He said it," pointing to the emperor, and that settled the matter.

So let us do with the promises of God. He said it, and that settles the matter for us. I have heard some people say they are so constituted that they can't believe the Bible. Suppose a brother here were to invite me home to dinner with him to-morrow, and I were to hesitate, and say I was so constituted that I couldn't believe he wanted me to come! That is only another way of telling God he is a liar. Don't talk about your unbelief as a constitutional misfortune; it is a fatal, damning sin.

Suppose you know some beggar who had been begging at a street-corner for years, and some day you should see him with a new suit of clothes on, and all fixed up like a gentleman. You salute him and say, "Beggar, how is this?"

"I aint a beggar any more," he replies.

"What! How is this?"

"Well, a man came along and gave me \$10,000, and I've got it safe in the bank; so I am not begging any more."

Then you begin to doubt and ask him how he got the money, and he says, "Why, I just reached out my hand, and he gave me the money."

"Well, but I am afraid there was something wrong in the way you held out your hand."

"Never mind," says the man, "that don't make any difference; I've got the money."

So, my friends, never mind your feelings and the way you come to Christ. Any path is good enough if it only brings you to Christ.

Who will come to Christ to-night? Who will set to his seal that the word of God is true?

TRUST.

I want to call your attention this afternoon to the word "trust," and to prove from the Scripture that this is all the soul has got to do to be saved—simply to trust Him. The very middle verse in the Bible tells us, "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man; it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes." The word "trust" in the Old Testament is the same as the word "believe" in the New. A great many say, "What do you mean when you say, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?'" We mean to trust him for salvation, for strength, for every thing. He says he will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on him. The great trouble with inquirers is, that their minds are stayed on themselves. They sit looking at themselves, and don't get any strength, any light, any victory, and they never will till they get outside of themselves. We haven't got the power to save ourselves. If we had, God would never have come into this world. If you haven't perfect peace, it is because your mind is stayed on yourself instead of on himself. All business would be suspended in Chicago in forty-eight hours if it wasn't for trust. Only, instead of putting our trust in men or in princes, we are to put it in God, and he will give us perfect peace. Psalm lxii, 8, tells us, "Trust in him at all times; pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us." We are to trust him when we don't see what he is going to do. We are to trust him in the dark—when we don't know what will be the result. It may be midnight darkness, but what he wants is to trust

him. If you trust your doctor, whom you have had for twenty-five years, and your child is sick, and he says there is no danger, you believe him and rest easy. If you have a dismal case in court, and your lawyer never lost a case, and he says he will carry it through, you believe him. Christ never lost a case. Commit your case to him, and he will take you through.

How to trust him. We are told to trust him with all the heart. Then all darkness will disappear, and the light will come. God hates halfheartedness. A great many don't get light because they don't come with all the heart. A story is told of Alexander the Great, that he got a note stating that his favorite doctor was going to poison him. At the time the note came this doctor was in the room with him. Alexander read the note, and his confidence in the doctor was such that he took up that very drug mentioned in the letter and drank it right down, while he handed the letter to his doctor. Let us have that confidence in God. God never betrayed his children. Men won't trust a stranger. The reason infidels don't trust God is because he is a stranger to them. The more a man knows God the more he trusts him. His faith never wavers. It is these people that are very little acquainted with God that have so little faith. When I was in Philadelphia a man came down from Altoona to spend the Sabbath, as he afterward told me, and find Christ. He went to the meetings during the day, and when I found him at night he looked as if he had lost all his friends. I asked him what was the trouble, and he said he hadn't found Christ.

"Well," I said, "he has been after you for years."

"Well," said he, "I can't find him."

"There's one thing you can do," said I, "you can trust him."

"Well," said he, "supposin' I do; any body can trust him."

"Well, he'll save you," said I.

"By just trusting him?"

"Yes; nothing more, nothing less. The word says so."

"Well, I think that's too easy."

"That's the trouble," said I. "You want to do something great, while all you have to do is to just commit your soul to God and trust him." And he finally did so, and was converted. The result of trust is peace, quiet, gentleness. We get peace, happiness, mercy, and joy.

But I can imagine some one saying, "How about your feelings?" Let the feelings take care of themselves. I may meet a man on the street who is very happy; any body can see it, and I say to him, "What makes you so happy?" He says, "I don't know. I just feel happy; that's all." A good many people want to be happy before they have got any thing to make them happy. You can't make yourself feel; at least, I can't. If I could, I would feel good all the time. Salvation don't depend on our feeling. It depends on the word of God. All God requires you to do is to put your trust in him and look to him for salvation. Put no confidence in the flesh. Let your efforts all cease here to-day, and say, "From this hour, by the grace of God, I put all my trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, and I trust him to take me." Commence to-day. I was talking to a man to-

day up by the Second Church. He said he had been trying to save himself, and he told me the same old story of lopping off sin after sin. Don't you see, if a man could do that he don't need any Saviour at all? Christ lays the ax right at the root of the tree. It isn't cutting off the branches. It is a new tree. It is a new life; and the moment you come to him, and give up trying to work out your own salvation, then you have got it.

Some might like to know why they don't get it. "The fear of man bringeth a snare." Men don't want to go into the kingdom of God as little children. People tell me they haven't got any pride; O no, but yet it is in them, and coming out from the bottom of their feet to the roots of their hair. They say, "What would be said of a man of my position going into the inquiry room?" Pride doesn't belong only to the rich. It is born in us. People are convinced in their minds that they do need Christ, but they lack the moral courage to say so. O, may God give it to you to-day! That is just the reason that keeps a great many away. They are afraid to take up their crosses and follow Christ.

A great many people are writing me letters about the hard times, the scarcity of food, and the general hard times. Now, take my word, and put your trust in the widow's and the orphan's God. If you trust in the Relief Society or in the Churches you will be disappointed. God intends that you shall be. He intends to sweep every prop from under you, that you may come and trust in him. I know what it is to be a homeless boy, and I tell you the God of the widow and the orphan will stand by you if you put your trust in him. I remember

a case during the first year of our war. Business wasn't good. Our brothers and friends were off in the army. One day a soldier's wife on the North Side got tidings that her husband had been killed. A few hours afterward the landlord came after the rent. She didn't know what to do, and she was weeping, when her little child came and said,

"Mother, wont God hear prayer?"

The mother said, "Yes," and that little one went into her room and prayed, and she said, "O God, my father died in the army; my mother's got no money, and the landlord is coming to turn us out of doors, and we will sit on the door-step and get cold and die. Wont you lend us a little house?"

And God was true to his word. That mother for years has never paid any rent. God raised up funds to provide for that widow and her child. We can't afford not to trust him. If there is any one bowing under the rod, I say, Trust him in the dark; say, "I will trust him any way." Lie right down and say, "Lord, I am trusting thee. I will trust thee to keep me. I will trust thee in spite of my treacherous heart. I will trust thee any way." My friends, when you do this, soul and body, the Lord will save you.

LOVE.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." 1 Cor. xiii, 1.

I have not any doubt that a good many who belong to the Church have often wondered why they were not

more useful. I have asked myself the same question a thousand times, but I think the answer is to be found in this thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. Every minister needs to read that chapter over at least once a week, in order to know how to preach. A man may have the eloquence of Demosthenes, but if he has not a heart full of love, his preaching wont do any good.

I have known Churches to send away for some very eloquent minister, and when he came they would think they were sure to have a successful Church; but somehow or other there would not be any conversions. What was the matter? You will find out by reading this thirteenth chapter. The man hadn't any love in his heart. He could speak with the tongues of men, but his heart was cold. Why, you might as well put a boy into the pulpit to beat a bass drum as to put a minister into it whose heart is not full of love. Such a man is nothing but sounding brass. I know some men who can dig wonderful things out of the prophecies. They understand all mysteries, and we, common people, sit at their feet and wonder at their knowledge. But after all they don't seem to be of any use in saving any body. What is the trouble? Paul tells you what the matter is. "Though I understand all mysteries, and all knowledge . . . and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not *love*, it profiteth me nothing."

Here is a man who gives five hundred dollars to some relief society, and another who gives his check of a thousand dollars to help found a theological seminary, but if

he does not do it for love God cannot see any merit in it. "And though I give my body to be burned, and have not *love*, it profiteth me nothing."

I have no doubt there are some men who would be willing to give their bodies to be burned for the sake of something they believe in, but it is all in vain if they do not hold the principle in love.

I am so tired of the misuse of that word "duty." A man gets up in a prayer-meeting and says he has not much to say—people find it out before he talks two minutes—but he feels it his "duty" to say something for the Lord, and help to fill up the time. What a nuisance!

A Sunday-school teacher takes a class because he feels it to be his "duty." He does not love his scholars, and his scholars very soon find it out. I have a poor old mother living on the banks of the Connecticut River, up among the mountains of New England, and for the past twenty years I have made it a point to go and see her every year. Now suppose I were to go home to her and say, "Well, mother, I remember how much you did for me when I was a little boy, and father was dead, and how hard you used to work to keep us all together, and now I feel it is my duty to come and see you once in awhile." I think the poor old lady would say, "My son, you need not come any more."

A minister came up to me one day and said, "Moody, you are all wrong. You say people ought not to go to prayer-meetings from a sense of duty. If you talk that way you will empty my prayer-meeting."

"Very well, empty it, then," said I. "A prayer-

meeting is not worth much where people only go from a sense of duty."

Still he insisted that I was wrong. So I said to him, "You are a married man, I suppose ; aint you ?"

"Yes."

"Well, suppose that to-morrow was your wife's birthday, and you were to go and buy her a book for a birthday present. You take it home to her, and say, 'This is your birthday ; here is a book for you. I felt it was my duty to make you a birthday present.' Do you suppose she would accept that book from you ? Not at all. She would say, 'Keep your old book. I don't want any birthday present made to me from a sense of duty.'"

"Well," said the minister, "I don't know but what you are right after all."

We read in this chapter that "charity thinketh no evil ;" still less does it speak any evil. If a young man professes to be converted, and begins to talk against his brethren, I know at once that his religion is a sham.

In the fifth chapter of Galatians you may find out what are the evidences of real conversion. "The fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

Love, you see, is put at the head of the list. If love is not the mainspring of our lives we may be sure we have not been born from above. Just take a look at that scene in the temple. There were the rich men giving five hundred or a thousand dollars apiece for the service of the Lord. That would look very well in a

Jerusalem morning paper, if they had any papers in those days; but there is a poor widow who gives two mites; but she gives her heart with them, and when Jesus sees it he says, "That poor widow has given more than all these rich men put together."

There is a text in the second chapter of Titus which has been too much overlooked. It is this:—

"Sound in faith, in charity, in patience."

If a man is not sound in faith we cut his head right off; we call an ecclesiastical council, and drive him out of the pulpit, or cast him out of the synagogue; but if he is unsound in love we let him go on sowing discord among brethren, and keeping the Church in a continual quarrel. It is very important to be sound in faith and patience, but it is still more important to be sound in love. If we cannot love according to the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, we are not where God can bless us or make any use of us.

It does not take a very good man to love his friends. Any body can love them that love him, but grace is intended to make a man love his enemies. Love begets love, and hatred begets hatred. If any one speaks well of you you begin to feel kindly toward him, but if you hear that he has spoken evil of you it is very natural for you to feel a coldness toward him; but love, which comes into a man's heart from God, will help him love his enemies. Love is the lever with which Christ lifts the world. He came down into the world because he loved it, and not because it loved him; and it is just so with those who are his disciples. If we only love them who love us we are no better than any body else; but if

we are the true disciples of Christ we shall love them that hate us, also.

Dr. Arnot, of Edinburgh, once pointed out to me a family in his congregation who, he said, were, all seven of them, to be received into his Church the next Sunday, and who had been won by a smile.

“How is that?” said I.

He answered, “I was passing a house, on my way to church one Sunday morning, where there was a little girl standing in the window. I looked at her with a smile on my face and passed on. The next Sunday the little girl was at the window again. So I smiled and bowed, and the little girl bowed in return. The next time there were some more children watching for me, and when the little girl saw me she clapped her hands, and bowed and smiled, and I took off my hat and bowed and smiled, too. The next Sunday there was a lady at the window with the children, and I didn’t know just what to do, but I thought it would be quite safe to bow, and the lady bowed in return. Then, as I afterward found out, the lady said to her children, ‘I think that man must be a minister; he has a book under his arm, and he has a happy-looking face.’ (What a good thing it would be if you could always tell a minister by his happy-looking face!) And so she set the children to follow me. They came to my church and heard me preach, and after awhile they brought the whole family; and now they are all members of my congregation, and are going to be members of the Church, and they were all brought to Christ just through the effect of a smile.”

People come to me sometimes to complain of their ministers, and I always say to them, "How many minutes do you spend every day praying for your minister?" That spikes their guns about as quick as any thing. People should love their ministers, and should pray for them a good deal, and always find a good deal of help from their preaching.

Love is a great power. When your heart is all aglow with love; when you are red-hot with the love of Christ, and feel willing to go down close beside some lost sinner for the sake of saving him, you are pretty sure to bring that soul to Christ. A poor preacher can preach well when his heart is all on fire with love. A Sunday-school teacher can teach well whose heart is full of love for his scholars. A Christian worker can work well who loves the Lord with all his heart. My friends, let us work for Christ, not from a sense of duty, but under the heavenly inspiration of love.

HOW TO STUDY THE BIBLE.

The Bible is a treasury of power, but the man who is full of himself makes but little use of it. He may use it as a book to get proof texts out of, though even then he thinks he might get along without it. Now, that, I believe, is one reason why so many have but little success ; they know but little about the word of God.

There are a good many people in the Church, who call themselves Christians, who take up the Bible, and wonder if it is all true. Yes, my friends, it is all true, from back to back.

There was a colored man I heard of once, who had been converted, and some infidel got hold of him, and said to him, "The Bible is not true ;" but the colored man replied : "I was once a drunkard and blasphemer, but when I read that word of God I stopped swearing and drinking ; so I guess the book must be true that would do this. A bad book could not make a bad man good." I think the colored man had the best of the argument. Let us take our stand on his platform.

Another thing, let us not try to reason out every thing by bringing all God's revelations down to our own level. There are a great many things in the Bible that we cannot understand, and that is one of the proofs that the Bible is the word of God.

Some people say they are pretty well acquainted with the Bible, and, therefore, they don't read it, because it is old. They prefer to read the daily papers, under the notion that they get the news from the daily papers; but I tell you the Bible is the only news-book in all the world; why, it not only tells us what took place six thousand years ago, but what is going to take place in ages to come! No newspaper can do that; a newspaper may be able to tell you what happened yesterday, but you will have to go to the Bible to find out what is going to be hereafter.

Now, let us take up the question again, How are we to study the Bible? and, first, I want to call your attention to some of the states of mind in which we should approach this study.

A great many people read the Bible as I used to before I got converted, just to ease their consciences. I used to feel that it was my duty to read two chapters every day; so every morning I would jump out of bed and read my two chapters, and then put in a mark in the book to tell where I left off.

Sometimes in traveling I have seen the head of the house take down the family Bible, and ask his wife where they left off reading the last time. Some people read the Bible so carelessly that if you were to ask them ten minutes after they had shut the book what they had been reading about they would be unable to tell you.

Others read a chapter here at one time, and the next time a chapter there, scattered all around. They don't know any thing about the Bible; they haven't the connection.

This book is altogether different from other books. We cannot understand it by merely studying; we must read it, and re-read it, and pray to God to open our understanding and give us the Holy Ghost to interpret it to us, and if we go about it in that way, setting our faces, as Jehoshaphat did, in prayer, to understand it, these blessed and heavenly truths will all come out plain before us.

It is important to study the Bible without any bias. I find that a great many people come to the Bible, saying, I believe such and such a thing, and that does not agree with this or that text of the Bible.

Now, if we are going to make a study of the word of God, we must let the Spirit teach us, and we must believe whatever he says.

We want to study God's word in the clear light of Calvary, and if we can read it under the cross, we shall be sure to understand all the rest.

When you come to the word of God, hunt for something, just as men do who go to California, for the purpose of digging gold.

If you want to get gold, you must dig for it; just so, if you want to find the pure gold of the Bible you must search for it. The best truths are not found lying on the surface.

When I was in Boston I went to Mr. Prang's chromo establishment, and asked him to show me the process by which he made pictures. So he took me to a stone that had a few tints on it—he was making a portrait of some public character—but when I looked at it I could not see any sign of a man's face at all; then he showed me

the next stone, and a young man who was at work on the same portrait took an impression and showed it to me, but I could see nothing at all like a man's face. So he went on and on to the eighth, the ninth, the tenth, and then I could begin to see a faint outline. Still we went on, until at the twentieth stone the picture looked a good deal like a man; and at last, when we reached the twenty-eighth stone, and the workman took an impression of that, on a paper which had taken up all the other impressions before, there was the perfect portrait.

So we have to read the Bible. We take it up at first, and we don't see any thing in it; then we read it over the second time, and still we see nothing wonderful; but read it over to the twentieth time, and then you begin to get a little light. Dig down deep; pray over the matter; read it twenty-four times, and you can see the outlines of truth, and by and by, when you come to the twenty-eighth time or the thirtieth time, you will see Jesus Christ printed on every page.

There are three books that every Christian ought to have. The first is a good Bible, with good large print. Some people object to large Bibles, because they cannot be carried in their pocket. Well, carry them under your arm, then.

It was said of a certain man who used to walk five miles to church, that he preached a sermon five miles long, by carrying the Bible under his arm.

Don't be ashamed to let people know that you are a Bible man. People come into a railway train and sit down and begin to play cards, without seeming to be ashamed of it. Why should you be ashamed to be seen

with the Bible under your arm? Read the word of God in public places.

A great many people say that they cannot find time. Suppose you don't read quite so many daily newspapers. I don't believe there is a business man in Chicago but what can find an hour a day to spend in the study of the Bible, if he wants to.

The next book after the Bible is "Cruden's Concordance," and then there is a little Scripture text-book which has been a great help to me, in which the various subjects treated of in the Bible are set down in alphabetical order, with references to various parts of the Bible.

I hear some people saying that they believe in the New Testament, but don't believe in the Old Testament. This shows that they don't know any thing of either; because the Old is a prophecy of the New, and the New Testament is an indorsement of the Old.

Christ put his seal of approbation on a great many things in the Old Testament, and you will find Christ himself in the Old Testament as well as in the New. Some scientific men say they don't believe in the flood. Didn't the Son of God say, "As it was in the days of Noah, the flood came and took them all away," and wouldn't you rather take the testimony of Jesus Christ than the speculations of these scientific infidels?

I have no sympathy with the men who go down into the ground after the dead carcasses to make them testify against the word of God.

Jesus of Nazareth believed the flood, and I take my stand with him.

Somebody says, "I don't believe the whale swallowed

Jonah. The throat of a whale is not big enough to swallow a man." But the word of God says, "God prepared a fish to swallow Jonah." I heard of an old colored woman once who said God could prepare a man to swallow a whale, if he wanted to. You must not limit the power of the Lord God.

Now, a good way to study the Bible is to take up a portion of it at a time, and study it over and over. It is better to spend six months on one gospel, or one epistle, or one prophecy, than to spend the same time on the whole Bible. When we have become masters of one part perhaps four or five others will be opened to us by means of it. Every book was written with a special object. The book of John was written to make us believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and to see that by believing in him we might have eternal life.

The blood of sacrifice is a scarlet line that runs all through the Bible.

Take up the word "able," and find out what God is able to do. Take up the "overcomes" of Revelation, and go with them higher and higher till you come to the last one. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, as I also overcame and am set down with my Father in his throne."

Study the nineteen personal interviews of Christ; study the conversions; study the blessings of the book of Revelation, the only book that opens with a blessing on the man that reads it. Some people say the Revelation is a sealed book, and there isn't much good in reading it. That is the devil who puts that notion into people's heads. The Revelation is the only book that

tells about the downfall of Satan, and, of course, he don't want people to read it; so he says, "O, this is very mysterious; you can't understand this; read something else."

Then study the seven "walks" of Ephesians, the walk of obedience, walk circumspectly, and finally the walk "not as other Gentiles walk." Some of these women are afraid of being peculiar, but that is just what Christ wants of his people. He wants them to be different from the world, so that men can tell them by the love they bear to one another.

Then look up the precious things of Peter—precious Christ, precious blood, precious faith, precious trial of faith. Also, the assurances, the things which we know, in the First Epistle of John, till you come to the last: "We know that when he shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see him as he is."

Take up any one book, and ask the question, "What does this book teach? what is the special reason why it was written?" Study the personal characters mentioned in the Bible. Follow out the Christian attainments in Psalm xxiii, 2; Luke x, 39; Ephesians v, 14; Isaiah xl, 31; Hebrews xii, 1; Psalm xviii, 21; lying, sitting, standing, walking, running, leaping, till at last, with Isaiah, you "mount up on wings like the eagles."

Again, it is a good thing to take up the Bible topically. I have been greatly blessed in taking up one word, and then by means of the "Concordance" hunting up every passage bearing on the same topic. Some time ago I took up the word "love," and spent about three weeks on it, and when I got through I was so full of love that I felt like loving every body. In court, if a lawyer

wants to carry the jury, he gets every thing right on one line, and he piles up the testimony, and carries them by force. So the minister or the Sunday-school teacher ought to consider his class a jury, and to treat them as if he wanted to make them bring in a verdict on his side of the case.

Then take the word Christ. I cannot tell you how blessed the study of that word has been to me. At first I used to linger about Sinai, but when I began to study Christ, after a while I got to Calvary.

Then take the blood, that some people seem to be so much troubled about, and you will find that without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins.

Then take up the Bible characters. Take King Saul, for instance, and find out how he failed, and you will find that there are hundreds of men in Chicago just like him. Study David, and find out the secret of his power. Look up the record of Daniel, and see why it was that he was a man so beloved of God.

Then take the subject of revivals; look through the Bible, and find the records of revivals there. They had a pretty good revival in the days of Nehemiah. I wish we had one like it in Chicago. We find in the eighth chapter of that book, "And Ezra the priest brought the law before the congregation, both men and women, and all that could hear with understanding, upon the first day of the seventh month: and he read therein before the street that was before the water gate, from the morning until the midday, before the men and the women, and those that could understand." No preaching, you observe, but merely the reading of the word of God, half a

day at a time. What we want is **not** some grand eloquent essay about Christ or religion, but we want to have men tell us about Christ out of the law and the Gospel. I had a great deal rather have the "Thus saith the Lord" than the biggest bundle of fine essays.

"And the ears of the people were attentive to the books of the law." I can see the old men putting their hands up to their ears, so that they should not lose a word, and the people listening with their mouths open, like young robins with their mouths stretched for the food that the old bird brings them. That is what I call men and women hungering for the word of God.

"And Ezra blessed the Lord, the great God. And all the people answered, Amen, Amen, with lifting up their hands: and they bowed their heads, and worshiped the Lord with their faces to the ground. So they read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." That is about the style of preaching we want. We want our ministers to read distinctly, and cause the reading to be understood. That would be a very strange course to some of our preachers. You ask a great many persons if they understood the sermon, and they could not even tell you what the minister has been saying.

"Then he said unto them, Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared: for this day is holy unto our Lord: neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength." Show me a Christian that is feeding upon the word of God day and night, and I will show you a man that is full of power.

Now turn to the twentieth chapter of Jeremiah and the ninth verse. This blessed old prophet fed upon the word of God, and it was sweeter than the honey-comb to him.

“Then I said, I will not make mention of him, nor speak any more in his name. But his word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay.’ The word of God was in him like a fire; and the word of the Lord is like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces. There is not any thing like the hammer of the word of God to break the hard hearts of sinners.

There is another verse in the fifteenth chapter of Jeremiah: “Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart: for I am called by thy name, O Lord God of hosts.” Just think of that. Now a man must feed himself before he can begin to feed others. You cannot get water out of a dry well. A man who is half-starved and lean himself does not feel very much like feeding other people.

Another thought: I have been wonderfully helped by marking my Bible, to help me remember the good things I have heard in sermons and at other times. When I hear a good thing, I say to myself, That will be good for somebody else, so I just put a mark in my Bible, and that helps me use the thought when I want it.

If a minister thought his sermon was going to be repeated over and over again, I am sure he would preach a good deal better for it. I think if we understood our Bibles better, and the ministers gave us more of it in

their sermons, there would not be so many people carried away with false doctrine.

Error has not such a stronghold in Scotland as it has in other Christian countries, and the reason of it is, that the people are educated in the word of God. The people there carry their Bibles to church. I think if a minister didn't preach according to the word of God there the people would soon find it out. I advise you to carry your Bibles to church with you, and if you hear a good sermon, take down the leading points.

Here is something I marked down in my Bible; from little things I heard spoken of once in a sermon. The speaker was referring to ants, and he showed that they toiled all summer, and laid up a store for the future. God's people, he said, were like the ant. So I said I would try to be like the ant, and prepare for the future. The next things he mentioned were the conies, who were so puny, and yet make their houses in the rocks. So I said, I will build upon the rock, so I shall be like the conies. The next things he mentioned were the locusts. The locusts live and travel in bands, yet they have no king over them. So with us here in this world; we are without our King, but by and by our King will come back. So I said, I will be like the locust. Then came the spider. Well, said I to myself, I don't think I would like to be like the spider; but when the minister pointed out that one of the habits of the spider is to suspend itself from the ceiling, and to keep up, off from the ground, I said to myself, Well, I think I will be like the spider after all, and so live above the world.

Many people don't believe in assurance; so that is a

good topic to study. You will be surprised to find how much Assurance there is in the Bible.

Then there is the Resurrection. Very few people seem to know much about the resurrection of the dead, but that is one of the principal things that the apostles used to preach.

I have been interested in the "beholds" of the Bible. Run through the Scripture, and see how many things there are that God calls special attention to.

Then take the "I wills" of Christ. "I will give you rest;" "I will in no wise cast you out;" "I will; be thou clean;" "I will confess him before my Father, which is in heaven;" "I will make you fishers of men;" "I will not leave you comfortless;" "I will raise him up at the last day." And then this, which I think is the sweetest of all, "I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am."

Take up the titles of Christ, and see what he is to us, and I think that you will find that he is every thing you can possibly need.

Then take the invitations of Christ, the "*comes*." "Come now, let us reason together;" "If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in;" "Come and see;" "Come and rest;" "Come and dine;" "Come to the marriage;" "Come and inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

My friends, we have a treasure in this Bible, and we never can use it all. We have instruction in every thing we need to know. We have an example in every line of duty: a light for every darkness; life in death; victory over the grave; the promise of our Lord's return; the

assurance of everlasting glory. “ Search the **Scriptures** ;” says Christ, “ for in them ye think ye have eternal life : and they are they which testify of me.”

I.

BIBLE PORTRAITS.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

WE have for our text to-night the man Mr. Sankey has been singing about. The trouble with him was the same as with nine-tenths of the men in this city who are away from God to-night. He started out wrong. If any one had told the young man that he needed the grace of God to keep him when he was starting out to make his fortune he might have laughed at it, but we see how poorly he got along without it.

I don't know why he wanted to go away from home. Perhaps he thought his father was too strict, because he wouldn't let him stay out late at night; perhaps he couldn't get along well with his elder brother; maybe his mother had died and left him to the care of some one who didn't love him. Perhaps she had died praying for her wayward son, and he wanted to get away from the place, so as to be able to forget her prayers, that troubled him every time he thought of them.

So he goes to his father and says, "Father, I think I could get along better if you would divide your estate, and give me my share now, and let me go and begin life for myself." I suppose the old gentleman was rich, and perhaps, weak-minded; at any rate he made a very great mistake. There is nothing worse for a young man than to give him plenty of money and send him out into the world alone. People talk a great deal about self-made men, and about

poor men's sons who have to struggle for their places in the world; but I tell you, I have a great deal more respect for the rich man's son who turns out well than for the poor boy who has to work his way in the world. There is nothing that puts so many temptations in a young man's way as having plenty of money.

Well, the young man took his money and went off; perhaps he went down to Egypt to get as far away from home as possible, and having plenty of money, I have no doubt, he was very well received, and became very popular. He was well educated and agreeable; perhaps was able to sing, and could entertain his friends with comic songs. He used to go to the opera four nights in the week, and the other three nights he spent at the theater and billiard rooms. He was certain to have plenty of friends as long as his money lasted, but after awhile he got to the end of his rope, and then his friends all deserted him; just as they did a poor fellow whom I once knew, who had plenty of friends and money, but after awhile he broke down, and got into jail, and not one of his sporting friends ever came near him. Some Christian people who were visiting at the jail went to see him in the name of the Lord, and that woke him up to understand who his real friends were.

We read that after awhile this prodigal began to be in want. His friends were gone, and he had got down very low, but I am happy to say, he didn't get down low enough to beg.

There was no meaner thing a Jew could do than to take care of swine; but it is very much to his credit that he chose to do this rather than lie around the streets loafing and begging. I had a thousand times rather be a swine-herd than a beggar.

I can see him there among the swine-troughs, ragged and hungry, the tears standing in his eyes, as he thinks of

his father's well-filled table; a long table, with a good many people around it, but not long enough to reach to him in that far away country.

* We find that no one gave him anything to eat. If he had been a pig they might have fed him, but being nothing but a man he was left to take care of himself.

O, my friends, that is just the way with the devil. He will lead you away from home, and off into a far country, and into pleasure and vice, and then, when you have lost everything in his service, he will push you down, down, down; and when he gets you into the ditch, or into the pit of ruin, instead of giving you anything to help you he will laugh at you, and mock you for your folly.

There was another thing which the prodigal lost besides his money, and that was, his testimony. Some of those old friends of his, if they chanced to see him out there among the swine, would doubtless laugh at him, and he, perhaps, would straighten himself up and say, "You laugh at me, and call me a fool and a vagabond because I am poor, and all in rags, but you needn't be so proud. I belong to a respectable family; my father has plenty of money; he lives in a fine house, and even his servants dress better than you do." How those young fellows would laugh at that! "*Your* father rich! You look like it, don't you? *Your* father have servants? *Your* father have clothes!" And then the poor fellow, thinking of himself, couldn't answer them a word. He had lost his testimony: nobody would believe that he was the son of a great, rich man, up there in Judea.

Just so every backslider from God loses his testimony when he falls into temptation, and gets away from the favor of his Lord; and if he does sometimes stand up in meeting and talk to the people about the way of life they laugh

at him, and say, "You don't look or act as if you were a child of God."

Sin took this young man away from home, just as it takes us all away from God. Now the question is, How did he come to get back again?

The parable tells us, that after awhile he came to himself; that is, he woke up to the fact that he was miserable because he was away from his father. There was one thing that the prodigal never lost—he lost his home; he lost his money; he lost his clothes; he lost his good name; he lost his respectability; he lost his testimony; but he never lost his father's love. That was his right through it all.

I find a good many men who are living in sin, who wonder why it is that God does not answer their prayers. I will tell you why it is. God loves them too much to answer their prayers while they stay away from him. Suppose the prodigal son had written his father a letter, saying: "Father, I am in want; please send me some money." Do you suppose his father would have sent it?

If he had it would have been the worst thing he could have done for the boy. The proper thing for the prodigal to do was to go home; and just as long as his father kept him supplied with money off there in that foreign country there was no reason to expect him to come back. If you have gone off into sin, if you have got away from God, you must never expect him to feed you, and clothe you, and to supply all your wants, the same as if you were in his house sitting down with him and the other children at his table. What God wants of his "prodigal sons" is for them to come home, and when he gets them with him he will supply their wants and answer their prayers.

Well, I can imagine that one day a neighbor from his native town inquired after the young man, and, at last,

found him down there among the swine. Of course he was greatly surprised.

"Why don't you go home to your father?" says the neighbor.

"I don't know," says the prodigal. "I am not quite sure that my father would receive me, I am such a miserable vagabond."

"Your father loves you as much as ever," says the neighbor.

"My father! Did you see him? How do you know he loves me? Does he ever speak of me?"

"Ever speak of you? He talks of you by day and dreams of you by night. I was over at his house the other day, and when I told him I was coming into this country, the old man, with tears in his eyes, begged me to look up his lost boy, and tell him to come right home, for his father was breaking his heart because he stayed so long away."

O, if there is a poor prodigal here to-night, don't go on in that terrible delusion, that your heavenly Father has forgotten you! There isn't one of God's children that is ever out of his memory.

One of the chief things in the way of this young man was his pride. I suppose he would have gone home long before he did if it hadn't been for his pride; but he said to himself, "I came away with abundance, and now I don't like to go back in rags." But at last he comes to himself, and when he finds out that his father loves him, and wants to have him back again, he makes up his mind to return.

You can see him out there in the field, as he gets down on his knees and buries his face in his hands, like Elijah upon Mount Carmel; saying to himself, "I think I had better go home; there is no one in the world that loves me as much as my father. I am surprised that he is not altogether ashamed of me, for well he might be. But I have

been here as long as I can stand it, and now I will arise and go to my father!"

Then the memories of the old home come back to him. He calls to mind his childhood, and how his mother used to sing to him and pray with him, and how kind and good his father was, and how carefully they watched over him, and kept him away from harm and evil. He thinks of the tears of his mother, and remembers the day they buried her—I cannot help thinking that he had lost his mother, for there isn't anything said about her in the story—he remembers the morning he left home, and how his old father wept over him, and how he prayed at the family altar that the Lord God of heaven would save his boy from sin, and how he asked the Lord to send his angel to watch over him. Then the prodigal opened his eyes and looked at himself; shoeless, coatless, hatless—just covered with miserable rags. "Why," he says to himself, "the very servants in my father's house are better off than I; there is bread enough and to spare in my father's house, and I am so starved that my bones almost prick through my skin: *I will arise and go to my father!*" O, that thousands here to-night would say with this prodigal, "I will arise and go to my Father." Nine-tenths of the battle was won when he said those words.

And now I see him starting on his way. He goes to the man that owns the pigs and tells him he isn't going to take care of them any longer; he says he has heard from his father, who is a great and good man up there in Judea, and he is going back to him; he has been away too long already.

There is joy up in heaven now. I see the guardian angel who watches over him smiling and happy. I hear them ringing the bells of heaven because the lost one has come to himself and started for home.

It is a long journey and a hard one, but he never looks behind him: he has had too much of that far away country already, and his only thought is of his home.

I can imagine his feelings as he comes to his native land. The sky is brighter, the fields are greener, than the fields and skies in that strange country. Sometimes, as he trudges along his weary way, he wonders if his father is still living, or if he has died with a broken heart because of his wayward son.

At last he comes in sight of the old mansion. There is the old man out on the flat roof! Many a time he has been there before. Many a time his eye has been looking in the direction where his boy went.

He sees his boy afar off. He cannot tell him by anything he has on; but love is keen. He starts for him. You can see his long white hair floating in the wind as he leaps over the highway; the spirit of youth has come back to him. The servants look at him and wonder what has come over him. It is the only time God is represented as running, and that is to meet a poor returning prodigal soul.

"But when he was yet a great way off his father saw him, and had compassion" on him. He didn't say, "He went away without cause, I will not go to meet him," but, rushing out, he falls upon his neck, and kisses him; and the servants come running out to see what is the matter.

And now the boy begins to make his speech: "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son"—and just as he is going to say, "Make me as one of thy hired servants," the father interrupts him, and says to one servant, "Go bring the best robe and put it on him!" and to another, "Go to my jewel-box and get a ring and put it on his finger!" and to another one, "Go and get a pair of shoes!" and to

another, "Go and kill the fatted calf!" What joy there was in that home!

My friend, don't you know that since that time this story has been repeated nearly every day—prodigals coming home—and I never yet heard of one but what had a warm welcome. I have got a letter here, I think it is one of the last letters I received from England. The letter goes on to state that a son and husband had left his father's house—left his wife and children—without a cause; and now, in closing up the letter, the sister says: "He need not fear reproach, only love awaits him at home." That man may be here to-night. My words may reach him, and if so I beg him to return from his erring ways. Listen! your sister says that no reproach or harsh words will meet you on your return home; only love will welcome you when you enter the door.

The father of the prodigal did not reproach his boy: and so God does not reproach the sinner. He knows what human nature is—how liable a mortal is to go astray. He is always ready to forgive and take you back. Christ says he will forgive; he is full of love, and compassion, and tenderness. If a poor sinner comes and confesses, God is willing and ready to forgive him.

There was a lady who came down to Liverpool to see us privately; it was just before we were about to leave the city to go up to London to preach. With tears and sobs she told a very pitiful story. It was this: She said she had a boy nineteen years of age who had left her. She gave me his photograph, and said, "You stand before many and large assemblies, Mr. Moody. You may see my dear boy before you. If you do see him, tell him to come back to me. O, implore him to come to his sorrowing mother, to his deserted home! He may be in trouble; he may be suffering; tell him for his loving mother

that all will be forgiven and forgotten, and that he will find comfort and peace at home." That young man may be in this hall to-night. If he is, I want to tell him that his mother loves him still.

I may not be speaking to Arthur to-night, but there may be a great many other Arthurs who have left their father's house. Let me entreat you to go home. Send a dispatch that you are coming, and start at once. And O, what joy there will be in those sorrowful homes when these long-lost prodigals return! By and by you may learn that your mother is dead; and then nothing will ever comfort you for having broken her heart. Wanderer, arise and go to thy father, who loves thee; to thy mother, who weeps over thee; and let us pray that multitudes of souls wandering from God may be this very night brought home.

Some of you may say, "I don't believe God will forgive a sinner, or take him back all at once, when he has been disobeying him for so many years."

Wouldn't you do it? Come, now, if you were to find your long-lost prodigal son in the kitchen when you got home—in the kitchen because he didn't feel worthy to go into the parlor—wouldn't you forgive him, after he began to see what a sinner he had been?

I can tell you something about this out of my own experience. My father died when we were little children, and my mother had a hard time with her large family of boys and girls. After a while one of the older boys took it into his head that he could make his fortune all alone by himself, and so he ran away.

For years and years we heard nothing of him. Sometimes it seemed as if my mother's heart would break. "O, if I could only know he was dead," she would sometimes say, "it would be better than this. Maybe he is sick and in need, or maybe he has fallen in with wicked men, who will make him as bad as themselves."

We used to sit around the fire on the stormy winter nights and listen to the stories that mother used to tell us about our father, about what he said, how he looked, how he was kind to a friend, and lost a great deal of money by him, and so our little home was mortgaged, and we were poor; but if anybody happened to speak the name of that lost boy a great silence would fall upon us, the tears would come into my mother's eyes, and then we would all steal away softly to bed, whispering our good-nights, because we felt that the mention of that name was like a sword-thrust to the heart of our mother.

After we got to bed we would lie awake and listen to the roaring of the wind among the mountains, thinking perhaps *he* was out in the cold somewhere. Maybe he had gone to sea, and while we were snug in bed he might be keeping watch on the wave-beaten deck; perhaps climbing the mast in just such darkness and storm. Now and then, between the gusts, a sound would be heard like the wail of the summer wind when it used to make harp-strings of the leaves and branches of the great maple-trees in the door-yard: now, soft and gentle; then, rising louder and louder. How we would hold our breath and listen! Mother was sitting up to pray for her lost boy. Next morning, perhaps, she would send one of us down to the post-office to ask for a letter—a letter from *him*, though she never said so. But no letter ever came.

Long years afterward, when our mother was growing old, and her hair was turning gray, one summer afternoon a dark sunburned man, with heavy black beard, was seen coming in at the gate.

He came up under the window first, and looked in as if he were afraid there might be strangers living in the house. He had stopped at the church-yard, on his way through the village, to see whether there were two graves instead

of one where our father had been laid so many years ago, but there was only one grave there: surely his mother was not dead. But still she might have moved away. Then he went around and knocked at the door, and his mother came to open it.

Years of hardship and exposure to sun and storm had made him strange even to his mother. She invited him to come in, but he did not move or speak; he stood there humbly and penitently; and, as a sense of his ingratitude began to overwhelm him, the big tears found their way over his weather-beaten cheeks. By those tears the mother recognized her long-lost son. He had come at last. There was so much of the old home in him that he couldn't always stay away. But he would not cross its threshold until he confessed his sin against it, and heard from the same lips which had prayed so often and so long for him the sweet assurance that he was forgiven. "No, no," said he, "I cannot come in until you forgive me."

Do you suppose that mother kept her boy out there in the porch until he had gone through with a long list of apologies, done a long list of penances, and said over so many prayers? Not a bit of it. She took him to her heart at once; she made him come right in; she forgave him all, and rejoiced over his coming more than over all the other children that hadn't ran away.

And that is just the way God forgives all the prodigal souls who come back to him. O wanderer, come home! come home!

II.

THE PROPHET DANIEL.

THE next thing we hear is, that the king has had another dream. He seems to have been a great man for dreams. This time he saw a great tree which "reached unto heaven, and the sight thereof to the end of all the earth: . . . and, behold, a watcher and a holy one came down from heaven; who cried aloud, Hew down the tree, and cut off his branches, shake off his leaves, and scatter his fruit: let the beasts get away from under it, and the fowls from his branches: nevertheless, leave the stump of his roots in the earth. . . . Let his heart be changed from man's, and let a beast's heart be given unto him; and let seven times pass over him: . . . to the intent that the living may know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will."

The king seems to have been as much puzzled by this dream as by the other, and nobody could tell him what it meant until he sent for Daniel. Even he was troubled about it at first; but presently the Lord showed it to him, and then he preached such a sermon to the king about his pride, and the necessity of repentance, that the king's face turned pale, and his knees began to shake, and it was not long before he lost his reason and wandered away from his palace out into the woods and the deserts, and became more like a beast than a man. But at last the Lord had mercy on him. His counselors and princes gathered about him again and brought him back to his palace. And the king's heart was softened. I think he became truly converted to God, and from this time we don't hear him saying any more, "Is not this great Babylon that I have

builded?" But we hear him blessing the Most High, and praising and honoring Him whose dominion is everlasting, and whose kingdom is from generation to generation.

And now the king makes one more proclamation, different from all others. Up to this time he has been telling other people what to do; now he begins to speak of his own duty, and he says, "I, Nebuchadnezzar, will do this, and do that." "I praise and extol and honor the King of heaven, all of whose works are truth." He has found out his own duty. His heart is softened, and although we do not hear anything more of him, I have no doubt that Daniel and he used to walk the streets of Babylon arm-in-arm, and talk over their experiences together. And when the king died I feel quite sure that he went safely to heaven, to be welcomed by the God of Daniel; and through the long eternity King Nebuchadnezzar will rejoice that the young man, Daniel, when he came down to Babylon, did not follow the fashion of that wicked capital, but took his stand for God, though it might have cost him his life.

The next thing we hear of Babylon is, that the grandson of Nebuchadnezzar, a wild young prince, called Belshazzar, has come to the throne. On a certain occasion he makes a great feast to a thousand of his lords. They come together in a great banquet-chamber, and they drink and carouse all night long. They do not care for the armies of Cyrus, which are besieging the city. They trust in its high walls and its gates of brass, and feel themselves perfectly safe. At last, when the head of the young king has been quite turned with wine, he orders the golden vessels which his grandfather had taken from God's temple at Jerusalem to be brought into the banquet-hall that they may drink from them in honor of the gods of Babylon. But while they are doing this impious thing, behold, the

fingers of a man's hand appear writing upon the wall the doom of the king of Babylon.

Drunk as he is, the miserable king is frightened.

"Bring in the wise men," says he. And the wise men come in haste, and stare at the writing but not one of them is able to read or understand it. No uncircumcised eye can read God's handwriting.

Somehow or other the news of this strange affair reaches the ears of the king's mother, and she sends a servant to him, telling him that in the days of his grandfather there was a man in Babylon who could interpret dreams and reveal secrets, and do all manner of strange things, and that maybe he would be able to read the writing.

It seems that Daniel had been lost sight of for the last fifteen years; but now there is special work for him to do, and so they find him out and bring him in and ask him to read the writing—"Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin:" and the meaning of it was clear as daylight to him.

Now I have no doubt that a good many courtiers, if they had seen such writing as that upon the wall of the king's palace, would have softened the meaning of it a little, and not have given it in its full strength, for fear of offending the king. But that is not Daniel's fashion at all. He reads it just as God writes it. "*Mene*: God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. *Tekel*: Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. *Peres*: Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians."

Ah, poor miserable Belshazzar! Even now the soldiers of Cyrus have turned away the waters of the Euphrates, and are coming into the city along the empty banks. The soldiers are battering away at the door of your palace, and before morning your blood shall be spilled upon the stones, along with the wine which you have been drinking out

of the vessels from God's holy temple at Jerusalem. You are weighed in God's balance, and found wanting.

My friends, suppose God should begin to weigh some of you to-day: suppose you were to step into the balances now, don't you think you would be found wanting? Get into God's scale, take along with you your education, and your wealth, and your dignity, and your fine clothes, and everything that you have that is splendid, and let the Lord put the ten commandments against you, and up you will go like feathers—"weighed in the balances, and found wanting." Only they who have Christ in their souls can stand the test of God's weighing. Dare you step into the balances to-day?

Some one will ask me, "Mr. Moody, dare you step into the balances to-day, and be weighed? Do you know that you would be saved if the Lord should bring you to judgment?" Yes, thanks be to God! Christ is able to save me, even me; and he will save all of you who will cast away your sins, and take Christ instead.

After a while Darius, the Mede, comes to the throne of Babylon. He must have met Daniel somewhere in his travels, for no sooner does he set up the kingdom than he puts him into a place of great power. He chooses a hundred and twenty princes, whom he places over the kingdom, and over these princes he appoints three presidents, and he makes Daniel the president of the presidents, so that he really is the first man in the kingdom after the king. His business is to "see that the king suffer no damage;" that is, he is to keep watch of the accounts, to see that nobody cheat the king. This must have been a very difficult place, and Daniel must have had his hands full. He had to watch those hundred and twenty rascals who were all the while trying to steal something off the revenue, and to go over their accounts again and again, so as to be certain that they were correct to a penny.

It was not long before Daniel became very unpopular with the princes. I seem to hear them talking among themselves in this way:—

“There is that miserable old Jew, Daniel; if we only had him out of the way we could make no end of money. We would very speedily be rich; we could have our country houses and our city houses, and our fine horses and chariots, and live in the very highest style off the revenue of this kingdom; but that old fellow watches us as narrowly as a cat watches a mouse. We can't cheat him, even in a shilling.”

“Why,” says another, “I never saw such a man in all my life. I gave in an account the other day that was only a few dollars short; and didn't he send it back to me, and make me pay the difference? I wish he were back in Jerusalem, where he came from.”

However, the king trusted Daniel; and he was such a thoroughly good and honest man that they could find no way to revenge themselves upon him. They talked it over together again and again, and all agreed that there was no chance of getting him out of the way unless they could find something in his religion by which they could bring him into trouble.

“We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God.” What an honor! Nothing wrong with him, even in the eyes of these bad men, except that he was too faithful to his God!

How many of you are likely to be complained of on that account?

Finally, they hit upon a plan which they thought might possibly succeed. One night when they were closeted together in secret one of the princes said to the rest, “I think I have got a plan that will work. You know King Darius is very popular, and he is very proud of it. The

people praise him a great deal, and he likes it. Now suppose we ask him to establish a royal decree, that whosoever shall ask a petition of any god or man for thirty days, save of the king, he shall be cast into the den of lions. That will be putting the king in the place of the gods, and he is more likely to be flattered by that than by anything I can think of. Then, if once we can get that old Hebrew into the lions' den, we shall make a good deal more money than we have been able to do with him watching us all the time."

This notion seemed to please the princes very well. They drew up the document immediately. It would not do to let Daniel hear of it before the king should sign it, and so they appointed a committee to take the decree down to the palace the very first thing in the morning. There were some lawyers among these hundred and twenty princes; and I seem to see them drawing up the proclamation with great care according to law, making it firm and binding, laughing to themselves, and saying:

"The laws of the Medes and Persians change not. If once we can get Darius to stamp this document with his signet-ring, Daniel is done for, sure enough."

So the committee go down to the palace next morning to obtain the king's signature. They begin by flattering him. If a man wants another to do a mean thing he always begins by appealing to his vanity.

"O king, we have been thinking how popular you are in your kingdom, and what you might do to make yourself even more famous than you are; and we have come to the conclusion that, if you would publish a decree that nobody in the kingdom, for thirty days, should pray to any other god except yourself, it would turn the hearts of all the people toward you even more than now. We should

then have a universal religion, and the king would be at the head of it."

Darius felt flattered by this proposition. He turned it over in his mind, and presently said:—

"That seems sensible."

"All right," said the princes. "We thought you would like it; and in order that there might not be any delay, we have the document here already drawn up. Now if you will please to stamp this with your signet-ring, we shall have it published right away."

The king takes the document, reads it over, stamps his seal upon it; and the committee go away laughing, and saying, "Ha, ha! old Hebrew, we will have you in the den of lions before night."

The princes lost no time in publishing the new decree of the king. I can imagine some one of Daniel's friends, who had seen the document, going up to his office in great haste to give him warning that there was some trouble brewing.

"Have you heard the news, Daniel? Those hundred and twenty princes have gone and got Darius to publish a decree that nobody shall pray to any other god except to the king for thirty days. That is a conspiracy against you. Now I want to give you a little advice; and that is, to get out of this town in a hurry."

But Daniel says he can't leave his business. He is afraid these hundred and twenty princes will cheat the revenues while he is away. His duty is right there, and he is determined to stay there and attend to it.

"Well, then, hadn't you better pray more secretly? You have a habit, that is all well enough in ordinary times, of going up to your chamber, where the windows open toward Jerusalem, and saying your prayers there three times a day. And sometimes you pray pretty loud, and people out of doors can hear you. Now, for the next thirty days, just

shut your windows while you pray; for these princes are sure to have some spies watching you at your prayers. You had better stop up the key-hole of your door, also, for these mean fellows are not above peeping in to watch you. It would be still better, Daniel, if you wouldn't kneel down at all, but say your prayers after you get into bed."

Ah! how many young men have gone to college, or to some strange place of business, and lost their peace of mind and their hope in Christ, because they were afraid to pray before their room-mates!

And what does Daniel say to such advice as this? He scouts it; he tramples it under his feet. No man shall hinder him from praying. No king shall frighten him out of his duty. He attends to his morning's work; looks over the accounts as usual; and when twelve o'clock comes he goes to his chamber, puts the windows wide open, kneels down and prays, not to Darius, but to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. His windows are opened toward Jerusalem, and his face is turned that way; for Jerusalem is dearer to him than his life, and the God of his fathers is his sure defense. I can seem to see him kneeling there—that old man with his white locks and beard, praying at the probable cost of his life; but he does not seem to be troubled by the danger, neither is he angry at the command of the king or the manifest wickedness of those hundred and twenty princes. He prays for the king, his friend, who, he is sure, has done this wickedness in some thoughtless moment. He also prays for his enemies, the princes, who are wickedly seeking to destroy him.

Those men have taken care that two witnesses shall be underneath Daniel's windows at the time when he usually goes to pray. "Hark!" says one to the other, "did you hear that? The old man is up there praying, sure enough! Listen: he is not praying to king Darius."

"No," says the other; "he is praying to the God of the Hebrews."

So they listen till the prayer is finished, and then they hurry away to the princes to give their evidence against Daniel; and the princes lose no time in laying the matter before the king.

"O King Darius! live forever. Is it not written that the laws of the Medes and Persians change not?"

"It is," said Darius. "Anything that is stamped with the king's seal cannot be changed."

"That is what we thought," said the princes. "Did you not make a decree that, for the next thirty days, no man should pray to any other god but the king?"

"Yes I did," said Darius.

Then they tell him that the chief of the presidents—this Daniel, the Hebrew—has refused to obey the king's command.

Poor Darius! "What a mistake I have made!" says he. "I might have known that Daniel would never obey such a command as that. I had quite forgotten about him when I made it."

There is not a man in all Babylon who is so troubled as the king. The account says that "he labored till the going down of the sun to deliver Daniel." But the command had gone forth, the law had been made, and it could not be changed, even for the sake of Daniel himself.

If Darius had loved his friend as Christ loves us, he would have gone down into the den of lions for him. Our Darius, our King, counted not his life dear unto himself, but freely gave it up for us.

At sundown the king's officers take the old man away to the lions. They bind his hands behind him, and lead him along the streets of Babylon toward the den. The whole city goes out to see the sad procession. The princes

rub their hands, and laugh over the success of their wicked plot; the people look on in wonder, to see such a sweet-faced old man led away to die like a criminal; while poor Darius walks the chamber of his palace, wringing his hands in agony, saying, "Ah me! I have destroyed my friend."

But Daniel walks with a firm step. His old knees don't shake a bit. The wind of the evening plays with his white locks, and with a smile upon his face he goes to face the lions. He has served his God for seventy years, and he feels sure that God will not desert him now. I can imagine him saying, "My God can bring me out of the jaws of the lions just as easily as he saved my three friends from the furnace of fire. But even if they eat me, I shall only die for my God."

And when they put him into the den God sent one of his angels to shut the mouths of the lions. At the hour of the evening prayer Daniel kneels in the den; and, if he can get the points of the compass down there, he prays with his face toward Jerusalem; then, taking one of the lions for his pillow, he lies down and sleeps as sweetly as any man in Babylon.

The king sits up all night, thinking what his folly has cost him—even the life of his most faithful servant. But he remembers that the God of Daniel has done strange things for those who trusted him. He has heard of Shadrach and his friends coming out of the fiery furnace; and he knows that Daniel went into the den feeling that his God would go with him and save him. At the first dawn of day he orders out his chariot, and you can hear the wheels rattling over the pavements of Babylon before the people are up. Away he goes, with his horses on the run, to the door of the lion's den; springs out of the chariot; looks down into the den, and, with a voice trembling with

anxiety, cries out, "O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?"

Hark! There comes up a voice out of the den. It is the voice of Daniel, to whom this morning is like the morning of the resurrection. He has been down to the gates of death, and yet he is alive.

"O king, live forever! My God hath sent his angel and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me."

How glad King Darius is to hear the voice of his friend once more! He has him brought up out of the den, takes him up in his arms, and into his chariot, and away they go, home to the palace to breakfast together, and to talk over this wonderful deliverance.

Then King Darius publishes another decree. The experience of Daniel has thoroughly converted him; and now he ordains, that in every dominion of his kingdom "men tremble and fear before the God of Daniel; for he is the living God," who "worketh signs and wonders in heaven and in earth," and "who hath delivered Daniel from the power of the lions."

Three times a messenger came from God to say to Daniel that he was greatly beloved. I love to think of those precious words in the 32d verse of the 11th chapter of the Book of Daniel, "But the people that do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits." There is another verse like it which says, "They that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

What has become of all the great ones who lived in the time of Daniel? What has become of the princes and the philosophers, falsely so called? Look, ye men of science, who go down into the bowels of the earth and

dig up some dead carcass, and try to make it talk against the word of God; you shall all go down to death, and your names shall rot; but the man of God shall shine forever. This Daniel has been dead for twenty-five hundred years, but still increasing millions read and admire his life.

May the God of Daniel be with us, the courage of Daniel be in us; may we have grace to confess the Lord, to go through the fire, or among the lions, if need be, for the sake of his truth; and when the Saviour comes, in the day that he makes up his jewels, may the Lord give each of us a place with Daniel and the shining ones.

III.

MAJOR-GENERAL NAAMAN.

OUR subject to-night is Naaman. We are told that he was a great man—but he was a leper. He was a great general—but he was a leper. He had been very successful in war, and his king had greatly honored him—but he was a leper. Day and night this terrible fact tortured him, and I suppose he thought he had got to go down to his grave with that loathsome disease upon him.

But among the Hebrew captives was a little girl who waited on Mrs. Naaman, and who, I doubt not, had been brought up by her praying mother to trust in the God of Israel. She was not ashamed to confess her faith, and there is no doubt but she was a good and truthful girl, or else no one would have believed her strange words.

One day she said to her mistress, "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy."

Her mistress looked at her with amazement. "What! What is that you say? Cure my husband of his leprosy? Did you ever hear of his curing a leper?"

"No," says the little girl, "I didn't; but I have heard of his doing greater things than that would be." And then, perhaps, she told how the prophet had taken the mantle of Elijah and smote the River Jordan with it, and it opened and let him through dry-shod; and how he had saved the two sons of that widow from being sold into slavery by means of that little bit of oil; and how he had raised to life the dead son of another woman. Naaman hears it and believes the little girl, so he goes to the king about it.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," says the king; "I'll write you a letter of introduction to the king of Israel, and you go down and try it." So he gives him a letter to the king, thinking, if the thing is possible the king will know all about it, of course; and off the man goes, about one hundred and fifty miles, to see the king of Israel. He took along a pretty good doctor's bill, too; I don't just know how to figure it, but it was over a hundred thousand dollars, and with the letter to the king, no doubt he thought everything was all right.

I can see him and his escort sweeping out the gates of Damascus, and coming up, in due time, to the palace of the king of Israel in grand style. He sends in the letter, and when the king reads it he turns round and says, "What does this mean? Am I God, to kill and to make alive? Here is the king of Syria sending me a letter saying, 'Now, when this letter is come unto thee, behold, I have therewith sent Naaman my servant to thee that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy.' This means war; the king of Syria is trying to get up a quarrel with me;" and the king of Israel rent his mantle from top to bottom.

It is not long before the news of it goes through the whole city, and at last it comes to the ears of Elisha that the king has rent his clothes on account of a letter which a Syrian general has brought him, asking him to cure his leprosy. So he sends word to the king, saying, "Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? Let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel." So the man goes down to the house of the prophet, a very plain house it might have been, and sends in word that Major-General Naaman, of Syria, is outside. No doubt he thought the prophet would feel much honored by the presence of such a great man, but the

prophet doesn't even go out to see him. He merely sends out his servant to say to him, "Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean."

And now Naaman is as mad as he can be.

"The idea! Go and wash in Jordan! That ditch! We wouldn't call it a river at all in Damascus. Does he mean to insult me? Does he mean to insinuate that I don't keep my body clean? I thought—"

Ah, that is just the trouble. He had marked out a way of his own for the prophet to heal him, and was mad because he didn't follow his plan. That is just the trouble with a great many people who come to God to be saved. They think God ought to come in this way, and he comes in that way. No matter what way you have marked out for God, he will take some other way. You will never get into God's kingdom till you are ready to come in God's way.

"I thought, He will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper."

"He might have said, I thought he would come out, and bow, and scrape, and be very much honored at receiving a call from the distinguished Major-General Naaman, and instead of that he pays me no attention at all!"

That is just the way with some seekers of religion; they don't want to be converted in this way, but in that way; sometimes they won't be converted in such revival meetings as these, but must be converted at some regular church. Sometimes they say: "I won't be converted at a Methodist church, if I ain't converted at all." Or, "I won't be converted in a Baptist church, anyhow." But the very way they won't go is the way they must go, for God sees it is necessary to break their stubborn wills and mortify their pride.

Naaman's pride has got a terrible blow right over the head, and how terribly mad he is! But his servants are pretty shrewd fellows, so they let him cool off a little, and then they begin to talk to him.

I tell you I had a thousand times rather a man should get mad under a sermon than go to sleep under it. If he gets mad and goes out he will come back again when he gets over it; but if he is asleep it is all lost time trying to save him.

"Now," said the servants, "if he had told you to do some great thing wouldn't you have done it? Suppose he had told you to take cod-liver oil three times a day for ten years, wouldn't you have done it? If he had prescribed some awful bitter drug wouldn't you have swallowed it? If he had told you to go and bring him twice as much money wouldn't you have thought the cure cheap enough at that price? And now, when he says, Go wash in the Jordan seven times, hadn't you better do it?"

There is one thing in Naaman's favor, he took the message, though he didn't like the messenger. Down to Jordan he goes, and dips himself once in the water, saying to himself, "They will laugh at me terribly when I get back if I don't get cured of my leprosy, so I may as well try it." But when he comes up and looks to see if his leprosy is one-seventh gone, and finds no change at all, he begins to be discouraged. But he is in the way of obedience. God's prophet has told him to dip seven times, and he is going to do it.

"Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice." If ever you get out of the pit of Adam you must get out just where he got in. He got in by disobeying God, and the way out again is by obedience. Down he goes the second time.

Now, if there had been some of these Chicago Christians

there they would have said, "Well, Naaman, how do you feel now?" but he didn't feel any better. Down he goes the third time, and again, and again; still no change. The sixth time he comes out and shakes himself and rubs the water off him, and looks at his flesh. Still no improvement! Once more; and now, as he comes up, he feels a thrill of Health; as quick as he can get the water out of his eyes he sees that he is cured! his leprosy has floated away in the waters of Jordan—the waters of death and judgment—and now he comes out in a new body—a resurrected body!

He lost his temper; then he lost his pride; then he lost his leprosy; that is generally the order in which proud, rebellious sinners are converted.

And now how happy he is. Hear him shout, "This is the happiest day of my life. I am cleansed; I am cleansed; I am a leper no more!"

Away he goes to the prophet's house and offers him the gifts he has brought, but the prophet won't have anything at all.

It would have spoiled this beautiful story if he had taken anything for his work. "The *gift of God* is eternal life." You cannot buy anything of God. So far as God and his prophet are concerned Naaman takes back to Syria with him everything he brought—except his leprosy.

And that is the way with you, sinner. When you come to Christ you haven't anything that Christ wants to take from you except it be your sins. Naaman might have taken his leprosy back with him if he hadn't obeyed the prophet and dipped seven times in Jordan, and you will take your sins down to death with you unless you submit your will to Christ. The battle has to be fought out on the line of your will. Who will obey Him to-night? Who will trust Him to-night? May God open your eyes and show you how to be saved!

IV.

ELIJAH.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT was once asked how he had been able to conquer the world. "By not delaying," was his reply.

Now, here is a matter which I want you all to decide without delay; "If the Lord be God, follow him." A man that is undecided cannot have any peace. He may intend some day to settle the question of his duty to God, and to make his arrangements to reach heaven at last, but Satan is all the while tempting him to put it off. There is nothing that Satan hates in a man worse than prompt decision. What was it that made Moses so great? It was, that he decided for God. What was it that made Daniel not only a prince in Babylon, but a prince of God's people for all time? It was because he "purposed in his heart to serve his God." 'What made the poor prodigal son so happy? It was his decision, "I will arise and go to my father."

O how many a man is lost for want of decision! How was it with Agrippa? He hesitated: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Look at Pilate—lost for want of moral courage and decision; and thousands upon thousands of men and women have gone down to the same ruin for want of prompt decision in matters of duty to God.

Now, young man, if there is anything in this religion there is everything in it. If it is false let us find it out, and the sooner the better. If Christianity is a myth, let us denounce it; if it is a divine revelation, let us accept it. If the Bible is not true, let us burn it. What is the use of

publishing so many millions of copies, and sending them out over the wide world? If Christianity is a sham, then let us build its tomb and shout over it, "There is no heaven, there is no hell! man dies like the dog!" But if the Bible *is* true, let us take our stand upon it; if Christ *is* the son of God, let us believe on him.

If bad men had written this Bible they wouldn't have said so much about God; and if good men wrote it without any help from God they wouldn't have ventured to tell a lie, and to claim that God inspired them. So, then, the question comes to you which Elijah put to those men on Mount Carmel.

Now let us look at the surroundings of this case.

King Ahab had forsaken the God of Israel, and all the court people and "upper ten" had followed his example. But there was an old prophet out in the mountains to whom God said: "Go to Ahab, and tell him the heavens shall be shut up, and there shall be no more rain."

Away he goes to the wicked king: bursts in upon him like a clap of thunder, gives his message, and hurries away.

I suppose Ahab laughed at the old prophet. "What! no more rain? Why, the fellow must be crazy!"

Pretty soon the weather gets very dry. The earth is parched, and begins to crack open. The rivers have but little water in them, and the brooks dry up altogether. The trees die; all the grass perishes, and the cattle die, too. I'amine; starvation; death! If rain doesn't come pretty soon there won't be a live man or woman left in all the kingdom.

One day the king is talking with the prophet Obadiah. You see he did have one good man near him, along with all the prophets of the false gods. Almost every one likes to have some good man within reach, even if he is ever so bad himself. He may be wanted in a hurry some time.

"See here, Obadiah," says King Ahab, "you go one way and I'll go another, and we'll see if we can't find some water somewhere."

So Obadiah started off to find water, but he hadn't got a great way before Elijah bursts out upon him.

"O, Elijah! is that you? Ahab has been hunting for you everywhere, and couldn't find you."

"Yes; I'm here," says Elijah. "You go and tell Ahab I want to see him."

"I dare not do that," says Obadiah; "for just as soon as I tell him you are here the Spirit will catch you away and take you off somewhere else; and then the king will be very angry, and maybe he'll kill me."

"No," says Elijah. "As the Lord liveth, I will meet Ahab face to face this day."

So Obadiah hurries off to find Ahab, and tells him he has seen the prophet.

"What! Elijah?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you bring him along?"

"He wouldn't come. He says you must come to him."

Ahab wasn't used to have people talk that way to him; but he was anxious to see the prophet, so he went.

When he sees him he is very angry, and cries, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?"

"Not at all," says Elijah. "You are the man that is troubling Israel—going off after Baal, and leading ever so many of the people with you. Now, we have had enough of this sort of thing. Some are praying to Jehovah, and some are praying to Baal, and we must have this question settled. You just bring all your prophets and all the priests of Baal up to Mount Carmel, and I also will come. We will make us each an altar and offer sacrifice

on it; and the God that answereth by fire let him be God."

"Agreed," says Ahab; and off he goes to tell his priests to get ready for the trial.

I fancy that was a great day when that question was to be decided. All the places of business were closed, and everybody started for Mount Carmel. There were eight hundred and fifty of the prophets and priests of Baal altogether. I fancy I can see them going up in a grand procession, with the king in his chariot at their head.

"Fine looking men, ain't they?" says one man to another as they go by. "They'll be able to do great things up there on the mountain."

But there Elijah marched, all alone: a rough man, clad in the skins of beasts, with a staff in his hand. No banners, no procession, no great men in his train! But the man who could hold the keys of heaven for three years and six months wasn't afraid to be alone.

Then says Elijah to the people, "How long halt ye between two opinions? Let the priests of Baal build them an altar and offer sacrifice, but put no fire under; and I will do the same: and the God that answereth by fire let him be God." So the priests of Baal built their altar, and offered their sacrifice.

I am sure if God hadn't held him back, Satan would have brought up a little spark out of hell to set that sacrifice on fire. But God wouldn't let him.

Then the priests began to pray: "O Baal, hear us! O Baal, hear us!"

Elijah might have said: "Why haven't you prayed to Baal for water this dry weather? You might just as well ask him for water as for fire."

After a long time they begin to get hoarse.

"You must pray louder than that if you expect Baal to

hear you," says the old prophet. "Maybe he is asleep: pray louder, so as to wake him up."

Poor fellows! they haven't any voice left; so they begin to pray in blood. They cut themselves with knives, and lift their streaming hands and arms to Baal. But no fire comes down.

It is getting toward sundown. The prophet of the Lord builds an altar. Mind, he doesn't have anything to do with the altar of Baal, but builds an entirely different one, on the ruins of the altar of Jehovah which had been broken down. "We won't have anybody saying there is any trick about this thing," says the prophet. So they bring twelve barrels of water and pour over the altar. I don't know how they managed to get so much water; but they did it.

Then Elijah prays: "Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel." He didn't have to pray very long. God heard him at once, and *down came the fire!* It burnt up the sacrifice, burnt up the wood, licked up the water, and burnt up the very stones of the altar.

Nobody could halt any longer. The people cried, "The Lord, he is the God; the Lord, he is the God."

O, young man, I'll take you to another mountain, Mount Calvary. It is more wonderful than Carmel. The story of the cross is the great wonder of the world.

A man once tried to sell me a book of wonders. I looked it over, and then asked him if it had anything about the cross of Calvary in it. He said "No."

"What," said I, "a book of wonders, and the greatest of all wonders left out!"

There the sun refused to shine, the rocks were rent, the earth shook, the graves were opened, and the dead came forth. How wonderful!

So now there are wonders here. The Son of God stoops down and gives these inquirers victory; drunkards are converted, and publicans and harlots are coming into the kingdom of God.

Now hundreds and thousands are convinced, but they are holding on to some darling sin. A man could not decide to give his heart to Christ the other day because he had a bet. Now, suppose that man dies, what will become of his soul?

O, why not come out now? Why not come out to-night? Just ask yourselves: "What stands in the way?"

"O," you say, "I can't stand those jeers." But can't you set your face like a flint against Satan and decide to-night? You cannot find a man who has decided for Christ who ever regretted it. I have stood at the bedside of many who were dying, and I never saw one that regretted that he had decided for Christ.

O, decide now. "Now is the accepted time." The last night I preached in the second Farwell Hall I made the greatest mistake of my life. I told the people to take this text home with them and pray over it. But as we went out the fire-bells were ringing, and I never saw that audience again. The fire had come. The city was in ashes; and perhaps some of those very people were burned up in it. There is no other time to be saved but *now*.

V.

SAUL OF TARSUS.

YOU remember that last Sunday I had a man for my text; to-night we have another, the man of whom I have been reading.

To my mind the case of Saul of Tarsus, is a great deal harder than that of the prodigal son. It didn't take long to convince the prodigal of his duty after he had spent all and began to be in want. Down there among the swine he was at the bottom of the ladder, but up among the Pharisees in Jerusalem Saul of Tarsus was at the top. There couldn't be a more hopeless case. Even Caiaphas, or Pilate, might be converted to Christ easier than Saul. He was a mad persecutor of the Christians, he helped in the murder of Stephen, he was full of zeal and fury, and also full of religion. If any one had told him that he would become a Christian at Damascus how he would have raved about it!

One reason why he was so mad was, that when the disciples had been scattered from Jerusalem they went everywhere preaching the Gospel of the Son of God, and now the news had come up that some of them had gone down to Damascus and were preaching the Gospel there; and then Saul, breathing out threatenings and slaughter, goes to the chief priests and gets the necessary documents, so that he may bring these heretics, bound, to Jerusalem.

Now this Saul of Tarsus was an upright man. He prayed as long as any other man; he knew all about the law, and kept it; he was blameless as touching the law; and, according to some people in Chicago, he didn't need to be converted at all: he was good enough already. True,

he hated Jesus Christ, but so do a great many other men who are honest and pay their debts, and are thought to be good enough without conversion.

I do not think he was a stranger to Christ. It was but three years since Christ's ascension, and Saul must have seen him and known all about his miracles, his death, and his resurrection. He was probably well acquainted with Nicodemus, a member of the Sanhedrin, and with Joseph of Arimathea, who was a prominent man; both of whom were friends of Christ. But he hates Christ, and all who believe in him.

I can see him as he rides out of the city starting for Damascus, one hundred and thirty-six miles distant. He rides through Samaria, but the Jews have no dealing with the Samaritans, and so he doesn't speak a word to one of them. Now he comes in sight of the beautiful city, so beautiful, it is said, that Mohammed, when he saw it, would not look at it a second time, lest it should win his heart from the city of the prophet. It is noon; the sun shines in meridian splendor; but just then there is a blinding light above the brightness of the sun, and the whole company, in amazement, fall from their frightened horses and lie with their faces to the dust.

The Son of God just drew back the cloud and gave one look, and the brightness of his face was so dazzling that they could not bear the sight for an instant. Saul caught one glimpse of it and it made him blind.

Then a voice: "Saul, Saul!" The Son of God knew him by name. He knows every sinner by name; knows where he lives just as well as he knew where Saul was when he sent Ananias to his lodging in Damascus. I hope the Son of God will call sinners here by their names, and that they will hear his voice and be converted, like Saul.

And now the question, "Why persecutest thou me?"

What reason could Saul give for persecuting the Son of God?

Some people may think it was hard for the Christians in Damascus to have Saul come down to arrest them, and to bring them bound to Jerusalem, but it was a great deal harder for Saul than for any one else. Christ says to him, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks."

In that country they used a long stick, with a bit of steel in the end of it, for driving cattle; and sometimes, when the ox was contrary, he would kick back against the piece of steel, striking it into himself. This was the illustration which Christ used to show this stubborn Pharisee that his way was a hard one.

A lady in the inquiry room, the other night, said to me, "It is so easy to sin, and so hard to do right." Now that is the same as saying that the service of the devil is an easy service, and that God's service is a hard one; but Christ says, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." It is "the way of the transgressor" that "is hard."

Let us take some of the different classes of the devil's servants. Take a harlot: is her life an easy one? It is a short one; only an average of seven years; with shame and sorrow all the time. What memories of the old home, and of mother and sisters, come up to haunt the poor fallen one! Those who flatter her do not love her, and at last she dies in loneliness, and perhaps in want, and is laid in a nameless grave.

Take the drunkard: is his life an easy one? I have a man in my mind whom I tried to warn from the beginning of his evil ways before I went to England. He was only a moderate drinker then, but now he is a sot; his wife has died of a broken heart, his children have been taken from him and placed where he may never see them again,

and he is wandering about the streets of Chicago a lost and ruined man.

Take the rumseller. He laughs at these meetings, laughs at the Bible; says there is no hell. I have a man in my mind whose place of business was the curse of a whole community. Fathers and mothers used to beg of him not to sell liquor to their sons, but he only laughed at them. He had a son of his own, of whom he fairly made an idol, and that wretched young man, after coming to be a miserable drunkard, at last found life so hateful that he took a pistol and blew out his own brains. O, rumseller, you who ruin other men's sons, there is a time coming when you will reap what you have sowed! You think you are safe from the law of man, but God, the God of equity, has a law from which you cannot escape. You ruin the sons of other men, and your sons will be ruined, and you, like this rumseller, will have a miserable end.

Take the fashionable smooth-tongued libertine; your time is coming by and by. If a woman falls she is thrust out of society, while these oily-tongued villainous men are praised and flattered. But there is a God who will judge you, and you will find out soon enough that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

The other night I read a letter from a broken-hearted woman asking me to pray for her husband, who had committed a forgery, and had fled from his home for fear of the penalty of the law. Up in the gallery he sat while I read that sorrowful letter, and after the meeting was over he came to me and confessed his sin. I never pitied a man so in all my life. We prayed together, and the next night he came again, saying, "I feel as if Jesus had forgiven my sin, but I am not my own; I belong to the law. I have made up my mind to go home and give myself up to the officers of justice, and I suppose they will send me to prison

for ten years. And now won't you pray for my poor family whose hearts I have broken, and from whom I must be separated by my punishment and disgrace?"

Ah, my friends, that man didn't find it easy to fight against God. It is a thousand times harder to serve the devil than to serve the Lord.

Now all at once we find a great change coming over this man Saul. A few minutes before he was breathing out threatenings and slaughter, and pushing on to Damascus to hunt out and punish the followers of the Galilean prophet; but now, after this great light has shined round about him, he falls down to the ground, and with a very humble voice he says, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

Any of you who don't believe in sudden conversions had better read this ninth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles and find out how long it took to convert Saul of Tarsus.

Now he rises from the earth and goes on his journey, but for an altogether different purpose. I suppose that Ananias was one of the very men whom he was going to hunt out and bring to punishment; now, by the commandment of the Lord, whom he had so terribly hated but half an hour ago, he pushes on for Damascus, and that same Ananias is sent to open his eyes. It may be Ananias was rather doubtful about going to this man—perhaps he didn't believe in sudden conversions either—but the Lord had told him to go, and when he went he found Saul had become an inquirer.

What a curious experience it must have been for that raging persecutor, Saul of Tarsus, to go staggering along in his blindness, led like a little child to Damascus. Now Ananias speaks to this terrible man and says, "Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mightest re-

ceive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost," and immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales, and he received sight forthwith; and *straightway*, the account goes on to tell us, he preached Christ in the synagogues, that he is the Son of God.

How amazed those Damascus Christians must have been to hear this man preaching the Gospel of Christ, and confounding the Jews who did not believe in Jesus. I suppose they had received letters from their brethren in Jerusalem telling them to look out, for the terrible Saul of Tarsus was coming down to make trouble for them. Perhaps they had some prayer-meetings while he was on the road, to ask the Lord to save them from the hands of this terrible persecutor of the church, and when he comes, behold he is on their side!

Some time afterward Saul goes up to Jerusalem. At first the brethren there didn't have any faith in him, but after awhile Barnabas takes him and introduces him, and tells them all about how he had been converted; and after awhile they receive him as one of their company, and from this time he is one of the very foremost men in defending the church he used to despise. Before long we hear of him suffering persecution for the sake of the Lord Jesus. He starts out on a preaching tour, and pretty soon we hear of him in the Philippian jail.

Now what a terrible commotion there would be if some one of the Christians of these days should be scourged and thrust into prison for being a disciple of the Lord Jesus!

O, Saul, you don't find it so easy to preach the Gospel after all. Now see the trouble you are in. What are you going to do about it?

"Do? This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, . . . I press forward toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

They take him and stone him, and leave him for dead; but after the mob has all gone away, I seem to see this Paul coming to himself, sitting up and rubbing his eyes; after a little he realizes the situation, and stands up and leans against the city wall, and looks about him.

Now, Paul, haven't you had enough of it? This preaching the Gospel is no easy matter; what are you going to do now?

"Do?" says the man, with the blood running down all over his face, "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, . . . I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Not long afterward the Jews get hold of him and scourge him.

Do you know what that Roman scourge was? Well, I will tell you. The Roman scourge was made by braiding little pieces of sharp steel in the lash of a whip, and this they used on the bare back.

Poor man! I seem to see him standing there bending over to receive the terrible scourge. A stout Roman soldier stands over him, and swings the steel-braided lash, bringing it down on his quivering flesh.

What an outcry there would be if any of us received one such stroke as that; but Paul receives forty such stripes, save one, and when they lead him away the little man is nearly dead with pain and loss of blood.

Ah, Paul, this is hard work, preaching the Gospel! What are you going to do now?

"Do?" "This one thing I do: forgetting those things which are behind, . . . I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

There is a man for you! Stoning, and scourgings, and prisons, were all the same to him, so that he might win Christ.

The last we see of him is in that prison in Rome. In a few days he is to be led out to execution. Nero has condemned him to death. So he takes a piece of paper and writes a letter to his son Timothy:—

“Good-bye, Timothy. Keep on preaching; preach the word; hold fast that whereunto thou hast attained. As for me, I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord shall give me in that day.”

In a few days afterward they take him out to the place of execution; the ax falls on his neck, and his head rolls down in the dust. But there is one of the Lord's chariots waiting for his soul; and now that he is delivered from his poor little aching body, he leaps into it and sweeps upward through the sky, and into the gates of the New Jerusalem.

There are a great many people who know him there, and through all these eighteen hundred years there are souls coming up to glory and giving him new joy over the work which he did for Christ.

“Paul, I thank you for that Epistle to the Romans,” says one; “it was the means of bringing me to Christ.”

“Paul, I thank you for that sermon on Mars' Hill,” says another: “that saved me from my worship of the unknown God.”

“Paul, I thank you for that Epistle to the Corinthians; it gave me victory over the grave.”

“Paul, I thank you for that Epistle to the Thessalonians; it showed me that the Lord who was gone away would sometime come back again.”

Ah, this Saul of Tarsus, this preacher of righteousness, so often rejected, is a great man in heaven now. Talk about Alexander shaking the world with his armies: this little tent-maker of Tarsus shook the world without any armies.

It was a wise thing for him to count all things but loss for the excellency of Christ Jesus his Lord. Didn't he say that chastening afterward yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby? Didn't he tell us to rejoice evermore, and, like David, do you not think he was *satisfied* when he awoke in the likeness of his Lord?

HIS ANECDOTES.

HIS ANECDOTES.

BECKONING OF AN ANGEL HAND.

I remember a number of years ago I went out of Chicago to try to preach. I went down to a little town where was being held a Sunday-school convention. I was a perfect stranger in the place, and when I arrived a man stepped up to me and asked me if my name was Moody. I told him it was, and he invited me to his house. When I got there he said he had to go to the convention, and asked me to excuse his wife, as she, not having a servant, had to attend to her household duties. He put me into the parlor, and told me to amuse myself as best I could till he came back. I sat there, but the room was dark, and I could not read, and I got tired. So I thought I would try and get the children and play with them. I listened for some sound of childhood in the house, but could not hear a single evidence of the presence of little ones. When my friend came back I said: "Haven't you any children?" "Yes," he replied, "I have one, but she's in Heaven, and I am glad she is there, Moody." "Are you glad that your child's dead?" I inquired.

He went on to tell me how he had worshipped that child; how his whole life had been bound up in her to the neglect of his Saviour. One day he had come home and found her dying. Upon her death he accused God of being unjust. He saw some of his neighbors with their children around them. Why hadn't He taken some of them away? He was rebellious. After he came home from her funeral he said: "All at once I thought I heard her little voice call-

ing me, but the truth came to my heart that she was gone. Then I thought I heard her feet upon the stairs; but I knew she was lying in the grave. The thought of her loss almost made me mad. I threw myself on my bed and wept bitterly. I fell asleep, and while I slept I had a dream, but it almost seemed to me like a vision.

"I thought I was going over a barren field, and I came to a river so dark and chill-looking that I was going to turn away, when all at once I saw on the opposite bank the most beautiful sight I ever looked at. I thought death and sorrow could never enter into that lovely region. Then I began to see beings all so happy looking, and among them I saw my little child. She waved her little angel hand to me and cried, 'Father, father, come this way.' I thought her voice sounded much sweeter than it did on earth. In my dream I thought I went to the water and tried to cross it, but found it deep and the current so rapid that I thought if I entered it would carry me away from her forever. I tried to find a boatman to take me over, but couldn't, and I walked up and down the river trying to find a crossing, and still she cried: 'Come this way.' All at once I heard a voice come rolling down, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.' The voice awoke me from my sleep, and I knew it was my Saviour calling me, and pointing the way for me to reach my darling child.

"I am now superintendent of a Sunday-school; I have made many converts; my wife has been converted, and we will, through Jesus as the way, see one day our child"

ASSURANCE.

A person came to me some time ago and said: "Mr. Moody, I wish you would give me a book that preaches assurance, and that tells the children of God it is their

privilege to know they are accepted." I said, "Here is a book; it is very orthodox. It was written by John, the most intimate friend of Jesus while He was on earth. The man who laid his head upon His bosom." Turn to John and see what he says in the 5th chapter, "For in them ye have eternal life."

"HATH EVERLASTING LIFE."

There is no doubt about assurance in the Word of God. A person said to me some time ago: "I think it is a great presumption for a person to say she is saved." I asked her if she was saved. "I belong to a church," she sobbed. "But are you saved?" "I believe it would be presumption in me to say that I was saved." "Well I think it is a greater presumption for any one to say: 'I don't know if I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ,' because it is written, 'He that believeth on me hath everlasting life.'" It is clearly stated that we have assurance.

GOD CAN TAKE AWAY THE APPETITE FOR
DRINK.

"There lives right here, in Providence, a drunkard—in fact, he called upon me this morning, and had a talk with me. He has been a drunkard a good many years; he has got a wife; he has got a child twelve years old, and he hasn't seen that child for five years. He looked as though he might be an ornament to society if it wasn't for that cursed enemy of man, strong drink. And he came up to my room, and wanted to know, with tears in his eyes, if there was any hope for him. Somebody had told him that God could take away this appetite, and he looked me right in the eye, and said, 'Do you believe that?' and I said, 'Thank God, I believe it; I know it; I have seen

thousands of men like this, and they have been born again, and God has taken away from them the appetite for strong drink, and kept them for years and years.' And the poor man wept for joy. I said, 'Have you any friends?' 'No, sir,' he said; 'My friends have all left me.' Poor man! He wasn't a friend to himself, even. I had some friends with me, and we prayed, and after we had prayed the poor man broke out in agony, asking for help. I don't know that that man will be converted to-day, but he can be."

A MOTHER'S BURDEN.

I remember a mother coming to me and saying, "It is easy enough for you to speak in that way; if you had the burden that I've got, you couldn't cast it on the Lord." "Why, is your burden so great that Christ can't carry it?" I asked. "No: it isn't too great for Him to carry; but I can't put it on Him." "That is your fault," I replied; and I find a great many people with burdens who, rather than just come to Him with them, strap them tighter on their backs and go away struggling under their load. I asked her the nature of her trouble, and she told me. "I have an only boy who is a wanderer on the face of the earth. I don't know where he is. If I only knew where he was I would go around the world to find him. You don't know how I love that boy. This sorrow is killing me." "Why can't you take him to Christ? You can reach Him at the throne, even though he be at the uttermost part of the world. Go tell God all about your trouble, and he will take away his sin, and not only that, but if you never see him on earth, God can give you faith that you will see your boy in heaven." And then I told her of a mother who lived down in the southern part of Indiana. Some years ago her boy came up to this city. He was a moralist. My friends, a man has to have more than morality to lean

upon in this great city. He hadn't been here long before he was led astray. A neighbor happened to come up here and found him one night in the streets drunk.

When that neighbor went home, at first he thought he wouldn't say anything about it to the boy's father, but afterward he thought it was his duty to tell him. So in a crowd in the street of their little town he just took the father aside, and told him what he had seen in Chicago. It was a terrible blow. When the children had been put to bed that night he said to his wife, "Wife, I have bad news; have heard from Chicago to-day." The mother dropped her work in an instant and said: "Tell me what it is." "Well, our son has been seen on the streets of Chicago, drunk." Neither of them slept that night, but they took their burden to Christ, and about daylight the mother said: "I don't know how, I don't know when or where, but God has given me faith to believe that our son will be saved and will never come to a drunkard's grave."

One week after, that boy left Chicago. He couldn't tell why—an unseen power seemed to lead him to his mother's home, and the first thing he said on coming over the threshold was, "Mother, I have come home to ask you to pray for me;" and soon after he came back to Chicago a bright and shining light. If you have a burden like this, fathers, mothers, bring it to Him and cast it on Him, and He, the Great Physician, will heal your broken hearts.

GIVING HER LIFE FOR HER BOY.

When the California gold fever broke out, a man went there, leaving his wife in New England with his boy. As soon as he got on and was successful he was to send for them. It was a long time before he succeeded, but at last he got money enough to send for them. The wife's heart

leaped for joy. She took her boy to New York, got on board a Pacific steamer, and sailed away to San Francisco. They had not been long at sea before the cry of "Fire! fire!" rang through the ship, and rapidly it gained on them. There was a powder magazine on board, and the captain knew the moment the fire reached the powder, every man, woman, and child must perish. They got out the life-boats, but they were too small! In a minute they were overcrowded. The last one was just pushing away, when the mother pled with them to take her and her boy. "No," they said, "we have got as many as we can hold." She entreated them so earnestly, that at last they said they would take one more. Do you think she leaped into that boat and left her boy to die? No! She seized her boy, gave him one last hug, kissed him, and dropped him over into the boat. "My boy," she said, "if you live to see your father, tell him that I died in your place." That is a faint type of what Christ has done for us. He laid down his life for us. He died that we might live. Now will you not love Him? What would you say of that young man if he should speak contemptuously of such a mother! She went down to a watery grave to save her son. Well, shall we speak contemptuously of such a Saviour? May God make us loyal to Christ! My friends, you will need Him one day. You will need Him when you come to cross the swellings of Jordan. You will need Him when you stand at the bar of God. May God forbid that when death draws nigh it should find you making light of the precious blood of Christ!

THE REMEDY.

Well, let me illustrate it then, and perhaps you will be able to understand it. Suppose I am dying with consumption, which I inherited from my father or mother. I did

not get it by any fault of my own, by any neglect of my health; I inherited it, let us suppose. Well, I go to my physician, and to the best physicians, and they all give me up. They say I am incurable; I must die; I have not thirty days to live. Well, a friend happens to come along and looks at me and says: "Moody, you have got the consumption." "I know it very well; I don't want any one to tell me that." "But," he says, "there is a remedy—a remedy, I tell you. Let me have your attention. I want to call your attention to it. I tell you there is a remedy." "But, sir, I don't believe it. I have tried the leading physicians in this country and in Europe, and they tell me there is no hope." "But you know me, Moody; you have known me for years." "Yes, sir." "Do you think, then, I would tell you a falsehood?" "No." "Well, ten years ago I was far gone. I was given up by the physicians to die, but I took this medicine and it cured me. I am perfectly well—look at me." I say that it is a very strange case. "Yes, it may be strange, but it is a fact. That medicine cured me; take this medicine and it will cure you. Although it has cost me a great deal, it shall not cost you anything. Although the salvation of Jesus Christ is as free as the air, it cost God the richest jewel of heaven. He had to give his only Son; give all He had; He had only one Son, and He gave Him. Do not make light of it, then, I beg of you." "Well," I say, "I would like to believe you, but this is contrary to my reason." Hearing this, my friend goes away and brings another friend to me and he testifies to the same thing. He again goes away when I do not yet believe, and brings in another, and another, and another, and they all testify to the same thing. They say they were as bad as myself; and they took the same medicine that has been offered to me, and it cured them. He then hands me the medicine. I dash it to the ground; I do not believe in

its saving power: I die. The reason is, then, that I spurned the remedy.

So it will not be because Adam fell, but that you spurn the remedy offered to you to save you. You will have darkness rather than light. How, then, shall ye escape if ye neglect so great salvation? There is no hope for you if you neglect the remedy."

TRUSTING.

The other Sunday, when I was speaking on "Trust," a person came to me next day and said, "I want to tell you how I was saved. You remember you told about that lady who sought Christ three years and could not find Him, and when you told that, it was I. I was in that same condition and through your story I got light." I don't think I have ever told it but what somebody got light and life. I will tell it again, for I would go up and down the world telling it if I could get a convert. One night I was preaching, and happening to cast my eyes down during the sermon, I saw two eyes just riveted upon me. Every word that fell from my lips she just seemed to catch with her own lips, and I was very anxious to go down where she was. After the sermon I went to the pew and said, "My friend, are you a Christian?" "Oh, no," said she, "I wish I was. I have been seeking Christ three years and I cannot find Him." Said I, "Oh, there is a great mistake about that." Says she, "Do you think I am not in earnest? Do you think, sir, I have not been seeking Christ?" Said I, "I suppose you think you have, but Christ has been seeking you these twenty years, and it would not take an anxious sinner and an anxious Saviour three years to meet, and if you had been really seeking Him you would have found Him long before this." "What would you do,

then?" Said I, "Do nothing, only believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." "Oh," said she, "I have heard that till my head swims. Everybody say believe! believe! believe! and I am none the wiser. I don't know what you mean by it." "Very well," said I, "I will drop the word; but just trust the Lord Jesus Christ to save." "If I say I trust Him, will He save me?" "No, you may do a thousand things; but if you really trust Him He will save you." "Well," said she, "I trust Him, but I don't feel any different." "Ah," said I, "I have found your difficulty. You have been hunting for feeling all these three years. You have not been looking for Christ." Say she, "Christians tell how much joy they have got." "But," said I, "you want Christian experience before you get on. Instead of trusting God, you are looking for Christian experience." Then I said: "Right here in this pew, just commit yourself to the Lord Jesus Christ, and trust Him and you will be saved," and I held her right to that word "trust," which is the same as the word "believe" in the Old Testament. "You know what it is to trust a friend. Cannot you trust God as a friend?" She looked at me for five minutes, it seemed, and then said slowly: "Mr. Moody, I trust the Lord Jesus Christ this night to save my soul." Turning to the pastor of the church she took him by the hand and repeated the declaration. Turning to an elder in the church she said again the solemn words, and near the door, meeting another officer of the church, she repeated for the fourth time, "I am trusting Jesus," and went home. The next night when I was preaching I saw her right in front of me, "Eternity" written in her eyes, her face lighted up, and when I asked inquirers to go into the other room she was the first to go in. I wondered at it, for I could see by her face that she was in the joy of the Lord. But when I got in I found her with her arm

around a young lady's neck, and I heard her say, "It is only just trusting. I stumbled over it three years and found it all in trusting;" and the three weeks I was there she led more souls to Christ than anybody else. If I got a difficult case I would send it to her. Oh, my friends, won't you trust Him? Let us put our trust in Him.

SAVING THE DRUNKARD.

A young man in one of our meetings in New York got up and thrilled the audience with his experience. "I want to tell you," he said, "that nine months ago a Christian came to my house and said he wanted me to become a Christian. He talked to me kindly and encouragingly, pointing out the error of my ways, and I became converted. I had been a hard drinker, but since that time I have not touched a drop of liquor. If any one had asked who the most hopeless man in town was they would have pointed to me." To-day this man is the superintendent of a Sabbath-school. Eleven years ago, when I went to Boston, I had a cousin who wanted a little of my experience. I gave him all the help I could, and he became a Christian. He did not know how near death was to him. He wrote to his brother and said: "I am very anxious to get your soul to Jesus." The letter somehow went to another city, and lay from the 28th of February till the 28th of March—just one month. He saw that it was his brother's handwriting, and tore it open and read the above words. It struck a chord in his heart, and was the means of converting him. And this was the Christian who led this drunken man to Christ. This young man had a neighbor who had drank for forty years, and he went to that neighbor and told him what God had done for him, and the result was another conversion. I tell you these things to encourage you to believe that the drunkard can be saved.

WHOSOEVER WILL.

I can imagine some men saying, "Mr. Moody has not touched my case at all. That is not why I won't accept Christ. I don't know as I am one of the elect." How often I am met with this excuse—how often do I hear it in the inquiry room! How many men fold their arms and say, "If I am one of the elect I will be saved, and if I ain't I won't. No use of your bothering about it." Why don't some of those merchants say, "If God is going to make me a successful merchant in Chicago I will be one whether I like it or not, and if he isn't I won't." If you are sick and a doctor prescribes for you, don't take the medicine, throw it out the door, it don't matter, for if God has decreed you are going to die, you will: if he hasn't you will get better. If you use that argument you may as well not walk home from this tabernacle. If God has said you'll get home—you'll fly through the air; if you have been elected to go home. I have an idea that the Lord Jesus saw how men were going to stumble over this doctrine, so after He had been thirty or forty years in heaven, He came down and spoke to John. One Lord's day in Patmos He said to him, "Write these things to the churches." John kept on writing. His pen flew very fast. And then the Lord, when it was nearly finished, said, "John, before you close the book, put in this: 'The Spirit and the Bride say Come; and let him that heareth say, Come.' But there will be some that are deaf, and they cannot hear, so add, 'Let him that is athirst, Come; ' and in case there should be any that do not thirst, put it still broader, 'Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.' " What more can you have than that? And the book is sealed, as it were, with that. It is the last invitation in the Bible. "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." You

are thirsty. You want water. I hold out this glass to you, and say, "Take it." You say, "If I am decreed to have it, I am not going to put myself to the trouble of taking it." Well, you will never get it. And if you are ever to have salvation, you must reach out the hand and take it. "I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord."

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME BEFORE.

A few years ago, in a town somewhere in this State, a merchant died, and while he was lying a corpse I was told a story I will never forget. When the physician that attended him saw there was no chance for him here, he thought it would be time to talk about Christ to the dying man. And there are a great many Christians just like this physician. They wait till the man is just entering the other world, just till he is about nearing the throne, till the sands of life are about run out, till the death rattle is in his throat, before they commence to speak of Christ. The physician stepped up to the dying merchant and began to speak of Jesus, the beauties of Christianity, and the salvation he had offered to all the world. The merchant listened quietly to him, and then asked him, "How long have you known of these things?" "I have been a Christian since I came from the East," he replied. "You have been a Christian so long and have known all this, and have been in my store every day. You have been in my house; have associated with me; you knew all these things, and why didn't you tell me before?" The doctor went home and retired to rest, but could not sleep. The question of the dying man rang in his ears. He could not explain why he had not spoken before, but he saw he had neglected his duty to his principles. He went back to his dying friend,

intending to urge upon him the acceptance of Christ's salvation, but when he began to speak to him the merchant only replied in a sad whisper, "Oh, why didn't you tell me before?" Oh, my friends, how many of us act like this physician? If we don't practice in every particular the professions we make, and try to influence the lives of others, and lead the lives of Christians according to Christian precept, the world will go on stumbling over us.

"WHERE ART THOU?"

I remember when preaching in New York city, at the Hippodrome, a man coming up to me and telling me a story that thrilled my soul. One night, he said he had been gambling; had gambled all the money away he had. When he went home to the hotel that night he did not sleep much. The next morning happened to be Sunday. He got up, felt bad, couldn't eat anything, didn't touch his breakfast, was miserable and thought about putting an end to his existence. That afternoon he took a walk up Broadway, and when he came to the Hippodrome he saw great crowds going in and thought of entering too. But a policeman at the door told him he couldn't come in as it was a woman's meeting. He turned from it and strolled on; came back to his hotel and had dinner. At night he walked up the street until he reached the Hippodrome again, and this time he saw a lot of men going in. When inside he listened to the singing and heard the text, "Where art thou?" and he thought he would go out. He rose to go, and the text came upon his ears again, "Where art thou?" This was too personal, he thought; it was disagreeable, and he made for the door, but as he got to the third row from the entrance, the words came to him again. "Where art thou?" He stood still, for the question had come to him

with irresistible force, and God had found him **right there**. He went to his hotel and prayed all that night, and now he is a bright and shining light. And this young man, who was a commercial traveler, went back into the village in which he had been reared, and in which he had been one of the fastest young men—went back there, and went around among his friends and acquaintances and testified for Christ, as earnestly and beneficially for him as his conduct had been against Him.

A LITTLE CHILD LEADS AN INFIDEL TO CHRIST.

I remember hearing of a Sabbath-school teacher who had led every one of her children to Christ. She was a faithful teacher. Then she tried to get her children to go out and bring other children into the school. One day one of them came and said she had been trying to get the children of a family to come to the school, but the father was an infidel man and he wouldn't allow it. "What is an infidel?" asked the child. She had never heard of an infidel before. The teacher went on to tell her what an infidel was, and she was perfectly shocked. A few mornings after the girl happened to be going past the post-office on her way to school, and she saw the infidel father coming out. She went up to him and said, "Why don't you love Jesus?" If it had been a man who had said that to him probably he would have knocked him down. He looked at her and walked on. A second time she put the question, "Why don't you love Jesus?" He put out his hand to put her gently away from him, when, on looking down, he saw her tears. "Please, sir, tell me why you don't love Jesus?" He pushed her aside and away he went. When he got to his office he couldn't get this question out of his mind. All

the letters seemed to read, "Why don't you love Jesus?" All men in his place of business seemed to say, "Why don't you love Jesus?" When he tried to write his pen seemed to shape the words, "Why don't you love Jesus?" He couldn't rest, and on the street he went to mingle with the business-men, but he seemed to hear a voice continually asking him, "Why don't you love Jesus?" He thought when night came and he got home with his family, he would forget it; but he couldn't. He complained that he wasn't well, and went to bed. But when he laid his head on the pillow that voice kept whispering, "Why don't you love Jesus?" He couldn't sleep. By and by, about midnight, he got up and said, "I will get a Bible and find where Christ contradicts himself, and then I'll have a reason," and he turned to the book of John. My friends, if you want a reason for not loving Christ, don't turn to John. He knew Him too long. I don't believe a man can read the gospel of John without being turned to Christ. Well, he read through, and found no reason why he shouldn't love Him, but he found many reasons why he should. He read this book, and before morning he was on his knees, and that question put by that little child led to his conversion.

HIS ONLY SON.

While I was attending a meeting in a certain city some time ago a lady came to me and said: "I want you to go home with me; I have something to say to you." When we reached her home, there were some friends there. After they had retired, she put her arms on the table, and tears began to come in her eyes, but with an effort she repressed her emotion. After a struggle she went on to say that she was going to tell me something which she had never told any other living person. I should not tell it now, but

she has gone to another world. She said she had a son in Chicago, and she was very anxious about him. When he was young he got interested in religion at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. He used to go out in the streets and circulate tracts. He was her only son, and she was very ambitious that he should make a name in the world, and wanted him to get into the very highest circles. Oh, what a mistake people make about these highest circles. Society is false; it is a sham. She was deceived like a good many more votaries of fashion and hunters after wealth at the present time. She thought it was beneath her son to go down and associate with those young men who hadn't much money. She tried to get him away from them, but they had more influence than she had, and finally, to break his whole association, she packed him off to a boarding-school. He went soon to Yale College, and she supposed he got into one of those miserable secret societies there that have ruined so many young men, and the next thing she heard was that the boy had gone astray.

She began to write letters urging him to come into the Kingdom of God, but she heard that he tore the letters up without reading them. She went to him to try and regain whatever influence she possessed over him, but her efforts were useless, and she came home with a broken heart. He left New Haven, and for two years they heard nothing of him. At last they heard he was in Chicago, and his father found him and gave him \$30,000 to start in business. They thought it would change him, but it didn't. They asked me when I went back to Chicago to try and use my influence with him. I got a friend to invite him to his house one night, where I intended to meet him, but he heard I was to be there, and did not come near, like a good many other young men, who seemed to be afraid of me. I tried many times to reach him, but could not. While

I was traveling one day on the New Haven Railroad, I bought a New York paper, and in it I saw a dispatch saying he had been drowned in Lake Michigan. His father came on to find his body, and, after considerable searching, they discovered it. All his clothes and his body were covered with sand. The body was taken home to that broken-hearted mother. She said "If I thought he was in heaven I would have peace." Her disobedience of God's law came back upon her.

So my friends, if you have a boy impressed with the gospel, help him to come to Christ. Bring him in the arms of your faith, and He will unite you closer to him.

A CONGREGATION OF THREE MILLIONS.

I was at a meeting in London, when I was there, and I heard a man speaking with wonderful power and earnestness. "Who is that man?" I asked, my curiosity being excited. "Why, that is Dr. ———. He is blind." I felt some interest in this man, and at the close of the meeting, I sought an interview, and he told me that he had been stricken blind when very young. His mother took him to a doctor, and asked him about his sight. "You must give up all hope," the doctor said. "Your boy is blind, and will be forever." "What, do you think my boy will never see?" asked his mother. "Never again." The mother took her boy to her bosom and cried, "Oh, my boy, who will take care of you when I am gone? Who will look to you?"—forgetting the faithfulness of that God she had taught him to love. He became a servant of the Lord and was permitted to print the Bible in twelve different languages, printed in the raised letters, so that all the blind people could read the Scriptures themselves. He had a congregation, my friends, of three millions of people, and I think that blind man was one of

the happiest beings in all London. He was naturally blind, but he had eyes to his soul, and could see a bright eternity in the future. He had built his foundation upon the living God. We pity those who have not their natural sight; but how you should pity yourself if you are spiritually blind.

WHEN RELIGION BECOMES A SHAM.

I remember when in the old country a young man came to me—a minister—and said he wanted to talk with me. He said to me: "Mr. Moody you are either all right and I am all wrong, or else I am right, and you are all wrong." "Well, sir," said I, "you have the advantage of me. You have heard me preach, and know what doctrines I hold, whereas I have not heard you, and don't know what you preach." "Well," said he, "the difference between your preaching and mine is that you make out that salvation is got by Christ's death, and I make out that it is attained by His life." "Now, what do you do with the passages bearing upon the death?" and I quoted the passages, "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission," and "He Himself bore our own sins by His own body on the tree," and asked him what he did with them, for instance. "Never preach them at all." I quoted a number of passages more, and he gave me the same answer. "Well, what do you preach?" I finally asked. "Moral essays," he replied. Said I, "Did you ever know anybody to be saved by that kind of thing, did you ever convert anybody by them?" "I never aimed at that kind of conversion; I meant to get men to heaven by culture—by refinement." "Well," said I, "if I didn't preach those texts, and only preached culture, the whole thing would be a sham." "And it is a sham to me," was his reply. I tell you the moment a man breaks away from this doctrine of blood, religion becomes a sham,

because the whole teaching of this book is of one story and this is, that Christ came into the world and died for our sins.

“THEY LOVE A FELLOW OVER THERE.”

In our city a few years ago there was a little boy who went to one of the mission Sunday-schools. His father moved to another part of the city about five miles away, and every Sunday that boy came past thirty or forty Sunday-schools to the one he attended. And one Sunday a lady who was out collecting scholars for a Sunday-school met him and asked why he went so far, past so many schools. “There are plenty of others,” said she, “just as good.” He said, “They may be as good, but they are not so good for me.” “Why not?” she asked. “Because they love a fellow over there,” he answered. Ah! love won him. “Because they love a fellow over there!” How easy it is to reach people through love! Sunday-school teachers should win the affections of their scholars if they wish to lead them to Christ.

ONE GREATER THAN A GOVERNOR.

When I was East a few years ago, Mr. Geo. H. Stewart told me of a scene that occurred in a Pennsylvania prison, when Governor Pollock, a Christian man, was Governor of the State. A man was tried for murder, and the judge had pronounced sentence upon him. His friends had tried every means in their power to procure his pardon. They had sent deputation after deputation to the Governor, but he had told them all that the law must take its course. When they began to give up hope, the Governor went down to the prison and asked the sheriff to take him to the cell of the condemned man. The Governor was conducted into the

presence of the criminal, and he sat down by the side of his bed and began to talk to him kindly—spoke to him of Christ and heaven, and showed him that although he was condemned to die on the morrow by earthly judges, he would receive eternal life from the Divine Judge if he would accept salvation. He explained the plan of salvation, and when he left him he committed him to God. When he was gone the sheriff was called to the cell by the condemned man. "Who was that man?" asked the criminal, "who was in here and talked so kind to me?" "Why," said the sheriff, "that was Governor Pollock." "Was that Governor Pollock? O, Sheriff, why didn't you tell me who it was? If I had known that was him, I wouldn't have let him go out till he had given me pardon. The Governor has been here—in my cell—and I didn't know it," and the man wrung his hands and wept bitterly. My friends, there is one greater than a Governor here to-night. He sent His Son to redeem you—to bring you out of the prison home of sin. I come to-night to tell you He is here.

FALLEN AMONG THIEVES.

A number of years ago, before any railway came into Chicago, they used to bring in the grain from the Western prairies in wagons for hundreds of miles, so as to have it shipped off by the lakes. There was a father who had a large farm out there, and who used to preach the gospel as well as to attend to his farm. One day, when church business engaged him, he sent his son to Chicago with grain. He waited and waited for his boy to return, but he did not come home. At last he could wait no longer, so he saddled his horse, and rode to the place where his son had sold the grain. He found that he had been there and got the money for his grain; then he began to fear that his boy had been murdered and robbed. At last, with the aid of a detective,

they tracked him to a gambling den, where they found that he had gambled away the whole of his money. In hopes of winning it back again, he then had sold his team, and lost that money too. He had fallen among thieves, and like the man who was going to Jericho, they stripped him, and then they cared no more about him. What could he do? He was ashamed to go home to meet his father, and he fled. The father knew what it all meant. He knew the boy thought he would be very angry with him. He was grieved to think that his boy should have such feelings toward him. That is just exactly like the sinner. He thinks because he has sinned, God will have nothing to do with him. But what did that father do? Did he say, "Let the boy go"? No; he went after him. He arranged his business, and started after the boy. That man went from town to town, from city to city. He would get the ministers to let him preach, and at the close he would tell his story. "I have got a boy who is a wanderer on the face of the earth somewhere." He would describe his boy, and say, "If you ever hear of him or see him, will you not write to me?" At last he found that he had gone to California, thousands of miles away. Did that father say, "Let him go"? No; off he went to the Pacific coast, seeking the boy. He went to San Francisco, and advertised in the newspapers that he would preach at such a church on such a day. When he had preached he told his story, in hopes that the boy might have seen the advertisement and come to the church. When he had done, away under the gallery, there was a young man who waited until the audience had gone out; then he came toward the pulpit. The father looked and saw it was that boy, and he ran to him, and pressed him to his bosom. The boy wanted to confess what he had done, but not a word would the father hear. He forgave him freely, and took him to his home once more.

I tell you Christ will welcome you this minute if you will come. Say, "I will arise and go to my Father." May God incline you to take this step. There is not one whom Jesus has not sought far longer than that father. There has not been a day since you left Him but He has followed you.

"BECAUSE THAT'S ME."

While we were in London, Mr. Spurgeon one day took Mr. Sankey and myself to his orphan asylum, and he was telling about them—that some of them had aunts and some cousins, and that every boy had some friend that took an interest in him, and came to see him and gave him a little pocket money, and one day he said while he stood there, a little boy came up to him and said, "Mr. Spurgeon, let me speak to you," and the boy sat down between Mr. Spurgeon and the elder, who was with the clergyman, and said, "Mr. Spurgeon, suppose your father and mother were dead, and you didn't have any cousins, or aunts, or uncles, or friends to come and give you pocket money, and give you presents, don't you think you would feel bad—because that's me?" Said Mr. Spurgeon, "the minute he asked that, I put my right hand down into my pocket and took out the money." Because that's me! And so with the Gospel, we must say to those who have sinned, the Gospel is offered to them.

"COULDN'T DO IT."

At one time my sister had trouble with her little boy, and the father said, "Why, Sammy, you must go now and ask your mother's forgiveness." The little fellow said he wouldn't. The father says, "You must. If you don't go and ask your mother's forgiveness I shall have to undress

you and put you to bed." He was a bright, nervous little fellow, never still a moment, and the father thought he would have such a dread of being undressed and put to bed. But the little fellow wouldn't, so they undressed him and put him to bed. The father went to his business, and when he came home at noon he said to his wife: "Has Sammy asked your forgiveness?" "No," she said, "he hasn't." So the father went to him and said, "Why, Sammy, why don't you ask your mother's forgiveness?" The little fellow shook his head, "Won't do it." "But, Sammy, you have got to." "Couldn't." The father went down to his office, and stayed all the afternoon, and when he came home he asked his wife, "Has Sammy asked your forgiveness?" "No, I took something up to him and tried to have him eat, but he wouldn't." So the father went up to see him, and said, "Now, Sammy, just ask your mother's forgiveness, and you may be dressed and come down to supper with us." "Couldn't do it." The father coaxed, but the little fellow "couldn't do it." That was all they could get out of him. You know very well he could, but he didn't want to. Now, the hardest thing a man has to do is to become a Christian, and it is the easiest. That may seem a contradiction, but it isn't. The hard point is because he don't want to.

The hardest thing for a man to do is to give up his will. That night they retired, and they thought surely early in the morning he will be ready to ask his mother's forgiveness. The father went to him—that was Friday morning—to see if he was ready to ask his mother's forgiveness, but he "couldn't." The father and mother felt so bad about it they couldn't eat; they thought it was to darken their whole life. Perhaps that boy thought that father and mother didn't love him. Just what many sinners think because God won't let them have their own way. The father went to his business, and when he came home he

said to his wife, "Has Sammy asked your forgiveness?" "No." So he went to the little fellow and said, "Now, Sammy, are you not going to ask your mother's forgiveness?" "Can't," and that was all they could get out of him. The father couldn't eat any dinner; it was like death in the house. It seemed as if the boy was going to conquer his father and mother. Instead of his little will being broken, it looked very much as if he was going to break theirs. Late Friday afternoon, "Mother, mother, forgive," says Sammy—"me." And as the little fellow said "me," he sprang to his feet and said: "I have said it, I have said it. Now dress me, and take me down to see father. He will be so glad to know I have said it." And she took him down, and when the little fellow came in he said, "I've said it, I've said it."

Oh, my friends, it is so easy to say, "I will arise and go to my God." It is the most reasonable thing you can do. Isn't it an unreasonable thing to hold out? Come right to God just this very hour. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

PAPA'S FRIEND.

A gentleman one day came to my office for the purpose of getting me interested in a young man who had just got out of the penitentiary. "He says," said the gentleman, "he don't want to go to the office, but I want your permission to bring him in and introduce him." I said, "Bring him in." The gentleman brought him in and introduced him, and I took him by the hand and told him I was glad to see him. I invited him up to my house, and when I took him into my family I introduced him as a friend. When my little daughter came into the room, I said, "Emma, this is papa's friend." And she went up and kissed him, and the man sobbed aloud. After the child

left the room, I said, "What is the matter?" "O, sir," he said, "I have not had a kiss for years. The last kiss I had was from my mother, and she was dying. I thought I would never have another one again." His heart was broken.

OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

A lady had a little child that was dying. She thought it was resting sweetly in the arms of Jesus. She went into the room and the child asked her: "What are those clouds and mountains that I see so dark?" "Why, Eddy," said his mother, "there are no clouds or mountains, you must be mistaken." "Why, yes, I see great mountains and dark clouds, and I want you to take me in your arms and carry me over the mountains." "Ah," said the mother, "you must pray to Jesus, He will carry you safely," and, my friends, the sainted mother, the praying wife, may come to your bedside and wipe the damp sweat from your brow, but they cannot carry you over the Jordan when the hour comes. This mother said to her little boy, "I am afraid that it is unbelief that is coming upon you, my child, and you must pray that the Lord will be with you in your dying moments." And the two prayed, but the boy turned to her and said: "Don't you hear the angels, mother, over the mountains, and calling for me, and I cannot go?" "My dear boy, pray to Jesus, and He will come; He only can take you." And the boy closed his eyes and prayed, and when he opened them a heavenly smile overspread his face as he said, "Jesus has come to carry me over the mountains."

Dear sinner, Jesus is ready and willing to carry you over the mountains of sin, and over your mountains of unbelief. Give yourself to Him.

OVER A PRECIPICE.

There is a little story that has gone the round of the American press that made a great impression upon me as a father. A father took his little child out into the field one Sabbath, and, it being a hot day, he lay down under a beautiful shady tree. The little child ran about gathering wild flowers and little blades of grass, and coming to its father and saying, "Pretty! pretty!" At last the father fell asleep, and while he was sleeping the little child wandered away. When he awoke, his first thought was, "Where is my child?" He looked all around, but he could not see him. He shouted at the top of his voice, but all he heard was the echo of his own voice. Running to a little hill, he looked around and shouted again. No response! Then going to a precipice at some distance, he looked down, and there, upon the rocks and briers, he saw the mangled form of his loved child. He rushed to the spot, took up the lifeless corpse, and hugged it to his bosom, and accused himself of being the murderer of his child. While he was sleeping his child had wandered over the precipice. I thought as I heard that, what a picture of the church of God!

How many fathers and mothers, how many Christian men, are sleeping now while their children wander over the terrible precipice right into the bottomless pit. Father, where is your boy to-night?

THE SURE ARROW.

I remember while preaching in Glasgow, an incident occurred which I will relate. I had been preaching there several weeks, and the night was my last one, and I pleaded with them as I had never pleaded there before. I urged the

people to meet me in that land. It is a very solemn thing to stand before a vast audience for the last time and think you may never have another chance of asking them to come to Christ. I told them I would not have another opportunity, and urged them to accept, and just asked them to meet me at that marriage supper. At the conclusion I soon saw a tall young lady coming into the inquiry room. She had scarcely come in when another tall young lady came in, and she went up to the first and put her arms around her and wept. Pretty soon another young lady came and went up to the first two and just put her arms around both of them. They were three sisters and I found that although they had been sitting in different parts of the building, the sure arrow of conviction went down to their souls, and brought them to the inquiry room. Another young lady came down from the gallery and said: "Mr. Moody, I want to become a Christian." I asked a young Christian to talk to her, and when she went home that night about 10 o'clock—her mother was sitting up for her—she said: "Mother, I have accepted the invitation to be present at the marriage supper of the Lamb." Her mother and father laid awake that night talking about the salvation of their child. That was Friday night, and next day (Saturday) she was unwell, and before long her sickness developed into scarlet fever, and a few days after I got this letter:

"Mr. Moody—Dear Sir: It is now my painful duty to intimate to you that the dear girl concerning whom I wrote to you on Monday, has been taken away from us by death. Her departure, however, has been signally softened to us, for she told us yesterday she was 'going home to be with Jesus,' and after giving messages to many, told us to let Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey know that she died a happy Christian."

AFRAID OF EACH OTHER.

I heard a story about two young men who came to New York city from the country on a visit. They went to the same boarding-house to stay and took a room together. Well, when they came to go to bed each felt ashamed to go down on his knees before his companion first. So they sat watching each other. In fact, to express the situation in one word, they were both cowards—yes, cowards! But at last one of them mustered up a little courage, and with burning blushes, as if he was about to do something wrong and wicked, he sunk down on his knees to say his prayers. As soon as the second saw that, he also knelt. And then, after they had said their prayers, each waited for the other to get up. When they did manage to get up one said to the other: "I really am glad to see that you knelt; I was afraid of you." "Well," said the other, "and I was afraid of you." So it turned out that both were Christians, and yet they were afraid of each other. You smile at that, but how many times have you done the same thing—perhaps not in that way, but the same thing in effect. Henceforth, then, be not ashamed, but let every one know you are His.

CONFESSING CHRIST.

When I was in Ireland I heard of a man who got great blessings from God. He was a business man—a landed proprietor. He had a large family, and a great many men to work for him taking care of his home. He came up to Dublin and there he found Christ. And he came boldly out and thought he would go home and confess Him. He thought that if Christ had redeemed him with his precious blood, the least he could do would be to confess Him, and tell about it sometimes. So he called his family together

and his servants, and with tears running down his cheeks he poured out his soul to them, and told them what Christ had done for him. He took the Bible down from its resting-place and read a few verses of gospel. Then he went down on his knees to pray, and so greatly was the little gathering blessed that four or five out of that family were convicted of sin; they forsook the ways of the world, and accepted Christ and eternal life. It was like unto the household of Cornelius, which experienced the working of the Holy Spirit. And that man and his family were not afraid to follow out their profession.

REPRODUCING ONESELF.

I was very much interested some time ago in a young lady that lived in the city. I don't know her name, or I have forgotten it. She was about to go to China as the wife of a missionary on his way to some heathen field. She had a large Sabbath-school class in the city and succeeded in getting a blessing upon many of her scholars through her efforts. She was very anxious to get some one who would look after her little flock and take care of them while she was gone. She had a brother who was not a Christian, and her heart was set on his being converted and taking her place as leader of the class. The young man—perhaps he is in this audience to-day—refused to accept of Christ, but away in her closet alone she pleaded with God that her brother might be converted and take her place. She wanted to reproduce herself and that is what every Christian ought to do—get somebody else converted to take up your work. Well, the last morning came, and around the family altar as the moment drew near for the lady's departure, and they did not know when they should see her again, the father broke down, and the boy went up stairs. Just before she left for the train the boy came down, and putting his arms

around his sister's neck, said to her, "My dear sister, I will take your Saviour for mine, and I will take care of your class for you," and the young man took her class, and the last I heard of him he was filling her place. There was a young lady established in good work.

NEVER DISCOURAGED.

An old woman who was seventy-five years old had a Sabbath-school two miles away among the mountains. One Sunday there came a terrible storm of rain, and she thought at first she would not go that day, but then she thought, "What if some one should go and not find me there?" Then she put on her waterproof, and took her umbrella and overshoes, and away she went through the storm, two miles away, to the Sabbath-school in the mountains. When she got there she found one solitary young man, and taught him the best she knew how all the afternoon. She never saw him again, and I don't know but the old woman thought her Sabbath-school had been a failure. That week the young man enlisted in the army, and in a year or two after the old woman got a letter from the soldier thanking her for going through the storm that Sunday. This young man thought that stormy day he would just go and see if the old woman was in earnest, and if she cared enough about souls to go through the rain. He found she came and taught him as carefully as if she was teaching the whole school, and God made that the occasion of winning the young man to Christ. When he lay dying in a hospital he sent the message to the old woman that he would meet her in heaven. Was it not a glorious thing that she did not get discouraged because she had but one Sunday-school scholar? Be willing to work with one.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE NEEDS NO ACCUSER.

I remember while in Philadelphia, a man with his wife came to our meetings. When he went out he wouldn't speak to his wife. She thought it was very queer, but said nothing, and went to bed thinking that in the morning he would be all right. At breakfast, however, he would not speak a word. Well, she thought this strange, but she was sure he would have got all over whatever was wrong with him by dinner. The dinner hour arrived, and it passed away without his saying a word. At supper not a word escaped him, and he would not go with her to the meeting. Every day for a whole week the same thing went on. But at the end of the week he could not stand it any longer, and he said to his wife: "Why did you go and write to Mr. Moody and tell him all about me?" "I never wrote to Mr. Moody in my life," said the wife. "You did," he answered. "You're mistaken; why do you think that?" "Well, then, I wronged you; but when I saw Mr. Moody picking me out among all those people, and telling all about me, I was sure you must have written to him." It was the Son of Man seeking for him, my friends, and I hope there will be a man here to-night—that man in the gallery yonder, that one before me—who will feel that I am talking personally to him. May you feel that you are lost, and that the Lord is seeking for you, and when you feel this there is some chance of your being saved.

WAITING ON GOD.

In one of the towns of England there is a beautiful little chapel, and a very touching story is told in connection with it. It was built by an infidel. He had a praying wife, but he would not listen to her; would not allow her pastor

even to take dinner with them; would not look at the Bible; would not allow religion even to be talked of. She made up her mind, seeing she could not influence him by her voice, that every day she would pray to God at twelve o'clock for his salvation. She said nothing to him, but every day at that hour she told the Lord about her husband. At the end of twelve months there was no change in him. But she did not give up. Six months more went past. Her faith began to waver, and she said, "Will I have to give him up at last? Perhaps when I am dead He will answer my prayers." When she had got to that point, it seemed just as if God had got her where he wanted her. The man came to dinner one day. His wife was in the dining-room waiting for him, but he didn't come in. She waited some time, and finally looked for him all through the house. At last she thought of going into the little room where she had prayed so often. There he was, praying at the same bed with agony, where she had prayed for so many months, asking forgiveness for his sins. And this is a lesson to you wives who have infidel husbands. The Lord saw that woman's faith and answered her prayers.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

But I have another anecdote to tell. It was Ralph Wallace who told me of this one. A certain gentleman was a member of the Presbyterian Church. His little boy was sick. When he went home his wife was weeping, and she said, "Our boy is dying; he has had a change for the worse. I wish you would go in and see him." The father went into the room and placed his hand upon the brow of his dying boy, and could feel that the cold, damp sweat was gathering there; that the cold, icy hand of death was feeling for the chords of life. "Do you know, my boy, that you are

dying?" asked the father. "Am I? Is this death? Do you really think I am dying?" "Yes, my son, your end on earth is near." "And will I be with Jesus to-night father?" "Yes, you will be with the Saviour." "Father, don't you weep, for when I get there I will go right straight to Jesus and tell Him that you have been trying all my life to lead me to Him." God has given me two little children, and ever since I can remember I have directed them to Christ, and I would rather they carried this message to Jesus—that I had tried all my life to lead them to Him—than have all the crowns of the earth; and I would rather lead them to Jesus than give them the wealth of the world. If you have got a child go and point the way. I challenge any man to speak of heaven without speaking of children. "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

THE JUDGE.

A number of years ago as I was coming out of a daily prayer meeting in one of our Western cities, a lady came up to me and said: "I want to have you see my husband and ask him to come to Christ." She says, "I want to have you go and see him." She told me his name, and it was a man I had heard of before. "Why," said I, "I can't go and see your husband. He is a booked infidel. I can't argue with him. He is a good deal older than I am, and it would be out of place. Then I am not much for infidel argument." "Well, Mr. Moody," she says, "that ain't what he wants. He's got enough of that. Just ask him to come to the Saviour." She urged me so hard and so strong, that I consented to go. I went to the office where the Judge was doing business, and told him what I had come for. He laughed at me. "You are very foolish," he said, and began to argue with me. I said, "I don't think it will be profitable for me to hold an argument with you. I have

just one favor I want to ask of you, and that is, that when you are converted you will let me know." "Yes," said he, "I will do that. When I am converted I will let you know"—with a good deal of sarcasm.

I went off, and requests for prayer were sent here and to Fulton street, New York, and I thought the prayers there and of that wife would be answered if mine were not. A year and a half after, I was in that city, and a servant came to the door and said: "There is a man in the front parlor who wishes to see you." I found the Judge there; he said: "I promised I would let you know when I was converted." "Well," said I, "tell me all about it." I had heard it from other lips, but I wanted to hear it from his own. He said his wife had gone out to a meeting one night and he was home alone, and while he was sitting there by the fire he thought: "Supposing my wife is right, and my children are right; suppose there is a heaven and a hell, and I shall be separated from them." His first thought was, "I don't believe a word of it." The second thought came, "You believe in the God that created you, and that the God that created you is able to teach you. You believe that God can give you life." "Yes, the God that created me can give me life. I was too proud to get down on my knees by the fire, and I said, 'O, God, teach me.' And as I prayed, I don't understand it, but it began to get very dark and my heart got very heavy. I was afraid to tell my wife, and I pretended to be asleep. She knelt down beside that bed, and I knew she was praying for me. I kept crying, 'O, God, teach me.' I had to change my prayer, 'O, God, save me; O, God, take away this burden.' But it grew darker and darker, and the load grew heavier and heavier. All the way to my office I kept crying, 'O, God, take away this load of guilt; I gave my clerks a holiday, and just closed my office and locked the door. I fell down on my

face; I cried in agony to my Lord, 'O, Lord, for Christ's sake take away this guilt.' I don't know how it was, but it began to grow very light. I said, I wonder if this isn't what they call conversion. I think I will go and ask the minister if I am not converted. I met my wife at the door and said, 'My dear, I've been converted.' She looked in amazement. 'O, it's a fact; I've been converted!' We went into that drawing-room and knelt down by the sofa and prayed to God to bless us." The old Judge said to me, the tears trickling down his cheeks, "Mr. Moody, I've enjoyed life more in the last three months than in all the years of my life put together." If there is an infidel here—if there is a skeptical one here, ask God to give you wisdom to come now. Let us reason together, and if you become acquainted with God the day will not go before you receive light from Him.

RESCUED.

I met a man in New York who was an earnest worker, and I asked him to tell me his experience. He said he had been a drunkard for over twenty years. His parents had forsaken him, and his wife had cast him off and married some one else. He went into a lawyer's office in Poughkeepsie, mad with drink. This lawyer proved a good Samaritan, and reasoned with him, and told him he could be saved. The man scouted the idea. He said: "I must be pretty low when my father and mother, my wife and kindred, have cast me off, and there is no hope for me here or hereafter." But this good Samaritan showed him how it was possible to secure salvation, got him on his feet, got him on his beast, like the good Samaritan of old, and guided his face toward Zion. And this man said to me: "I have not drank a glass of liquor since." He is now leader of a young men's meeting in New York. I asked him to come last

Saturday night to Northfield, my native town, where there are a good many drunkards, thinking he might encourage them to seek salvation. He came and brought a young man with him. They held a meeting, and it seemed as if the power of God rested upon that meeting when these two men went on telling what God had done for them—how He had destroyed the works of the devil in their hearts, and brought peace and unalloyed happiness to their souls. These grog shops here are the works of the devil—they are ruining men's souls every hour. Let us fight against them, and let our prayers go up in our battles. It may seem a very difficult thing for us, but it is a very easy thing for God to convert rumsellers.

A DYING INFIDEL'S LETTER.

I want to read to you a letter which I received some time ago. I read this to you because I am getting letters from infidels who say that not an infidel has repented during our meetings. Only about ten days ago I got a letter from an infidel, who accused me of being a liar. He said there had not been an infidel converted during our meetings. My friends, go up to the young converts' meeting any Monday night, and you will see there ten or twelve who have accepted Christ. Why, nearly every night we meet with a poor infidel who accepts Christ. But let me read this letter. We get many letters every day for prayer, and, my friends, you don't know the stories that lie behind those letters. The letter I am about to read was not received here, but while we were in Philadelphia. When I received it I put it away, intending to use it at a future day:

Dear Sir: Allow me the privilege of addressing you with a few words. The cause of writing is indeed a serious one. I am the son of an aristocratic family of Germany—was expensively educated, and at college at Leipsic was ruined

by drinking, etc. ; was expelled for gambling and dishonesty. My parents were greatly grieved at my conduct, and I did not dare return home, but sailed for America. I went to St. Louis and remained there for want of money to get away. I finally obtained a situation as bookkeeper in a dry-goods house; heard from home and the death of my parents. This made me more sinful than ever before. I heard one of your sermons, which made a deep impression on me. I was taken sick, and the words of your text came to me and touched me. I have tried to find peace of God, but have not succeeded. My friends, by reasoning with me that there was no God, endeavored to comfort me. The thought of my sinfulness and approaching the grave, my blasphemy, my bad example, caused me to mourn and weep. I think God is too just to forgive me my sins. My life is drawing to a close. I have not yet received God's favor. Will you not remember me in your prayers, and beseech God to save my soul from eternal destruction? Excuse me for writing this, but it will be the last I shall write this side of the grave.

BARRIERS REMOVED.

I was speaking to a young lady in the inquiry-room some time ago, and she was in great distress of mind. She seemed really anxious to be saved, and I could not find out what was the trouble between God and her. I saw there was something that was keeping her back. I quoted promise after promise, but she didn't seem to take hold of any of them. Then we got down on our knees, but still there was no light. Finally I said: "Is there any one against whom you have bitter feelings?" "Yes; there's a young lady on the other side of the room, talking to your wife, whom I can't forgive." "Ah, I've got it now; that's why the blessing won't come to you." "Do you mean to tell

•

me," said the young lady, looking up in my face, "that I can't be saved until I forgive her?" "No you can't! and, if there are any others whom you hate, you must forgive them also." She paused a moment, and then she said: "I will go." It seems that my wife and the other young lady had been going over the same ground, and just at that time the other young lady had resolved to come to ask this one's forgiveness. So they met in the middle of the room, both saying at once: "Will you forgive me?" Oh, what a meeting it was! They knelt together, and joy beamed on their souls, and their difficulties vanished. In a little while they went out of the room with their arms around each other, and their faces lit up with a heavenly glow.

ENLISTED AGAIN.

I remember being in the camp and a man came to me and said, "Mr. Moody, when the Mexican war began I wanted to enlist. My mother, seeing I was resolved, said if I became a Christian I might go. She pleaded and prayed that I might become a Christian, but I wouldn't. I said when the war was over I would become a Christian, but not till then. All her pleading was in vain, and at last, when I was going away, she took out a watch and said: My son, your father left this to me when he died. Take it, and I want you to remember that every day at 12 o'clock your mother will be praying for you. Then she gave me her Bible, and marked out passages, and put a few different references in the fly-leaf. I took the watch and the Bible just because my mother gave them. I never intended to read the Bible. I went off to Mexico, and one day while on a long, weary march, I took out my watch, and it was 12 o'clock. I had been gone four months, but I remembered that my mother at that hour was praying for me.

Something prompted me to ask the officer to relieve me for a little while, and I stepped behind a tree away out on those plains of Mexico, and cried to the God of my mother to save me." My friends, God saved him, and he went through the Mexican war, "and now," he said, "I have enlisted again to see if I can do any good for my Master's cause."

HER OWN BOY.

There was a boy a great many years ago stolen in London, the same as Charley Ross was stolen here. Long months and years passed away, and the mother had prayed and prayed, as that mother of Charley Ross had prayed, I suppose, and all her efforts had failed and they had given up all hope; but the mother did not quite give up her hope. One day a little boy was sent up into the neighboring house to sweep the chimney, and by some mistake he got down again through the wrong chimney. When he came down, he came in by the sitting-room chimney. His memory began at once to travel back through the years that had passed. He thought that things looked strangely familiar. The scenes of the early days of youth were dawning upon him; and as he stood there surveying the place, his mother came into the room. He stood there covered with rags and soot. Did she wait until she sent him to be washed before she rushed and took him in her arms? No, indeed, it was her own boy. She took him to her arms all black and smoked, and hugged him to her bosom, and shed tears of joy upon his head.

"MY MOTHER'S GOD."

I remember going into a young converts' meeting in Philadelphia, where I heard a story that thrilled my soul. A young man said he had been a great drunkard. He had

at one situation after another, till finally he came to the city dregs. He left Philadelphia, and went first to Washington, and then to Baltimore. One night he came back to Philadelphia. He had lost his key and could not get into his home. He was afraid to go into the house while the people were stirring, so he staid outside watching till his mother retired. He knew that after that there would be at least one who would hear him and come to the door. He went to the door; he knocked; when he heard the footsteps of his mother. "O, Edward," said she, "I am so glad to see you." She did not reprove him; did not rebuke him. He went up stairs and did not come down for two days. When he came to, the servants were walking about the house very softly—everything was quiet. They told him that his mother was at the point of death. His brother was a physician, and he went to him and asked him if it was so. "Yes, Ned," said he, "mother can't live." He immediately went up stairs, and asked his mother's forgiveness, and prayed to his mother's God to have mercy upon him. "And God," said he, "my mother's God, heard my prayers," and the tears trickled down his face and he said: "God has kept me straight these four years in the face of trials." O, sinner, ask for His grace and might; do not turn Him away.

REDEEMED.

A friend in Ireland once met a little Irish boy who had caught a sparrow. The poor little bird was trembling in his hand, and seemed very anxious to escape. The gentleman begged the boy to let it go, as the bird could not do him any good; but the boy said he would not, for he had chased three hours before he could catch it. He tried to reason with the boy, but in vain. At last he offered to buy the bird; the boy agreed to the price, and it was paid.

Then the gentleman took the poor little thing and held it out on his hand. The boy had been holding it very fast, for the boy was stronger than the bird, just as Satan is stronger than we, and there it sat for a time, scarcely able to realize the fact that it had got liberty; but in a little while it flew away, chirping, as if to say to the gentleman, "Thank you! thank you! you have redeemed me." That is what redemption is—buying back and setting free. So Christ came back to break the fetters of sin, to open the prison doors and set the sinner free. This is the good news, the gospel of Christ—"Ye are not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ."

THE LITTLE WANDERER.

One day as a young lady was walking up the street, she saw a little boy running out of a shoemaker's shop, and behind him was the old shoemaker chasing him with a wooden last in his hand. He had not run far until the last was thrown at him, and he was struck in the back. The boy stopped and began to cry. The Spirit of the Lord touched that young lady's heart, and she went to where he was. She stepped up to him, and asked if he was hurt. He told her it was none of her business. She went to work then to win that boy's confidence. She asked him if he went to school. He said, "No." "Well, why don't you go to school?" "Don't want to." She asked him if he would not like to go to Sunday school. "If you will come," she said, "I will tell you beautiful stories and read nice books." She coaxed and pleaded with him, and at last said that if he would consent to go, she would meet him on the corner of a street which they should agree upon. He at last consented, and the next Sunday, true to his promise, he waited for her at the place designated. She took him by the hand

and led him into the Sabbath-school. "Can you give me a place to teach this little boy?" she asked of the superintendent.

He looked at the boy, but they didn't have any such looking little ones in the school. A place was found, however, and she sat down in the corner and tried to win that soul for Christ. Many would look upon that with contempt, but she had got something to do for the Master. The little boy had never heard anybody sing so sweetly before. When he went home he was asked where he had been. "Been among the angels," he told his mother. He said he had been to the Protestant Sabbath-school, but his father and mother told him he must not go there any more or he would get a flogging. The next Sunday he went, and when he came home he got the promised flogging. He went the second time and got a flogging, and also a third time with the same result. At last he said to his father, "I wish you would flog me before I go, and then I won't have to think of it when I am there." The father said, "If you go to that Sabbath-school again I will kill you." It was the father's custom to send his son out on the street to sell articles to the passers-by, and he told the boy that he might have the profits of what he sold on Saturday. The little fellow hastened to the young lady's house and said to her, "Father said that he would give me every Saturday to myself, and if you will just teach me, then I will come to your house every Saturday afternoon." I wonder how many young ladies there are that would give up their Saturday afternoons just to lead one boy into the kingdom of God. Every Saturday afternoon that little boy was there at her house, and she tried to tell him the way to Christ. She labored with him, and at last the light of God's spirit broke upon his heart.

One day while he was selling his wares at the railroad

station, a train of cars approached unnoticed and passed over both his legs. A physician was summoned, and the first thing after he arrived, the little sufferer looked up into his face and said, "Doctor, will I live to get home?" "No," said the doctor, "you are dying." "Will you tell my mother and father that I died a Christian?" They bore home the boy's corpse and with it the last message that he died a Christian. Oh, what a noble work was that young lady's in saving that little wanderer! How precious the remembrance to her! When she goes to heaven she will not be a stranger there. He will take her by the hand and lead her to the throne of Christ. She did the work cheerfully. Oh, may God teach us what our work is that we may do it for his glory.

ENTHUSIASM.

When I was going to Europe in 1867, my friend Mr. Stuart, of Philadelphia, said, "Be sure to be at the General Assembly in Edinburgh, in June. I was there last year," said he, "and it did me a world of good." He said that a returned missionary from India was invited to speak to the General Assembly, on the wants of India. This old missionary, after a brief address, told the pastors who were present, to go home and stir up their churches and send young men to India to preach the gospel. He spoke with such earnestness, that after a while he fainted, and they carried him from the hall. When he recovered he asked where he was, and they told him the circumstances under which he had been brought there. "Yes," he said, "I was making a plea for India, and I didn't quite finish my speech, did I?" After being told that he did not, he said, "Take me back and let me finish it." But they said, "No, you will die in the attempt." "Well," said he, "I will die if I don't," and the old man asked again that they would allow

him to finish his plea. When he was taken back the whole congregation stood as one man, and as they brought him on the platform, with atrembling voice he said: "Fathers and mothers of Scotland, is it true that you will not let your sons go to India? I spent twenty-five years of my life there. I lost my health and I have come back with sickness and shattered health. If it is true that we have no strong grandsons to go to India, I will pack up what I have and be off to-morrow, and I will let those heathens know that if I cannot live for them I will die for them." The world will say that old man was enthusiastic. Well, that is just what we want.

ONE WOMAN.

One place we were in, in England, I recollect a Quakeress came in. The meeting was held in a Methodist church, and the Spirit of God was there—souls were being saved: multitudes were pressing into the kingdom. She had a brother who was a drinker and a nephew who had just come to the city, and he was in a critical state, too. They came to the meeting with her. Everything appeared strange to her, and when she went home she did not know really what to say. She and her brother and nephew went up stairs, and coming down she thought, it may be that the destiny of their souls depends on what I say now. When she entered the parlor she found them laughing and joking about the meeting. She put on a serious face and said, "I don't think we should laugh at it. Suppose Mr. Moody had come to you and asked you if were converted, what would you have told him?" "I would have told him to mind his own business," replied one of them. "I think it is a very important question, and a question a Christian ought to put to any one; Mr. Moody, as a Christian, has

a right to ask any one." She talked with them, and when that brother went to bed, he began thinking and thinking. He had tickets for the theatre next night, but when next night came he said he would go to the meeting with his sister, and, to make a long story short, he came and was converted. He came to me—he was a mechanic—and asked me to talk to the laborers and have them come to the meetings. He had got such a blessing himself that he wanted them to share it.

That man brought me a list of the names of the mechanics about half as long as this room, and we got up a meeting in the theatre, and we had that theatre packed. That was the first meeting of working men I ever had, and the work of grace broke out among them. This was but the result of the woman taking her stand. She went into the inquiry-room and became an earnest worker. I get letters from her frequently now, and I do not believe there is a happier woman in all England. If she had taken another course she might have been the means of ruining these young men. There is one thing that Christians ought to ask themselves. Ask your heart, "Is this the work of the devil?" That is the plain question. If it's the work of the devil turn your back against it. I would if I thought it was. If it is the work of God, be careful what you do. My friends, it is a terrible thing to fight against God. If it is the Lord's wish, come out and take your stand, and let there be one united column of people coming up to heaven. Let every man, woman, and child be not afraid to confess the Lord Jesus Christ.

THE LITTLE NORWEGIAN.

I remember while in Boston I attended one of the daily prayer meetings. The meetings we had been holding had

been almost always addressed by young men. Well, in that meeting a little tow-headed Norwegian boy stood up. He could hardly speak a word of English plain, but he got up and came to the front. He trembled all over and the tears were all trickling down his cheeks, but he spoke out as well as he could and said: "If I tell the world about Jesus, then will He tell the Father about me?" He then took his seat; that was all he said, but I tell you that in those few words he said more than all of them, old and young together. Those few words went straight down into the heart of every one present. "If I tell the world"—yes, that's what it means to confess Christ.

CONFESSION.

Here is a whole chapter in John (ix) of forty-one verses, just to tell how the Lord blessed that blind beggar. It was put in this book, I think, just to bring out the confession of that man. "The neighbors, therefore, and they which before had seen him which was blind, said, Is not this he that sat and begged? Some said, This is he; others said, He is like him; but he said, I am he." If it had been our case I think we would have kept still; we would have said, "There is a storm brewing among the Pharisees, and they have said, If any man acknowledges Christ we will put him out of the Synagogue. Now I don't want to be put out of the Synagogue." I am afraid we would have said that; that is the way with a good many of the young converts. What did the young convert here? He said, "I am he." And bear in mind he only told what he knew; he knew the Man had given him his eyes. "Some said, He is like him; but he said, I am he." So, young converts, open your lips and tell what Christ has done for you. If you can't do more than that, open your lips and do that. "Therefore,

said they unto him, How were thine eyes opened? He answered and said, A man that is called Jesus made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, Go to the pool of Siloam, and wash; and I went and washed, and I received sight." He said, "He anointed my eyes with clay, and I went to the pool and washed, and whereas I had no eyes, I have now got two good eyes." Some skeptic might ask, "What is the philosophy of it?" But he couldn't tell that. "Then said they unto him, Where is he? He said, I know not. They brought to the Pharisees him that aforetime was blind. And it was the Sabbath day when Jesus made the clay and opened his eyes. Then again the Pharisees also asked him how he had received his sight. He said unto them, He put clay upon mine eyes and I washed and do see." He wasn't afraid to tell his experience twice; he had just told it once. "Therefore, said some of the Pharisees, This man is not of God, because he keepeth not the Sabbath day. Others said, How can a man that is a sinner do such miracles? and there was a division among them." Now I am afraid if it had been us, we would have kept still and said, "There is a storm brewing." "They say unto the blind man again, What sayest thou of Him, that He hath opened thine eyes? He said, He is a prophet." Now you see he has got to talking of the Master, and that is a grand good thing.

I WON'T.

The hardest thing, I will admit, ever a man had to do is to become a Christian, and yet it is the easiest. This seems to many to be a paradox, but I will repeat it, it is the most difficult thing to become a Christian, and yet it is the easiest. I have a little nephew in this city. When he was about three or four years of age, he threw that Bible on

the floor. I think a good deal of that Bible, and I don't like to see this. His mother said to him, "Go pick up uncle's Bible from the floor." "I won't," he replied. "Go and pick up that Bible directly." "I won't." "What did you say?" asked his mother. She thought he didn't understand. But he understood well enough, and had made up his mind that he wouldn't. She told the boy she would have to punish him if he didn't, and then he said he couldn't, and by and by he said he didn't want to. And that is the way with the people in coming to Christ. At first they say they won't, then they can't, and then they don't want to. The mother insisted upon the boy picking up the Bible, and he got down and put his arms around it and pretended he couldn't lift it. He was a great, healthy boy, and he could have picked it up easily enough. I was very anxious to see the fight carried on because she was a young mother, and if she didn't break that boy's will he was going to break her heart by and by. So she told him again if he didn't pick it up she would punish him, and the child just picked it up. It was very easy to do it when he made up his mind. So it is perfectly easy for men to accept the gospel. The trouble is they don't want to give up their will. If you want to be saved you must just accept that gospel—that Christ is your Saviour, that he is your Redeemer, and that he has rescued you from the curse of the law. Just say "Lord Jesus Christ, I trust you from this hour to save me," and the moment you take that stand he will put his loving arms around you and wrap about you the robe of righteousness.

INTO THE LIFE-BOAT.

While I was in New York, an Irishman stood up in a young convert's meeting and told how he had been saved. He said in his broken Irish brogue that I used an illus-

tration, and that illustration saved him. And I declare that that is the only man I ever knew who was converted without being spoken to. He said I used an illustration of a wrecked vessel, and said that all would perish unless some assistance came. Presently a life-boat came alongside and the captain shouted, "Leap into the life-boat—leap for your lives, or you will perish," and when I came to the point I said, "Leap into the life-boat; Christ is your life-boat of salvation," and he leaped and was saved.

THE VERY LAST EXCUSE.

"I can't feel," says one. That is the very last excuse. When a man comes with that excuse he is getting pretty near the Lord. We are having a body of men in England giving a new translation of the Scriptures. I think we should get them to put in a passage relating to feeling. With some people it is feel, feel, feel all the time. What kind of feeling have you got? Have you got a desire to be saved, have you got a desire to be present at the marriage supper? Suppose a gentleman asked me to dinner, I say, "I will see how I feel." "Sick?" he might ask. "No; it depends on how I feel." That is not the question—it is whether I will accept the invitation or not. The question with us is, will we accept salvation—will you believe? There is not a word about feelings in the Scriptures. When you come to your end, and you know that in a few days you will be in the presence of the Judge of all the earth, you will remember this excuse about feelings. You will be saying, "I went up to the Tabernacle, I remember, and I felt very good, and before the meeting was over I felt very bad, and I didn't feel I had the right kind of feeling to accept the invitation." Satan will then say, "I made you feel so." Suppose you build your hopes and fix yourselves upon the

Rock of Ages, the devil cannot come to you. Stand upon the Word of God and the waves of unbelief cannot touch you; the waves of persecution cannot assail you; the devil and all the fiends of hell cannot approach you if you only build your hopes upon God's Word. Say, I will trust Him, though He slay me—I will take God at His word.

PARDONED.

I want to tell you a scene that occurred some time ago. Our Commissioner went to the Governor of the State and asked him if he wouldn't pardon out five men at the end of six months who stood highest on the list for good behavior. The Governor consented, and the record was to be kept secret; the men were not to know anything about it. The six months rolled away and the prisoners were brought up—1,100 of them—and the President of the commission came up and said: "I hold in my hand pardons for five men." I never witnessed anything like it. Every man held his breath, and you could almost hear the throbbing of every man's heart. "Pardon for five men," and the Commissioner went on to tell the men how they had got these pardons—how the Governor had given them, but the Chaplain said the surprise was so great that he told the Commissioner to read the names first and tell the reason afterward. The first name was called—"Reuben Johnson"—and he held out the pardon, but not a man moved. He looked all around, expecting to see a man spring to his feet at once; but no one moved. The Commissioner turned to the officer of the prison and inquired: "Are all the convicts here?" "Yes," was the reply, "Reuben Johnson, come forward and get your pardon; you are no longer a criminal." Still no one moved.

The real Reuben Johnson was looking all the time be-

hind him, and around him to see where Reuben was. The Chaplain saw him standing right in front of the Commissioner, and beckoned to him; but he only turned and looked around him, thinking that the Chaplain might mean some other Reuben. A second time he beckoned to Reuben and called to him, and a second time the man looked around. At last the Chaplain said to him: "You are the Reuben." He had been there for nineteen years, having been placed there for life, and he could not conceive it would be for him. At last it began to dawn upon him, and he took the pardon from the Commissioner's hand, saw his name attached to it, and wept like a child. This is the way that men make out pardons for men; but, thank God, we have not to come to-night and say we have pardons for only five men—for those who have behaved themselves. We have assurance of pardon for every man. "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

HIS FIRST SERMON ON GRACE.

I remember preaching one night in winter—one of the coldest winters we had—the winter after the Chicago fire. I had been studying up grace, and it was the first time I had spoken of it, and I was just full of it. I started out of the house, I remember, and the first man I met I asked him if he knew anything about the grace of God, and I tried to preach to him. This man thought I was crazy. I ran on and met another, and finally got up to the meeting. That night I thought I was speaking to a lot of people who felt as I did about grace, and when I got through I asked any one who would like to hear about grace—who had any interest in it, to stay. I expected some would have stayed, but what was my mortification to see the whole audience rise up and go away. They hadn't any interest in grace;

they didn't want to learn anything about grace. I put my coat and hat on and was going out of the hall, when I saw a poor fellow at the back of the furnace crying. "I want to hear about the grace of God," said he. "You're the man I want, then," said I. "Yes," the poor fellow said, "you said in your sermon that it was free, and I want you to tell me something about it." Well, I got to talking to him, and he told me a pitiful story. He had drank away twenty thousand dollars, his home had been broken up, and his wife and children had left him. I spoke to him, and it was not long before we were down together praying. That night I got him a night's lodging in the Bethel, and next day we got him on his feet, and when I went to Europe he was one of the most earnest workers we had. He was just a partaker of grace—believed that the peace of God was sufficient for him, and he took God at his word and he was a saved man.

MOODY PENNILESS IN BOSTON.

I remember when I was a boy and went to Boston, I went to the postoffice two or three times a day to see if there was a letter for me. I knew there was not as there was but one mail a day. I had not had any employment and was very homesick, and so went constantly to the postoffice, thinking perhaps when the mail did come in my letter had been mislaid. At last, however, I got a letter. It was from my youngest sister, the first letter she ever wrote to me. I opened it with a light heart, thinking there was some good news from home, but the burden of the whole letter was that she had heard there were pickpockets in Boston, and warned me to take care of them. I thought I had better get some money in hand first, and then I might take care of pickpockets. And so you must take care to

remember salvation is a gift. You don't work for salvation, but work day and night after you have got it. Get it first before you do anything, but don't try to get it yourself. Look at what Paul says in Ephesians: "For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourself, it is the gift of God"—it is the gift of God—"Not of works, lest any man should boast." There is one thing we know: We have all got to get into heaven the same way. We cannot work our way there; we have to take our salvation from God.

HE TOOK THE OTHER WAY.

I remember hearing of a man who dreamt that he built a ladder from earth to heaven, and when he did a good deed up went his ladder a few feet. When he did a very good deed his ladder went higher, and when he gave away large sums of money to the poor up it went further still. By and by it went out of sight, and years rolled on, and it went up he thought past the clouds, clear into heaven. When he died he thought he would step off his ladder into heaven, but he heard a voice roll out from paradise, "He that climbeth up another way, the same is a thief and a robber," and down he came, ladder and all, and he awoke. He said if he wanted to get salvation he must get it another way than by good deeds, and he took the other way.

HIS SAYINGS.

HIS SAYINGS.

Take your stand on the Rock of Ages. Let death, let the judgment come: the victory is Christ's and yours through Him.

The only man who ever suffered before Christ was that servant who had his ear cut off. But most likely in a moment afterward he had it on, and very likely it was a better ear than ever, because whatever the Lord does He does it well. No man ever lost his life with Him.

A great many people wonder why it was that Christ did not come at once to Martha and Mary, whom He loved, whenever He heard of their affliction. It was to try them, and it is the same with His dealings toward us. If He seems not to come to us in our affliction, it is only to test us.

When the Spirit came to Moses, the plagues came upon Egypt, and he had power to destroy men's lives; when the Spirit came upon Elijah, fire came down from heaven; when the Spirit came upon Gideon, no man could stand before him; and when it came upon Joshua, he moved around the city of Jericho and the whole city fell into his hands; but when the Spirit came upon the Son of Man, He gave His life; He healed the broken-hearted.

No matter how low down you are; no matter what your disposition has been; you may be low in your thoughts, words, and actions; you may be selfish; your heart may be overflowing with corruption and wickedness; yet Jesus will

have compassion upon you. He will speak comforting words to you; not treat you coldly or spurn you, as perhaps those of earth would, but will speak tender words, and words of love and affection and kindness. **Just come at once.** He is a faithful friend—a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

There cannot be any peace where there is uncertainty.

There is no knowledge like that of a man who knows he is saved, who can look up and see his "title clear to mansions in the skies."

I believe hundreds of Christian people are being deceived by Satan now on this point, that they have not got the assurance of salvation just because they are not willing to take God at His word.

"But," a man said to me, "no one has come back, and we don't know what is in the future. It is all dark, and how can we be sure?" Thank God! Christ came down from heaven, and I would rather have Him, coming as he does right from the bosom of the Father, than any one else. We can rely on what Christ says, and He says, "He that believeth on Me shall not perish, but have everlasting life." Not that we are going to have it when we die, but **right here to-day.**

Now, I find a great many people who want some evidence that they have accepted the Son of God. My friends, if you want any evidence, take God's word for it. You can't find better evidence than that. You know that when the Angel Gabriel came down and told Zachariah he should have a son he wanted a further token than the angel's word. He asked Gabriel for it and he answered, "I am Gabriel, who stands in the presence of the Lord." He had never been doubted,

and he thundered out this to Zachariah. But he wanted a further token, and Gabriel said, "You shall have a token: you shall be dumb till your son shall be given you."

There are over two hundred passages in the Old Testament which prophesied about Christ, and every one of them has come true.

God didn't give the world two different Bibles; they are one, and must be believed from back to back, from Genesis to Revelation, or not at all.

I haven't found the first man who ever read the Bible from back to back carefully who remained an infidel. My friends, the Bible of our mothers and fathers is true.

The Word of God may be darkened to the natural man, but the way of Salvation is written so plain, that the little child six years old can understand it if she will.

Set more and more store by the Bible. Then troubles in your Christian life will pass away like a morning cloud. You will feed and live on the Word of God, and it will become the joy of your soul.

There are dark and mysterious things in the Bible now, but when you begin to trust Christ your eyes will be opened and the Bible will be a new book to you. It will become the Book of books to you.

I notice if a man goes to cut up the Bible and comes to you with one truth and says, "I don't believe this, and I don't believe that,"—I notice when he begins to doubt portions of the Word of God he soon doubts it all.

If you will show me a Bible Christian living on the Word of God, I will show you a joyful man. He is mounting up

all the time. He has got new truths that lift him up over every obstacle, and he mounts over difficulties higher and higher, like a man I once heard of who had a bag of gas fastened on either side, and if he just touched the ground with his foot, over a wall or a hedge he would go; and so these truths make us so light that we bound over every obstacle.

The best truths are got by digging deep for them.

When we know our Bible, then it is that God can use us.

When we find a man meditating on the words of God, my friends, that man is full of boldness and is successful.

When a man is filled with the Word of God you cannot keep him still. If a man has got the Word, he must speak or die.

Let us have one day exclusively to study and read the Word of God. If we can't take time during the week, we will have Sunday uninterrupted.

Now, as old Dr. Bonner, of Glasgow, said, "The Lord didn't tell Joshua how to use the sword, but He told him how he should meditate on the Lord day and night, and then he would have good success."

One thing I have noticed in studying the Word of God, and that is, when a man is filled with the Spirit he deals largely with the Word of God, whereas the man who is filled with his own ideas refers rarely to the Word of God. He gets along without it, and you seldom see it mentioned in his discourses.

Now I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but one thing I can predict; that every one of our new converts that

goes to studying his Bible, and loves this book above every other book, is sure to hold out. The world will have no charm for him; he will get the world under his feet, because in this book he will find something better than the world can give him.

What can botanists tell you of the lily of the valley? You must study this book for that. What can geologists tell you of the Rock of Ages, or mere astronomers about the Bright Morning Star? In those pages we find all knowledge unto salvation; here we read of the ruin of man by nature, redemption by the blood, and regeneration by the Holy Ghost. These three things run all through and through them.

The most solemn truth in the gospel is that the only thing Christ left down here is His blood.

A man who covers up the cross, though he may be an intellectual man, and draw large crowds, will have no life there, and his church will be but a gilded sepulcher.

There is either of two things we must do. One is to send back the message to heaven that we don't want the blood of Christ to cleanse us of our sin, or else accept it.

Into every house where the blood was not sprinkled, the destroying angel came. But wherever the blood was on door-post and lintel, whether they had worked much, or whether they had worked none, God passed them over.

A man who has not realized what the blood has done for him has not the token of salvation. It is told of Julian, the apostate, that while he was fighting he received an arrow

in his side. He pulled it out, and, taking a handful of blood, threw it into the air and cried, "Galilean, Galilean, thou hast conquered."

Look at that Roman soldier as he pushed his spear into the very heart of the God-man. What a hellish deed! But what was the next thing that took place? Blood covered the spear! Oh! thank God, the blood covers sin. There was the blood covering that spear—the very point of it. The very crowning act of sin brought out the crowning act of love; the crowning act of wickedness was the crowning act of grace.

It is said that old Dr. Alexander, of Princeton College, when a young student used to start out to preach, always gave them a piece of advice. The old man would stand with his gray locks and his venerable face and say: "Young man, make much of the blood in your ministry." Now, I have traveled considerable during the past few years, and never met a minister who made much of the blood and much of the atonement but God had blessed his ministry, and souls were born into the light by it.

There was never a sermon which you have listened to but in it Christ was seeking for you. I contend that a man cannot but find in every page of this book that Jesus Christ is seeking him through His blessed Word. This is what the Bible is for—to seek out the lost.

No man in the world should be so happy as a man of God. It is one continual source of gladness. He can look up and say, "God is my Father, Christ is my Saviour, and the Church is my mother."

There is no other way to the Kingdom of God but by

the way of the cross, and it will be easier for you to take it now than it will be afterward.

Everything has to be tried by the sinner before he will come to Christ. He has to feel that there is nothing that can save him but Christ, then he will come.

Have not some of you heard a sermon in which you were offered as a sinner to the Lord Jesus Christ, and your conscience was troubled? You went away, but you came back again, and the Spirit of God came upon you again and again, and you were troubled. Haven't you passed through that experience? Don't you remember something like that happening to you? That was the Son of God seeking for your soul.

The Son of God has come into the world to bless us. Look at that Sermon on the Mount. It is filled with the word blessed, blessed, blessed. I think it occurs nine times. His heart was full of blessings for the people. He had to get it out before He gave His sermon.

A rule I have had for years is to treat the Lord Jesus Christ as a personal friend. His is not a creed, a mere empty doctrine, but it is He himself we have. The moment we have received Christ we should receive Him as a friend. When I go away from home I bid my wife and children good-by, I bid my friends and acquaintances good-by, but I never heard of a poor backslider going down on his knees and saying: "I have been near You for ten years; Your service has become tedious and monotonous; I have come to bid You farewell; good-by, Lord Jesus Christ." I never heard of one doing this. I will tell you how they go away; they just run away.

It is the greatest pleasure of living to win souls to Christ.

I believe in what John Wesley used to say, "All at it, and always at it," and that is what the Church wants to-day.

If we were all of us doing the work that God has got for us to do, don't you see how the work of the Lord would advance?

There is no man living that can do the work that God has got for me to do. No one can do it but myself. And if the work ain't done we will have to answer for it when we stand before God's bar.

What makes the Dead Sea dead? Because it is all the time receiving, never giving out anything. Why is it that many Christians are cold? Because they are all the time receiving, never giving out anything.

If Christ comes into our hearts we are not ashamed.

I wish we had a few more women like the woman of Samaria, willing to confess what the Lord Jesus Christ had done for their souls.

Believing and confessing go together; and you cannot be saved without you take them both. "With the mouth confession is made unto salvation." If you ever see the kingdom of heaven you have to take this way.

Satan puts straws across our path and magnifies it and makes us believe it is a mountain, but all the devil's mountains are mountains of smoke; when you come up to them they are not there.

I do not know anything that would wake up Chicago better than for every man and woman here who loves Him to begin to talk about Him to their friends, and just to

tell them what He has done for you. You have got a circle of friends. Go and tell them of Him.

I can't help thinking of the old woman who started out when the war commenced with a poker in her hand. When asked what she was going to do with it she said: "I can't do much with it, but I can show what side I'm on." My friends, even if you can't do much, show to which side you belong.

I may say with truth that there is only about one in ten who professes Christianity who will turn round and glorify God with a loud voice. Nine out of ten are still-born Christians. You never hear of them. If you press them hard with the question whether they are Christians they might say, "Well, I hope so." We never see it in their actions; we never see it in their lives. They might belong to the church you go to, but you never see them at the prayer-meetings or taking any interest in the church affairs. They don't profess it among their fellows or in their business, and the result is that there are hundreds going on with a half hope, not sure whether their religion will stand them or not.

It is our privilege to know that we are saved.

We shall draw the world to Christ when we are filled with religion.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things. God has no poor children.

I hold to the doctrine of sudden conversion as I do to my life, and I would as quickly give up my life as give up this doctrine, unless it can be proved that it is not according to the word of God. Now, I will admit that light is one thing and birth is another. A soul must be born before it

can see light. A child must be born before it can be taught ; it must be born before it can walk ; it must be born before it can be educated.

If you receive Him it will be well ; if you reject Him and are lost it will be terrible.

Thanks be to God, there is hope to-day ; this very hour you can choose Him and serve Him.

Now just think a moment and answer the question, "What shall I do with Jesus who is called Christ?"

I believe in my soul that there are more at this day being lost for want of decision than for any other thing.

One of two things you must do ; you must either receive Him or reject Him. You receive Him here and he will receive you there ; you reject Him here and He will reject you there.

The mightiest man that ever lived could not deliver himself from his sins. If a man could have saved himself, Christ would never have come into the world.

He came to deliver us from our sinful dispositions, and create in us pure hearts, and when we have Him with us it will not be hard for us. Then the service of Christ will be delightful.

If you are under the power of evil, and you want to get under the power of God, cry to Him to bring you over to His service ; cry to Him to take you into His army. He will hear you ; He will come to you, and, if need be, He will send a legion of angels to help you to fight your way up to heaven. God will take you by the right hand and lead you through this wilderness, over death, and take you right

into His kingdom. That's what the Son of Man came to do. He has never deceived us; just say here: "Christ is my deliverer."

There is not an excuse but is a lie.

God's service a hard one! How will that sound in the judgment?

It is easy enough to excuse yourself to hell, but you cannot excuse yourself to heaven.

When a man prepares a feast, men rush in, but when God prepares one they all begin to make excuses, and don't want to go.

My friends, to accept this invitation is more important than anything else in this world. There is nothing in the world that is so important as the question of accepting the invitation.

If everybody could understand everything the Bible said it wouldn't be God's book; if Christians, if theologians, had studied it for forty, fifty, sixty years, and then only began to understand it, how could a man expect to understand it by one reading?

If God were to take men at their word about these excuses, and swept every one into his grave who had an excuse, there would be a very small congregation in the Tabernacle next Sunday; there would be little business in Chicago, and in a few weeks the grass would be growing on these busy streets.

God will honor our faith.

There is nothing on this earth that pleases Christ so much as faith.

Faith is the foundation of all society. We have only to look around and see this.

I believe there is no man in the world so constituted but he can believe in God's word. He simply tells you to believe in Him, and He will save you.

When I was converted twenty years ago I felt a faith in God; but five years after I had a hundred times more faith, and five years ago I had more than ever, because I became better acquainted with Him. I have read up the Word, and I see that the Lord has done so and so, and then I have turned to where He has promised to perform it, and when I see this I have reason to believe in Him.

All you have got to do is to prove that you are a sinner, and I will prove that you have got a Saviour.

Do you believe the Lord will call a poor sinner, and then cast him out? No! his word stands forever, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

If God put Adam out of this earthly Eden on account of one sin, do you think He will let us into the paradise above with our tens of thousands sins upon us.

The only charge they could bring against Christ down here was, that He was receiving bad men. They are the very kind of men He is willing to receive.

"Lord, you don't really mean that we shall preach the Gospel to those men that murdered you, to those men that took your life?" "Yes," says the Lord, "go and preach

the Gospel to those Jerusalem sinners." I can imagine Him saying: "Go and hunt up that man that put the cruel crown of thorns upon My brow, and preach the Gospel to him. Tell him he shall have a crown in My kingdom without a thorn in it."

We must not limit the mighty grace of God.

Grace means undeserved kindness. It is the gift of God to man the moment he sees he is unworthy of God's favor.

A man does not get grace till he comes down to the ground, till he sees he needs grace. When a man stoops to the dust and acknowledges that he needs mercy, then it is that the Lord will give him grace.

If you are ready to partake of grace you have not to atone for your sins—you have merely to accept of the atonement. All that you want to do is to cry, "God have mercy upon me," and you will receive the blessing.

"The grace of God hath power to bring salvation to all men," and if a man is unsaved it is because he wants to work it out; he wants to receive salvation in some other way than God's way; but we are told that "he that climbeth up another way, the same is a thief and a robber."

When we get full of this grace we want to see every one blessed—we want to see all the churches blessed, not only all the churches here, but in the whole country. That was the trouble with Christ's disciples. He had hard work to make them understand that His gospel was for every one, that it was a stream to flow out to all nations of the earth. They wanted to confine it to the Jews, and He had to convince them that it was for every living being.

The way to heaven is straight as an arrow.

Heaven is just as much a place as Chicago. It is a destination.

What reason have I for doubting God's own word?

I just as much believe that God sent Christ into the world to be the Saviour of the world, as I believe that I exist.

The drunkard, the open blasphemer, the worst sinners, are precisely the ones that need Jesus most. The well don't need Him at all.

There is many a gem in these billiard halls that only needs the way pointed out to fill their souls with the love of Christ.

If you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ you are free.

There is no sin in the whole catalogue of sins you can name but Christ will deliver you from it perfectly.

We are led on by an unseen power that we have not got strength to resist, or else we are led on by the loving Son of God.

The trouble is, people do not know that Christ is a Deliverer. They forget that the Son of God came to keep them from sin as well as to forgive it.

You say, "I am afraid I cannot hold out." Well, Christ will hold out for you. There is no mountain that He will not climb with you if you will; He will deliver you from your besetting sin.

Satan rules all men that are in his kingdom. Some he rules through lust. Some he rules through covetousness. Some he rules through appetite. Some he rules by their temper, but he rules them. And none will ever seek to be

delivered until they get their eyes open and see that they have been taken captive.

When Christ was on the earth there was a woman in the temple who was bowed almost to the ground with sin. Satan had bound her for eighteen years; but after all these years of bondage Christ delivered her. He spoke one word and she was free. She got up and walked home. How astonished those at home must have been to see her walking in.

Praise is not only speaking to the Lord on our own account, but it is praising Him for what He has done for others.

If we have a praise church we will have people converted. I don't care where it is, what part of the world it's in, if we have a praise church we'll have successful christianity.

Every good gift that we have had from the cradle up has come from God. If a man just stops to think what he has to praise God for, he will find there is enough to keep him singing praises for a week.

We have in our churches a great deal of prayer, but I think it would be a good thing if we had a praise meeting occasionally. If we could only get people to praise God for what He has done, it would be a good deal better than asking Him continually for something.

All should work and ask God's guidance.

The world knows little of the works wrought by prayer.

Let us pray, and as we pray, let us make room for Jesus in our hearts.

Unless the Spirit of God it with us, we cannot expect that our prayers will be answered.

David was the last one we would have chosen to fight the giant, but he was chosen of God.

Every one of our children will be brought' into the ark, if we pray and work earnestly for them.

The impression that a praying mother leaves upon her children is life-long. Perhaps when you are dead and gone your prayer will be answered.

I would rather go into the kingdom of heaven through the poorhouse than go down to hell in a golden chariot.

I believe there are more young men who come to Boston who are lost because they cannot say no, than for any other reason.

It ain't necessary to leave the things of this life when you follow Him. It is not necessary to give up your business, if it's a legitimate one, in order to accept Christ. But you musn't set your heart on the old nets by a good deal.

A great many people want to bring their faith, their works, their good deeds to Him for salvation. Bring your sins, and He will bear them away into the wilderness of forgetfulness, and you will never see them again.

Do you believe that He would send those men out to preach the gospel to every creature unless he wanted every creature to be saved? Do you believe He would tell them to preach it to people without giving people the power to accept it? Do you believe the God of heaven is mocking men by offering them his gospel and not giving them the

power to take hold of it? Do you believe He will not give men power to accept this salvation as a gift? Man might do that, but God never mocks men. And when he says "Preach the gospel to every creature," every creature can be saved if he will.

Lift your eyes from off these puny Christians—from off these human ministers, and look to Christ. He is the Saviour of the world. He came from the throne to this earth: He came from the very bosom of the Father. God gave Him up freely for us, and all we have to do is to accept him as our Saviour. Look at Him at Gethsemane, sweating as it were great drops of blood; look at Him on the cross, crucified between two thieves; hear that piercing cry, "Father, Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." And as you look into that face, as you look into those wounds on His feet or His hands, will you say He has not the power to save you? Will you say He has not the power to redeem you?

Sometimes when a man has a marked peculiarity we say he got it from his father or his mother. I think Jacob took after his mother. She wasn't willing to wait on the Lord, but wanted to arrange everything connected with her children's future herself, and in this she was like a good many parents in these days.

What is it that protects the crown of Victoria? It is the army. The army keeps the crown perfectly safe. I remember in London holding meetings in the East End, and as we were going along the streets one night, we met some soldiers marching. I said: "Where are those soldiers going?" "They are going to the Bank of England." It was the law of the land that just as soon as the sun went

down, a certain number of soldiers went to the Bank of England and stayed there till daybreak. That made the bank perfectly safe. There was no chance for thieves to get in there. So, if our life is hid in Christ, how are the powers of darkness going to get at it?

We find a good many who are opposed to having the laymen preach; but the word of the Lord is, "Let him that heareth say, Come;" and a layman can hear as well as if he had been ordained.

O, these lying funeral sermons! How men try to make out that a godless life can be followed by a death in the Lord, and a free admittance into the kingdom of heaven!

O, my friends, it is a very bad place for God's people under the juniper-tree.

Some people tell us—I heard some one not long ago—that if a man was willing to meet God half way God would meet him there, and he would be blessed. Suppose that this is true, how was this poor wounded, dying man going to be saved? Supposing that the good Samaritan had rode up on his horse and said: "Now come, my good friend, jump up here and I will take you to an inn. Come, give me your hand, and I will help you." That wouldn't have helped him any.

Now take a good look at this Pharisee, and see who he is like. His prayer has thirty-four words in it, and there are nine great capital I's. If he prayed as long as some people do, and put in "I's" in proportion, the printer would have to go and borrow some capital "I's" if he wanted to set it up.

There are only three steps down the hill to perdition; they are, first, *to neglect*; second, *to refuse*; third, *to despise*.

Some people think that Mephibosheth, like certain low-spirited Christians, must have been all the time worrying over his lame feet there in the palace of the king, but I don't think so. He couldn't help it, and, if David didn't mind it, it was all right. So I think that when he dined with him in state, with the great lords and ladies all around him, he just stuck his club-feet under the table and looked the king right in the face. That is just the way with the Gospel. We are God's enemies, and the children of His enemies. We are lame, and blind, and wretched, and ragged, and hateful by reason of our sins; but the covenant of grace in Jesus Christ has been made; and now God sends for you, poor sinner, in the name of His Son, to come and eat bread at his table, and be a member of his family, and dwell in his house forever. Will you come? Will you come *now*?

Every man ought to make a public confession if his sin has been public. Suppose, now, I have done this man a wrong, and no one knows it but us two. Then the confession ought to be between us two alone. I don't believe in making confession of such a thing publicly; it isn't called for. Suppose I had a difficulty with my family. It ought to be settled with my family. It needn't go forth to the world. But suppose I have been a public blasphemer—have been seen reeling in the streets of Northfield a drunkard—it is known by all the people here—I ought to make my confession so that the whole town will hear it, and the chances are they will receive my testimony.

Somebody might say, "Why couldn't Christ have saved him all that trouble, and have spoken the word, and opened

his eyes on the spot?" Well, he could. He did in another place. But, my friends, God never repeats himself. He never made two men just alike, or converted two men just alike. That is where a great many people blunder, looking for God to give them somebody else's experience.

A good many people are complaining all the time about themselves, and crying out: "My leanness! my leanness!" when they ought rather to say, "My laziness! my laziness!"

Men want compassion more than sermons. As I said the other night, there have been sermons enough preached to convert them. But it is not some fine-written essay, it is not some oratorical effort, that is going to save these men; we want to get out of the pulpit and off these high platforms, and go down among them, and show them we love them.

Many a man gives his money patronizingly, and thinks he is doing something for God; but God doesn't know anything about such gifts; he never writes down any such credits in the book of life.

If Lot had not been so selfish he would have given his old uncle the first choice instead of taking it himself, but he lifted up his eyes and saw the plain of Jordan: it was well-watered and fruitful; so he says, "I will take that." He chose the best for himself, you see, and then pitched his tent toward Sodom. He might have been a pretty good man up to this time, but then he began to backslide.

The last that this unbelieving world ever saw of Christ He was on the cross; it was only to those who believed on Him that He revealed Himself after His resurrection. The

last business of His life was to save this poor penitent thief. That was a part of the glory of His death.

The Cross of Christ divides this congregation. There are only two sides, those for Christ, and those against Him.

Jacob is a twin brother to the most of us. You will find a hundred Jacobs where you will find one Joseph or one Daniel. Joseph was willing to trust everything to God, but Jacob wasn't willing to trust Him any further than he could see Him.

The next we hear of Lot he is in trouble. They who go to live in Sodom must take the fate of Sodom.

O, my friends, God was a great deal more tender with Abraham than He was with Himself. When His own Son was dying upon a cross on that very same mountain he didn't send a victim to take His place, but left Him there to die, the just for the unjust, that He might redeem us and bring us back to God.

As soon as the king sees Him, he cries out: "O, Me-phibosheth, the son of my dear old friend Jonathan! you shall have all that belonged to the house of Saul; and you shall live with me here in my palace and sit at my table." What a happy man he must have been to hear that! Sinner, that is just what God says to the soul that comes to Him, He gives us a great fortune of love and grace; and He promises that we shall live with Him in His heavenly palace forever.

Here are the three degrees of this man's progress. First, he confesses himself a saved man. Second, he tells what Christ has done for him; and, third, having got done talking about himself, he begins to talk about the Master, and

to preach Him as a prophet. So with you. Get done talking about yourselves as quick as you can, and begin to talk about Christ.

If men are going to get some high office they usually have a great many admirers; but when it is Gethsemane, humiliation, and a cross, O how few want to follow Him then!

I once heard of two men who, under the influence of liquor, came down one night to where their boat was tied; they wanted to return home, so they got in and began to row. They pulled away hard all night, wondering why they never got to the other side of the bay. 'When the grey dawn of morning broke, behold, they had never loosed the mooring line or raised the anchor! And that's just the way with many who are striving to enter the kingdom of heaven. They cannot believe, because they are tied to this world. Cut the cord! cut the cord! Set yourselves free from the clogging weight of earthly things, and you will soon go on towards heaven.

If I saw a man fall into a river do you think I should go off and get somebody to lay hands on me before I should try to pull him out? Would you have the good Samaritan, on his way to Jericho, when he finds the man wounded and half dead by the way-side, leave the poor fellow there while he goes away to get some of his priests to ordain him?

It is easy enough to talk about unconverted men confessing their sins and turning to God; but if the Church does not confess its sins, we cannot expect sinners to do it. Some one says, "A sin unconfessed is like a bullet in a man's body." We cannot expect to be healthy while there is sin in us.



I am tired of the word duty; tired of hearing duty, duty, duty. Men go to church because it is their duty. They go to prayer-meeting because it is their duty. You can never reach a man's heart if you talk to him because it is your duty. Suppose I told my wife I loved her because it was my duty—what would she say? Once every year I go up to Massachusetts to visit my aged mother. Suppose, when I go next time, I tell her that I knew she was old and that she was living on borrowed time; that I knew she had always done a great deal for me, and that I came to see her every year because it was my duty. Don't you think she would say, "Well then, my son, you needn't take the trouble to come again?" Let us strike for a higher plane.

God hasn't any use for a man who is all the time looking on the dark side. What he wants is a man who isn't afraid. "Be of a good courage," says He, "fear nothing; believe that I am willing to use you, and then I will use you."

There is this to be noticed, that as long as Jacob was able to wrestle in his own strength he did not prevail; but when his thigh was out of joint, and all he could do was to hold on to the Lord, he got the blessing. It is the man who is lowest down that God is most willing to lift up. The man that has the greatest humility is the one to be most exalted.

Poor Peter! This man, who is so strong and zealous; who is going to stand by the Lord when everybody else forsakes him; this man, who slashes about with his sword in order to defend him—is frightened almost out of his wits by a servant girl!

I want you all to notice that Peter was first called to be a disciple and then to be an apostle. He did not leave his

work until he was called the second time. I think it is well for us to notice this, because there are a good many young converts these days who are looking to the work of the ministry, and it is a question whether they have ever been called to the ministry. It is one thing to be called to be a disciple, and quite another to be called to be an apostle.

It seems to me there is a great deal too much minister-worship and church-worship in the present day. What we want is the worship of Jesus only.

It doesn't take God a great while to save a man when He sets about it. But there are a good many people yet who can't believe in sudden conversions.

What we want is sight, no matter how we get it. What we want is to come to Christ, no matter how we come. He who has the light that Christ gives, so that he knows a child of God when he sees him, and can see to work the works of Christ—he who has the new life in his own consciousness, and gives it out to others—he is the man who can go on his way through the world rejoicing.

There are plenty of sleepy Christians and sleepy churches to be found in all ages of the world; and wherever a Church goes to sleep something always goes wrong. It is the sleepy Church members who go to the theatre and to the ball-room, and in that condition they are always an easy prey for the devil.

I can see poor Mephibosheth looking down at his feet. Maybe the toes turned in, or he was club-footed. And he says to himself, "I am not fit to go to the King. I am a poor cripple. I am not fit to be seen among the tall, handsome servants of the palace in Jerusalem."

.

That's just the way with a convicted sinner. He is all the time thinking of his own unworthiness, and saying to himself, I am not fit to be saved.

Look at Elijah at Mount Carmel standing up as bold as a lion in the face of all the priests of Baal. He did a great day's work that day. But the very next thing we hear is that a woman sent him a message threatening to kill him, and the poor man was so scared that he fled for his life into the wilderness, and sat down beneath a juniper-tree, and began to pray the Lord to take away his life.

There is always trouble in a family where there are any favorites. Petting one child and finding fault with another is sure to bring out the old Adam. It looks as if Esau was the favorite son of his father, while Jacob was the favorite of his mother. By nature Esau was the better man of the two; and if such a mean, contemptible person as Jacob can be saved, then there is hope for all of us.

Look at poor old Pharaoh down there in Egypt, when the plague of frogs was on him. What an awful time he must have had! Frogs in the fields, and frogs in the houses; frogs in the bedrooms, and frogs in the kneading troughs. When the king went to bed, a frog would jump on to his face; when he cut into a loaf of bread, there was a frog in the middle of it. Nothing but frogs everywhere! Frogs, frogs, frogs. He stood it as long as he could; and then he sent for Moses, and begged him to take them away. "When would you like to have me do it?" says Moses. Now just listen to what he says. You would think he would say, Now! this minute! I have had them long enough! But he says, "To-morrow." Kept the frogs another day, when he might have got rid of them at once! That is just like you,

sinner. You say you want to be saved ; but you are willing to keep your hateful, hideous sins until to-morrow, instead of being rid of them now.

Now take a look at the other man. His prayer is short ; there isn't a capital " I " in it. " God be merciful to "——some other sinner? " God be merciful to "——that church member who has wronged me? " God be merciful to "——that hypocrite over there? *No*, " God be merciful to *ME*, a sinner! "

Whenever a man is walking with God he looks down on the giants as if they were grasshoppers, but just as quick as he loses sight of the Lord and begins to think of himself, he becomes a grasshopper in his own eyes, and the giants look terribly large.

What we want is a gospel of acts, and not a gospel of resolves and creeds and dogmas. We have had too many of them. We want men who are going to carry out the principles that Christ taught, hunting out the fallen and degraded, and trying to lift them up in the name of our Master.

A sermon may be keen, it may be very logical, it may be full of real intellectual power, it may be as sharp and beautiful as an icicle, and just as cold, and if it is, it never will reach the hearts of the people.

